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ECHOES

FROM

OLD CALCUTTA.

H. E. BUSTEED.





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ECHOES
FROM
OLD CALCUTTA.

ECHOES
FROM
OLD CALCUTTA,
BEING CHIEFLY
REMINISCENCES OF THE DAYS
OF
WARREN HASTINGS, FRANCIS, & IMPEY.

BY
H. E. BUSTEED.

CALCUTTA:
THACKER, SPINK AND CO.
LONDON: W. THACKER & CO.

1882.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY THACKER, SPINK AND CO.

It is convenient sometimes to put old wine into new bottles, not with the object of improving it by the transfer, but so that, when brought from its cellar and decanted, it may be more ready for the table.

Something similar to this has been attempted in the following pages; in other words, the writer has gone to sources of information mostly old and mouldy, and has drawn from them some account of the by-gone times and celebrities of Calcutta, with the view of putting it into an accessible form, unincumbered with details, and suitable for the majority of readers.

The subjects thus dealt with are those which will always be historically associated with this city, and which, it may be presumed, all who come to India would wish to read about, or would be expected to be reasonably acquainted with.

These papers lay no claim to commendation as regards their literary setting; several of them appeared from time to time in the *Englishman* with the object of interesting rather than instructing the general Newspaper reader, and by the courteous permission of its proprietor they are collected and reproduced now with but little change from their ephemeral garb.

The article on Madame Grand appears now for the first time, and it may be added that the account of the famous trial contained in it is derived from official and other records not before printed.

The extracts from the series of private letters from the Governor-General to Mrs. Hastings are also now published for the first time.

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| 352 | 353 | 354 | 355 | 356 | 357 | 358 | 359 | 360 | 361 | 362 | 363 | 364 | 365 | 366 | 367 | 368 | 369 | 370 | 371 | 372 | 373 | 374 | 375 | 376 | 377 | 378 | 379 | 380 | 381 | 382 | 383 | 384 | 385 | 386 | 387 | 388 | 389 | 390 | 391 | 392 | 393 | 394 | 395 | 396 | 397 | 398 | 399 | 400 | 401 | 402 | 403 | 404 | 405 | 406 | 407 | 408 | 409 | 410 | 411 | 412 | 413 | 414 | 415 | 416 | 417 | 418 | 419 | 420 | 421 | 422 | 423 | 424 | 425 | 426 | 427 | 428 | 429 | 430 | 431 | 432 | 433 | 434 | 435 | 436 | 437 | 438 | 439 | 440 | 441 | 442 | 443 | 444 | 445 | 446 | 447 | 448 | 449 | 450 | 451 | 452 | 453 | 454 | 455 | 456 | 457 | 458 | 459 | 460 | 461 | 462 | 463 | 464 | 465 | 466 | 467 | 468 | 469 | 470 | 471 | 472 | 473 | 474 | 475 | 476 | 477 | 478 | 479 | 480 | 481 | 482 | 483 | 484 | 485 | 486 | 487 | 488 | 489 | 490 | 491 | 492 | 493 | 494 | 495 | 496 | 497 | 498 | 499 | 500 | 501 | 502 | 503 | 504 | 505 | 506 | 507 | 508 | 509 | 510 | 511 | 512 | 513 | 514 | 515 | 516 | 517 | 518 | 519 | 520 | 521 | 522 | 523 | 524 | 525 | 526 | 527 | 528 | 529 | 530 | 531 | 532 | 533 | 534 | 535 | 536 | 537 | 538 | 539 | 540 | 541 | 542 | 543 | 544 | 545 | 546 | 547 | 548 | 549 | 550 | 551 | 552 | 553 | 554 | 555 | 556 | 557 | 558 | 559 | 560 | 561 | 562 | 563 | 564 | 565 | 566 | 567 | 568 | 569 | 570 | 571 | 572 | 573 | 574 | 575 | 576 | 577 | 578 | 579 | 580 | 581 | 582 | 583 | 584 | 585 | 586 | 587 | 588 | 589 | 590 | 591 | 592 | 593 | 594 | 595 | 596 | 597 | 598 | 599 | 600 | 601 | 602 | 603 | 604 | 605 | 606 | 607 | 608 | 609 | 610 | 611 | 612 | 613 | 614 | 615 | 616 | 617 | 618 | 619 | 620 | 621 | 622 | 623 | 624 | 625 | 626 | 627 | 628 | 629 | 630 | 631 | 632 | 633 | 634 | 635 | 636 | 637 | 638 | 639 | 640 | 641 | 642 | 643 | 644 | 645 | 646 | 647 | 648 | 649 | 650 | 651 | 652 | 653 | 654 | 655 | 656 | 657 | 658 | 659 | 660 | 661 | 662 | 663 | 664 | 665 | 666 | 667 | 668 | 669 | 670 | 671 | 672 | 673 | 674 | 675 | 676 | 677 | 678 | 679 | 680 | 681 | 682 | 683 | 684 | 685 | 686 | 687 | 688 | 689 | 690 | 691 | 692 | 693 | 694 | 695 | 696 | 697 | 698 | 699 | 700 | 701 | 702 | 703 | 704 | 705 | 706 | 707 | 708 | 709 | 710 | 711 | 712 | 713 | 714 | 715 | 716 | 717 | 718 | 719 | 720 | 721 | 722 | 723 | 724 | 725 | 726 | 727 | 728 | 729 | 730 | 731 | 732 | 733 | 734 | 735 | 736 | 737 | 738 | 739 | 740 | 741 | 742 | 743 | 744 | 745 | 746 | 747 | 748 | 749 | 750 | 751 | 752 | 753 | 754 | 755 | 756 | 757 | 758 | 759 | 760 | 761 | 762 | 763 | 764 | 765 | 766 | 767 | 768 | 769 | 770 | 771 | 772 | 773 | 774 | 775 | 776 | 777 | 778 | 779 | 780 | 781 | 782 | 783 | 784 | 785 | 786 | 787 | 788 | 789 | 790 | 791 | 792 | 793 | 794 | 795 | 796 | 797 | 798 | 799 | 800 | 801 | 802 | 803 | 804 | 805 | 806 | 807 | 808 | 809 | 810 | 811 | 812 | 813 | 814 | 815 | 816 | 817 | 818 | 819 | 820 | 821 | 822 | 823 | 824 | 825 | 826 | 827 | 828 | 829 | 830 | 831 | 832 | 833 | 834 | 835 | 836 | 837 | 838 | 839 | 840 | 841 | 842 | 843 | 844 | 845 | 846 | 847 | 848 | 849 | 850 | 851 | 852 | 853 | 854 | 855 | 856 | 857 | 858 | 859 | 860 | 861 | 862 | 863 | 864 | 865 | 866 | 867 | 868 | 869 | 870 | 871 | 872 | 873 | 874 | 875 | 876 | 877 | 878 | 879 | 880 | 881 | 882 | 883 | 884 | 885 | 886 | 887 | 888 | 889 | 890 | 891 | 892 | 893 | 894 | 895 | 896 | 897 | 898 | 899 | 900 | 901 | 902 | 903 | 904 | 905 | 906 | 907 | 908 | 909 | 910 | 911 | 912 | 913 | 914 | 915 | 916 | 917 | 918 | 919 | 920 | 921 | 922 | 923 | 924 | 925 | 926 | 927 | 928 | 929 | 930 | 931 | 932 | 933 | 934 | 935 | 936 | 937 | 938 | 939 | 940 | 941 | 942 | 943 | 944 | 945 | 946 | 947 | 948 | 949 | 950 | 951 | 952 | 953 | 954 | 955 | 956 | 957 | 958 | 959 | 960 | 961 | 962 | 963 | 964 | 965 | 966 | 967 | 968 | 969 | 970 | 971 | 972 | 973 | 974 | 975 | 976 | 977 | 978 | 979 | 980 | 981 | 982 | 983 | 984 | 985 | 986 | 987 | 988 | 989 | 990 | 991 | 992 | 993 | 994 | 995 | 996 | 997 | 998 | 999 | 1000 | 1001 | 1002 | 1003 | 1004 | 1005 | 1006 | 1007 | 1008 | 1009 | 1010 | 1011 | 1012 | 1013 | 1014 | 1015 | 1016 | 1017 | 1018 | 1019 | 1020 | 1021 | 1022 | 1023 | 1024 | 1025 | 1026 | 1027 | 1028 | 1029 | 1030 | 1031 | 1032 | 1033 | 1034 | 1035 | 1036 | 1037 | 1038 | 1039 | 1040 | 1041 | 1042 | 1043 | 1044 | 1045 | 1046 | 1047 | 1048 | 1049 | 1050 | 1051 | 1052 | 1053 | 1054 | 1055 | 1056 | 1057 | 1058 | 1059 | 1060 | 1061 | 1062 | 1063 | 1064 | 1065 | 1066 | 1067 | 1068 | 1069 | 1070 | 1071 | 1072 | 1073 | 1074 | 1075 | 1076 | 1077 | 1078 | 1079 | 1080 | 1081 | 1082 | 1083 | 1084 | 1085 | 1086 | 1087 | 1088 | 1089 | 1090 | 1091 | 1092 | 1093 | 1094 | 1095 | 1096 | 1097 | 1098 | 1099 | 1100 | 1101 | 1102 | 1103 | 1104 | 1105 | 1106 | 1107 | 1108 | 1109 | 1110 | 1111 | 1112 | 1113 | 1114 | 1115 | 1116 | 1117 | 1118 | 1119 | 1120 | 1121 | 1122 | 1123 | 1124 | 1125 | 1126 | 1127 | 1128 | 1129 | 1130 | 1131 | 1132 | 1133 | 1134 | 1135 | 1136 | 1137 | 1138 | 1139 | 1140 | 1141 | 1142 | 1143 | 1144 | 1145 | 1146 | 1147 | 1148 | 1149 | 1150 | 1151 | 1152 | 1153 | 1154 | 1155 | 1156 | 1157 | 1158 | 1159 | 1160 | 1161 | 1162 | 1163 | 1164 | 1165 | 1166 | 1167 | 1168 | 1169 | 1170 | 1171 | 1172 | 1173 | 1174 | 1175 | 1176 | 1177 | 1178 | 1179 | 1180 | 1181 | 1182 | 1183 | 1184 | 1185 | 1186 | 1187 | 1188 | 1189 | 1190 | 1191 | 1192 | 1193 | 1194 | 1195 | 1196 | 1197 | 1198 | 1199 | 1200 | 1201 | 1202 | 1203 | 1204 | 1205 | 1206 | 1207 | 1208 | 1209 | 1210 | 1211 | 1212 | 1213 | 1214 | 1215 | 1216 | 1217 | 1218 | 1219 | 1220 | 1221 | 1222 | 1223 | 1224 | 1225 | 1226 | 1227 | 1228 | 1229 | 1230 | 1231 | 1232 | 1233 | 1234 | 1235 | 1236 | 1237 | 1238 | 1239 | 1240 | 1241 | 1242 | 1243 | 1244 | 1245 | 1246 | 1247 | 1248 | 1249 | 1250 | 1251 | 1252 | 1253 | 1254 | 1255 | 1256 | 1257 | 1258 | 1259 | 1260 | 1261 | 1262 | 1263 | 1264 | 1265 | 1266 | 1267 | 1268 | 1269 | 1270 | 1271 | 1272 | 1273 | 1274 | 1275 | 1276 | 1277 | 1278 | 1279 | 1280 | 1281 | 1282 | 1283 | 1284 | 1285 | 1286 | 1287 | 1288 | 1289 | 1290 | 1291 | 1292 | 1293 | 1294 | 1295 | 1296 | 1297 | 1298 | 1299 | 1300 | 1301 | 1302 | 1303 | 1304 | 1305 | 1306 | 1307 | 1308 | 1309 | 1310 | 1311 | 1312 | 1313 | 1314 | 1315 | 1316 | 1317 | 1318 | 1319 | 1320 | 1321 | 1322 | 1323 | 1324 | 1325 | 1326 | 1327 | 1328 | 1329 | 1330 | 1331 | 1332 | 1333 | 1334 | 1335 | 1336 | 1337 | 1338 | 1339 | 1340 | 1341 | 1342 | 1343 | 1344 | 1345 | 1346 | 1347 | 1348 | 1349 | 1350 | 1351 | 1352 | 1353 | 1354 | 1355 | 1356 | 1357 | 1358 | 1359 | 1360 | 1361 | 1362 | 1363 | 1364 | 1365 | 1366 | 1367 | 1368 | 1369 | 1370 | 1371 | 1372 | 1373 | 1374 | 1375 | 1376 | 1377 | 1378 | 1379 | 1380 | 1381 | 1382 | 1383 | 1384 | 1385 | 1386 | 1387 | 1388 | 1389 | 1390 | 1391 | 1392 | 1393 | 1394 | 1395 | 1396 | 1397 | 1398 | 1399 | 1400 | 1401 | 1402 | 1403 | 1404 | 1405 | 1406 | 1407 | 1408 | 1409 | 1410 | 1411 | 1412 | 1413 | 1414 | 1415 | 1416 | 1417 | 1418 | 1419 | 1420 | 1421 | 1422 | 1423 | 1424 | 1425 | 1426 | 1427 | 1428 | 1429 | 1430 | 1431 | 1432 | 1433 | 1434 | 1435 | 1436 | 1437 | 1438 | 1439 | 1440 | 1441 | 1442 | 1443 | 1444 | 1445 | 1446 | 1447 | 1448 | 1449 | 1450 | 1451 | 1452 | 1453 | 1454 | 1455 | 1456 | 1457 | 1458 | 1459 | 1460 | 1461 | 1462 | 1463 | 1464 | 1465 | 1466 | 1467 | 1468 | 1469 | 1470 | 1471 | 1472 | 1473 | 1474 | 1475 | 1476 | 1477 | 1478 | 1479 | 1480 | 1481 | 1482 | 1483 | 1484 | 1485 | 1486 | 1487 | 1488 | 1489 | 1490 | 1491 | 1492 | 1493 | 1494 | 1495 | 1 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-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ADDENDUM.

Foot-note to page 254.]

Lord Mahon, however, in his History, Vol. VII, page 386, goes so far as to name the other gentleman with whom Mrs. Grand was said to have "returned to Europe as the companion" when "forsaken" by Francis,—*viz.*, a Mr. William Macintosh ; and he gives, in a foot-note, as his authority for this statement, an "unpublished biography of Mr. Charles Macintosh, as quoted in the Quarterly Review, No. clxvii. (*sic*) page 70," to which we have had no opportunity of referring.

Lord Mahon seems to rely, however, in his allusion to the Francis-Grand affair, altogether on "Nicholls's Recollections," as quoted by Mr. Impey, except where he of himself alleges that Mrs. Grand was "a lady of Scottish birth, the wife of a Calcutta Barrister."

CORRECTION.

Page 92, line 19, *omit* " (See Appendix.) "

The Black Hole.

"We have always thought it strange that while the history of the Spanish Empire in America is familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our countrymen in the East should, even among ourselves, excite little interest.

.....
"It might have been expected that every Englishman who takes any interest in any part of history, would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home by an immense ocean, subjugated in the course of a few years one of the greatest Empires in the world. Yet, unless we greatly err, this subject is to most readers not only insipid, but positively distasteful."—*Macaulay*.

THE indifference thus reflected on by the historian is not confined to the English residing at home; it also characterizes them when they come to live in India. But if the latter manifest a want of acquaintance with, or but little interest in, early Anglo-Indian history, the reason may partly be found in the circumstance that the majority of Europeans come to India for real hard work, and that, engrossed in the busy present they cannot concern themselves with the past. This, perhaps, is specially the case of those whose lot is cast in the large centres of commercial and official activity. Speaking for our own city, where life is always at high pressure, the past seems almost of necessity to be a

sealed book, which it would be unprofitable to open; and the generation of the present goes on knowing or caring little of the generations which sojourned here before it.

Still one would think that to those wearied with the routine of business, or with the conventional monotony of modern Calcutta life, it would be a relief to occasionally try and seek refuge in a by-gone world, and in its records to learn something of the social and political life of those who preceded us. Such a retrospect, far from being profitless or dull, would, at least, enable us to take an intelligent interest in the many sites and scenes in our midst, which are intimately associated with memorable events and with the historic names of our own countrymen, and which we now daily pass by without even our curiosity being awakened, because we know so little of those who flourished or who faded here in the olden time.

The twentieth of June is associated with an event which occurred in the infancy of this city, for which Calcutta will be for ever notorious. So universal is this notoriety that, perhaps, it is no exaggeration to say that the words "The Black Hole of Calcutta" have grown into a proverbial expression of comparison, peculiarly suggestive, among all English-speaking and European nations.

The facts about the taking of Calcutta in 1756, and the tragedy in which it culminated, are of course known in a general way to most readers, and familiarly to the students of history; still it may be worth while to retell, in the interest of the busy and the curious, a few of the leading events which led up to, attended on, and followed

the capture of their city, when struggling into growth ; to enter into one or two topographical details connecting old with modern sites, which may seem necessary for illustration, and to unbury a few of the half-forgotten names of those actors who played their parts in the scenes, which chiefly conspired to stamp the main incidents with the notoriety attaching to them.

It may be convenient to mention at once, so as to avoid the necessity of particularizing references while going on, that recourse shall be had, for facts, to the original contemporary authorities (first hand) on whom historians of the subject have relied ; by this means an opportunity may be afforded to the gleaner of picking up occasional details of circumstances which the historian either omits as not essential to his narrative, or disposes of in general terms.

The authorities alluded to are the Blue Book containing the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, assembled in 1772 to enquire into the state of British affairs in the East Indies ; it gives the evidence of several who had been in Bengal during the war ; amongst others of Clive, and of Mr. Cooke, who had been Secretary to the Governor and Council of Calcutta in 1756, and one of the survivors of the Black Hole. Public letters addressed to the Court of Directors from Fulta in 1756, and one from London in 1757, by J. Z. Holwell, the historian *par excellence* of the Black Hole. These letters were written within two or three months after his imprisonment, when all the circumstances to which they related were recent, and when there was no lack of living testimony to controvert any statements which this most able writer may have put on record.

Orme, in his History of the War in Bengal, largely adopted the recorded testimony of these two eye-witnesses; he himself was at Madras during the hostilities in Bengal, and we may attribute his vivid description of the defence and capture of Fort William, partly to his intimate knowledge of the locality, having previously lived for nine years in Calcutta, and to his having had opportunities of conversing with many who took an active part in the war. It was to the sagacity of Orme, the historian, that was due the selection of Clive for the command of the military expedition to Bengal. Orme recognized the gravity of the crisis, and, in his place as Member of Council at Madras, he recommended that Clive (who was then governing at Cuddalore) should be summoned, and he insisted that he was the only man to depute to Bengal, with powers independent of the wretched fallen Government there, and with a force as large as could possibly be got together.

According to Holwell, the main and real object which the young Nawab, known to history as Suraj-a-Daula (who, as Orme shows, was the grand-nephew, not, as is commonly stated, even by contemporary writers, the grandson of Alli Verdi Khán), had in attacking the English Settlements in Bengal, is made tolerably clear by the light of the "last discourse and council" which the Nawab gave his successor a few days before his death, as ascertained by Holwell, from what he pronounced "very good authority," very shortly after his release from confinement at Murshidábád :

"My life," the old man is reported to have said, "has been a life of war and stratagem. For what have I fought, for what have my councils tended, but to secure you, my son, a quiet

succession to my Subadary ? My fears for you have for many days robbed me of sleep. I perceived who had power to give you trouble after I am gone ; hence, keep in view the power the European nations have in the country. This fear I would also have freed you from if God had lengthened my days. The work, my son, must now be yours, their wars and politics in the Telenga country should keep you waking. On the pretence of private contests between their kings, they have seized and divided the country of the king and the goods of his people between them. Think not to weaken all three together. The power of the English is great. Reduce them first ; the others will give you little trouble when you have reduced them. Suffer them not, my son, to have fortifications or soldiers. If you do the country is not yours."

Consistently with this counsel, the young Suba, two months after his succession, and as yet blind to the advantages of the Europeans trading in his province, and deaf to the remonstrances proceeding from commercial and other sources around him, took occasion to treacherously effect the surrender of Cossimbazar by seizing Mr. Watts, the official in charge, and detaining him a prisoner in his camp. Orders were then immediately issued to his generals to march with a large army to Calcutta, and so expeditiously were these carried out, that 50,000 men, with a heavy train of artillery at the hottest time of the year, reached Hughli on the seventh day from the commencement of the march, whence the immediate crossing was effected in an immense fleet of boats brought down or assembled there for the occasion.

When Suraj-a-Daula set out for Calcutta, he, at the same time, sent parwannas to Chandernagor and Chinsurah with orders to them to provide and join him with ships, men, and ammunition to attack the English Settle-

ment by water, while he attacked it by land. They refused, and, in consequence, their Forts were invested and a heavy sum demanded from each. The French got off with a promise of three and-a-half lakhs of rupees (for which they managed to get the Dewan, Rai Dulub, to become security), and, it is said, an immediate supply of two hundred chests of powder secretly crossed over by night. The Dutch were less fortunate; four and-a-half lakhs were demanded from them, which they thought it best to pay, after having had some of the Suba's troops quartered on them for a day and-a-half, and after enduring many insults, amongst others that of having "a man stationed with an axe in his hands to cut down their flag-staff and colours." What little likelihood there was that this compliance on the part of the French and Dutch would divert the Nawab from his fixed intention of drawing the teeth and cutting the claws of all the Europeans in turn, may be gathered from the fact that one of his earliest questions to Holwell, when brought into his presence after the capture of Fort William, was, "Will you all engage to join me against the French?"

The English, too, tried to make common cause with the other Europeans, and asked for help. "The Dutch declined giving us any," says John Cooke, "and the French only gasconaded with us by offering to join their force with ours, if we would quit our own settlement, and carry our garrison and effects up to Chandernagor."

The surrender of Cossimbazar on the 2nd June, without striking a single blow in defence, was not known in Calcutta till the 7th; hence the time for preparation was pitifully short, but even the few hurried measures that were taken, were all in the wrong direction, and

were characterized by an utter want of knowledge of the very rudiments of military science on the part of the military advisers of the Government.

The whole available strength, ominously untrained, unprovided, and insufficient to start with, was wasted by being spread over several advanced posts; the chief of which had to be abandoned owing to the heavy fire brought to bear from the neighbouring commanding buildings which we failed to hold. The best hope of a protracted holding out, lay in trusting to the Fort, badly adapted as it was for defence, in concentrating the garrison and European inhabitants within it, having first blown up or rendered untenable the numerous houses and buildings which overlooked it, and which, when our badly selected outposts were abandoned, were occupied by the enemy, who from thence poured a most destructive fire into the Fort, within which were a multitude of so-called "Portuguese," variously estimated at from two to six thousand, all huddled together, men, women, and children, adding to the riot and confusion and alarm prevailing. These would not have been molested outside; but, calling themselves "black Christians," they thronged to the Fort, and, as such, were injudiciously admitted, to uselessly hamper either defence or orderly retreat by the river. Proselytes to Christianity become suddenly numerous under these and allied circumstances.

The result of this "tragedy of errors," as Holwell calls the defence, was, that, on the evening of the first day (18th June), on which the enemy had surrounded the town, they were in possession of all the outposts on which the chief dependence had been placed, and had driven the British inside their Fort. On the 16th, the

enemy had tried to enter Calcutta to the northward, but, being warmly received by a battery at "Perrin's Point" (Chitpur), they had turned off eastwards towards Dum-Dum, and from that direction, on the morning of the 18th, swarmed all round the town.

Still it is hardly fair to assert, as Macaulay does, that "the Fort was taken after a feeble resistance." Considering the proved incapacity of the military leaders, and the almost entire ignorance even of the use of fire-arms on the part of the majority of the defenders, the wonder is that the resistance was as obstinate as it was. The main strength of the defence lay in the one hundred and seventy-four Europeans, counting the untrained militia, that had been hastily embodied, and the backbone of this latter were the "Factors" and "junior writers" to whose pluck and devotion Holwell pays this high tribute—"From the militia, about sixty-five, chiefly Europeans, entered as volunteers in the battalion (most of them your own covenanted servants), in whose just praise I can hardly say enough. They sustained every hardship of duty, greatly beyond the military themselves, their address in the use of their arms was astonishing, the short time there was to train them considered, and, though their bravery may have been equalled, I am sure it has not been exceeded by any set of men whatsoever." The battery known as the eastern or centre (which stood three hundred yards from the Fort, opposite the Mayor's Court, the site of the present Scotch Church) was partly held by a detachment of the militia commanded by Holwell, and the fighting of it in a very exposed position was most dogged. So heavy was the fire on it from the points of vantage near, that

only the men necessary to work the guns were at last allowed to remain in it, the rest got under cover in the Court-house, and took up the places from time to time of those who were shot down. At length Captain Clayton, the Military Officer in charge, directed Holwell to go to the Fort at five P.M. to report the state of things and get orders. Holwell returned with order to withdraw "and to spike up the cannon we could not bring off." The two other advanced batteries were also withdrawn at the same time, though that to the north had successfully repulsed the enemy, and that to the south had never been attacked at all. This latter stood at the corner of the old burial-ground in which St. John's Church was afterwards built, on the brink of a creek afterwards filled up, about where Hastings Street, Council House Street, and Government Place now meet. But the best proof of unflinching perseverance in duty was shown when the exhausted remnant of the besieged fiercely maintained the defence of the Fort for two days after they had been deserted by the Chief Civil and Military authorities.

As this is the first and only instance in the history of British India in which those bearing the names of Englishmen, and placed in a conspicuous position in a time of war, set an example of cowardice, desertion, and inhumanity in leaving comrades to their fate, it will be as well in a few extracts to let the eye-witnesses speak to the facts.

It may be premised that, on the evening and night of the 18th, the Fort was pronounced untenable, and a general retreat on the following night by the river was judged the most eligible step,—all the ladies, Portuguese

women, and unnecessary people being first embarked during the night and all the coming day, the 19th :

"Unluckily," says Mr. Cook, "no orders relating to the intended general retreat had been published, and as the resolution of retreating was known by the whole garrison by report, without the method which had been planned for putting it in execution, many of the inhabitants imagined everybody was to shift for himself, and endeavour to get on board such vessel as he conveniently could. Upon this presumption several left the Factory and made their retreat to the ships. . . . To add to the general confusion between nine and ten (A.M.) the *Dodalay*, on board of which ship were Messrs. Manningham and Frankland, weighed her anchor and dropped down to Surmans' Gardens (about the site of modern 'Cooly Bazaar or Hastings'). This ill-judged circumstance occasioned all the uproar and misfortune that followed, for the moment it was observed many of the gentlemen on shore (who perhaps never dreamed of leaving the Factory till everybody did) immediately jumped into such boats as were at the Factory stairs, and rowed to the ships. Amongst those who left the Factory in this unaccountable manner were Mr. Drake (the Governor), Mr. Macket, Captain Commandant Minchin, and Captain Grant. In less than quarter of an hour those who persevered in defending the Fort, found themselves abandoned by all the seniors of Council and the principal military officers, and had the mortification likewise to see themselves deprived of the means of retreating by the desertion of the ships and boats."

Messrs. Manningham and Frankland, it seems, embarked on board the *Dodalay* on the evening of the 18th, having "tendered themselves" for the duty of assisting in the embarkation of some of the European women; thence they refused to 'return and join the

Council on the night of the 18th, "though more than once summoned to it by your President:"

"As soon as it was known the Governor had left the Factory, the gate towards the river was immediately locked to prevent any further desertion; and the general voice of the garrison called for Mr. Holwell to take the charge of their defence upon him. A council being hastily summoned, Mr. Pearkes, the senior then on shore, waived his right to the Government in favor of Mr. Holwell, who thereupon acted in all respects as Commander-in-Chief, and exerted his utmost to encourage everyone. Signals were now thrown out from every part of the Fort for the ships to come up again to their station, in hopes they would have reflected (after the first impulse of their panic was over) how cruel, as well as shameful, it was to leave their countrymen to the mercy of a barbarous enemy; and for that reason we made no doubt they would have attempted to cover the retreat of those left behind, now they had secured their own; but we deceived ourselves and there never was a single effort made in the two days the Fort held out after their desertion, to send a boat or vessel to bring off any part of the garrison. All the 19th, the enemy pushed on their attack with great vigor, and having possessed themselves of the Church, not thirty or forty yards from the east curtain of the Fort (the first Church stood on the site of the western end of present Writers' Buildings), they galled the garrison in a terrible manner, and killed and wounded a prodigious number. In order to prevent this havoc as much as possible, we got up a quantity of broadcloth in bales with which we made traverses along the curtains and bastions; we fixed up likewise some bales of cotton against the parapets (which were very thin and of brickwork only) to resist the cannon-balls, and did everything in our power to baffle their attempt and hold out, if possible, till the *Prince George* (a company's ship employed in the country) could drop down low enough to give us an

opportunity of getting on board. This ship had, in the commencement of hostilities (on the 16th), been ordered up to Perrin's to assist that redoubt in case the enemy made a second attack; but after they wheeled their army round towards Dumdumma, the party at that post was withdrawn as no longer necessary, and the *Prince George* directed to fall down to her station, opposite the south-east bastion of the Fort. She was in sight about noon of the 19th, and was now the only glimmering of hope left us to escape falling into the hands of the Moors. Our situation and distress was therefore communicated to the commander of her (Thomas Hague), and he positively directed to bring his ship as near the Fort as he could, without loss of time. These instructions were transmitted on board by the hands of Messrs. Pearkes and Lewis, and we began now to entertain some expectation of making a general retreat, notwithstanding what had happened in the morning; but it was otherwise determined by Providence, for, by some strange fatality, the *Prince George* ran aground a little above the Factory (owing to the pilot's misconduct, who lost his presence of mind) and was never after got off.

"The enemy suspended their attack as usual when it grew dark; but the night was not less dreadful on that account. The Company's house, Mr. Cruttenden's, Mr. Nixon's, Doctor Knox's, and the marine yard were now in flames, and exhibited a spectacle of unspeakable terror. We were surrounded on all sides by the Nawab's forces which made a retreat by land impracticable; and we had not even the shadow of a prospect to effect a retreat by water after the *Prince George* run aground.

"On the first appearance of dawn of the 20th June the besiegers renewed their cannonading—they pushed the siege this morning with much more warmth and vigour than ever they had done," &c., &c.—(*Cook's Evidence.*)

Here are a few extracts from Holwell's account of the same transactions, which will show that whatever excuses may have been urged (and of course they were varied and numerous) for the first flight, there was nothing to palliate the non-return of the men ; even a few of the vessels and boats might have come back on the flood and anchored safely under the guns of the Fort :

"Your President, with the rest of the ships, vessels, and boats followed them" (*i. e.*, Messrs. M. and F.) the 19th about nine in the forenoon ; they lay in sight of our Fort and flag flying until the 20th. About eleven in the forenoon they saw the *St. George*, our last resource, was aground, and could not come down to our succour, and heard us engaged with the enemy during all this period. They knew the desperate state they had left and abandoned us in without all possibility or means of escape or retreat ; and this their own doing. They were sensible we had not ammunition to defend the Fort two days, or if we had, that our strength with continued fatigue, watching, and action was exhausted, and that we were reduced to the wretched alternatives of either sacrificing our lives by resolving to die sword in hand, or surrender ourselves to an enraged and merciless enemy ; and yet neither ships, vessels or boats were sent to favour our retreat, enquire what was our fate, or whether we existed or had perished.

"A single sloop or boat sent up on the night of the 19th might have hailed us from the bastions without risk, even if the place had been in possession of the enemy, the contrary of which they would have been ascertained of, and the fleet might have moved up that night. This motion would have put fresh spirits into us and given dismay to the enemy already not a little disheartened by the numbers slain in the day when dislodged from the houses round us. Had the ships moved up and our forces reunited and part of the ammunition on board

them been disembarked for the service of the Fort, the Suba might at last have been obliged to retreat with his army, or at worst, the effects might have been shipped off the 20th even in the face of the enemy, without their having power to obstruct it, and a general retreat made of the whole garrison, as glorious to ourselves, all circumstance considered, as a victory would have been. The gentlemen would then have found a plan ready formed to the minutest circumstances for a general retreat that would have been attended with no disorder, confusion or difficulty if proper resolution and command had appeared. Had your President, as was incumbent on him, hoisted his flag on board the *Dodalay*, of which he was likewise part owner, and moved up even on the 20th, not a man or vessel but would have followed him, and he would then have been early enough to have given a new face to things; but in place of that he rendered himself totally inexcusable by not only quitting us himself, but in telling others, and amongst them some of the officers of the militia then on board the *Dodalay*, that the retreat was general, thereby cooling the resolutions and endeavours of those who were returning to us, and had never once entertained a thought of quitting the Fort." Elsewhere Holwell says :—" Had we been joined in our councils, and the ships continued under the protection of our guns, or been brought back, and any, the least command exerted, we had it in our power to leave the Suba the bare walls of your Fort only without a gun in it that would have been of any use to him, or injury to us or the shipping."

One of the excuses assigned for their not coming back was *because* (matchless argument in the mouths of officers deserting their men, of soldiers or sailors abandoning their comrades) "Captain Young, Commander of the *Dodalay*, represented it as a dangerous attempt!!"

It is stated in a very early number of the *Calcutta*

Review by a writer, who, we remember, touches on this episode, but does not, we think, give his authority, that an excuse alleged in mitigation of the poltroonery of Roger Drake, the Governor, was that he was a Quaker, and therefore, as a man of peace, got out of the sight of bloodshed, &c., &c.

The same writer adds, that Voltaire recognized in these conscientious scruples an explanation of the betrayal of his trust; from all which it may be inferred how hard pushed his apologists were.

Incredible as it may seem to-day, the deserters do not appear to have been called to account by the Home Government; Manningham, Frankland, and Macket are even promoted in Council, in a Despatch dated 11th April 1758. Drake's name does not appear as Governor in any despatch sent out after the news of the taking of Calcutta may have reached England. He was associated, however, under orders from home, as one of a Select Committee with Clive and two others. What a yea-nay-thing he appeared to that man of action may be gathered from his Lordship's evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, *viz.*: "It was taken into consideration by the Committee whether they should undertake the attack of Chandernagor at the risk of displeasing the Nawab and having his army to encounter, Mr. Drake gave an opinion that no body could make anything of." "We voted," adds Clive, "Mr. Drake's no opinion at all."

The final capture of the Fort is described by some writers as a surrender of it by Holwell, but this does not exactly convey what the principal actor himself reported to his honourable masters, *viz.*,—It would seem

that, by noon of the 20th, of the one hundred and seventy men left after the desertion, twenty-five had been killed, and about twice as many been wounded, owing mainly to an attempt of the enemy to carry the northern curtain by escalade, under the support of a heavy musketry fire from a remnant of Mr. Cruttenden's house (present Bonded Warehouse). All were exhausted, and (according to some) many of the lower ranks were under the influence of arrack.

Great pressure had been put on Holwell to make overtures to the enemy for a cessation of hostilities, pending the ascertaining of the pleasure of the Suba. He strongly opposed this as futile; however, to quiet his own people, he caused letters to be thrown over addressed to two of the Suba's Generals, explaining that the defence of the Fort was persisted in in preservation of life and honour. By this, too, he hoped to gain time to put in execution a scheme of forcing a retreat that night through the southern barrier by the river side, and of marching to the cover of the ships lying at Hastings. This, he says, they meditated, "having no dependence on the clemency of the enemy we had to deal with."

For more than two hours after the repulse of the northern attack, the enemy disappeared, but about four P. M. word was brought Holwell that a man was advancing with a flag, and calling out to cease firing, and offering quarter in case of surrender. It was hastily agreed that this should be answered by the show of a flag of truce on our side, with which Holwell repaired to the S. E. bastion. Soon afterwards "multitudes of the enemy came out of their hiding places round us, and

flocked under the walls." In answer to Holwell, one of the enemy's officers called out that the Suba was there, and his pleasure was that we should strike our colours and surrender. Before Holwell could reply, Mr. Baillie, who was standing by him, was wounded, and an attempt was simultaneously made to force the S. W. barrier and the eastern gate. A gun was brought to bear on the latter, and the enemy ordered to withdraw, which they did, the flag of truce was taken down, and Holwell "hastened to the parade to issue orders for a general discharge of our cannon and small arms." "The moment I arrived there Captain Dickson (who now commands the '*Lively*' *Grabb*, at present in your service), and just after him Ensign Walcot, came running to me and told me the western gate was forced by our own people and betrayed." About twenty of the garrison got out at the same time, and endeavoured to escape by the river bank. This was the end. "The Moors" swarmed in and planted their colours on the bastions. They refrained from bloodshed, but took to looting instead, depriving the gentlemen of their watches, buckles, and any valuables they had about them. To the first Jamadar who scaled the S. W. bastion, Holwell delivered his pistols, and was told to instantly order the British colours to be cut down. This he refused to do, saying that, as masters of the Fort, they might order it themselves. His sword was demanded then, but this he declined to give unless in the presence of the Suba. With this object he was conducted round the ramparts till they came opposite to where Suraj-a-Daula was outside. Holwell salaamed to him from the rampart, and then delivered his sword to the Jamadar. The Suba returned the salaam from his

litter, and then moved round by the northern curtain and entered the Fort by the small river gate. His younger brother was with him. Holwell "had three interviews with him that evening, one in Durbar." At first he "expressed much resentment at our presumption in defending the Fort against his army with so few men, asked why I did not run away with my Governor, &c., &c., and seemed much disappointed and dissatisfied at the sum found in the treasury; asked me many questions on this subject, and on the conclusion he assured me on the word of a soldier that no harm should come to me, which he repeated more than once."

With reference to this promise, it is not, we believe, disputed that the Suba had nothing to do with the infringement of it. The subsequent treatment which the prisoners were subjected to, was the work of ignorant and brutal subordinates, and the most that can be laid to the charge of the Nawab in connection with this, is that he took no active part in seeing his promise carried out; and that he showed no concern whatever on learning, the next morning, the terrible sufferings of his captives during the previous night. His narrow mind was simply occupied in appraising the plunder that had fallen into his clutches, and giving vent to his vexation and disappointment at its being so much below the exaggerated amount that his greedy imagination had expected. Mr. Secretary Cooke, in his evidence, says distinctly:—"Between six and seven Surajah Dowlah left the Fort, the charge whereof was given to Manick Chund as Governor," and, considering that flames were all around, and that the interior of the Fort must have been like a charnel house, it is most probable that he

spent the sultry night at the camp, near Omichund's Garden at the Mahratta Ditch (the modern Hulsee Bagan). It is difficult, however, to reconcile his absence from the Fort with the message which was brought back to Holwell when imploring for another prison for himself and his gasping companions, *viz.*, "that it could not be done but by the Suba's order, and that no one dared awake him." This answer, however, might easily have been given without the messenger having really ascertained who was the chief authority at hand. Macaulay, in one of his characteristic amplifications, says:—"The Nawab had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened." There is not a shadow of evidence to show that this lad of eighteen had been indulging in debauch during the night; indeed, the early hour, daybreak, which Macaulay assigns to his waking and proceeding to business, is opposed to this idea.

The handing over of Holwell and three more of the survivors of the Black Hole to the custody of Meer Muddan (General of the Household Troops) while he set the rest at liberty, was due to the false conviction that there was buried treasure* in the Fort, the discovery

* When Holwell came out of the cell, he lay on the grass outside the verandah, but was quickly summoned from there to attend the Suba, to whom he was led by men supporting him under each arm. On his way a friendly Jemadar told him to make a full confession as to where the treasure was secreted, or he would be "shot off from the mouth of a cannon." The Suba, on finding him unable to speak from exhaustion and from his tongue being parched, ordered him water and "a large folio volume" (no doubt one of the warehouse ledgers), which lay on a heap of plunder, to be placed for him to sit on. When he was led away after disavowing all knowledge of con-

of which his advisers suggested might be extorted from them. Of the extreme brutality of the treatment suffered by those four gentlemen on their agonizing journey* to Murshidábád, the Nawab knew nothing till afterwards; and when he himself reached Hughli, where he released Watts and Collet, on his return from Calcutta to his capital, he enquired for Holwell and his fellow-prisoners, and expressed anger at their having been sent to Murshidábád. Soon after his arrival there, when the prisoners managed to attract his notice as he passed by in his palankin, he seems to have but just recalled their existence, and he at once ordered them their liberty, directing at the same time that, when their irons were cut off, they were to be conducted wherever they chose to go, and that care was to be taken that they suffered no trouble or insult. And even when pressure had been put on him by his courtiers to detain Holwell, and hand him over to Manick Chand to be "squeezed" on the plea that he *must* be able to procure money, the young Nawab replied, "It may be ;

cealed money, one of the guards had a large Mahratta battle-axe, with the edge turned towards the prisoner. Cooke who saw Holwell thus escorted, erroneously supposed and gave out that he was going to execution. What a scene in its infancy for Imperial Calcutta to look back on!

* This journey lasted over a fortnight; the prisoners were conveyed in a leaky boat, with no shelter over them by day or night. They lay on bamboos, and were often half immersed in water. Their food was rice, and the water alongside. Their bodies were covered with large painful boils, as was the case with all those who survived the Black Hole; in this condition they were heavily ironed. Holwell, though in extreme pain himself, was obliged to tend and feed his still more helpless companions. On arrival at Murshidábád, they were led in chains through the crowded City.

if he has anything left, let him keep it; his sufferings have been great; he shall have his liberty."

Suraj-a-Daula's short life was fruitful in vice and crime. Writers have dwelt on these, and have kept out of sight the few good acts which might fairly be shown, not in exculpation, but in mitigation of damages. So true is it that "men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water."

Everyone who has occasion to allude even casually to this journey of Holwell and his three companions (Messrs. Court, Burdet, and Ensign Walcot) in fetters to Murshidábád, by water, after their wonderful survival of the Black Hole, should go out of his way to remind English readers of the extreme kindness shown to our countrymen in their great misery, by the Chiefs of the French and Dutch Factories. No apology, therefore, is offered for the insertion of an extract or two chronicling this, before dealing with some sites in old Fort William:

"On the 7th July, early in the morning, we came in sight of the French Factory (Cossimbazar). I had a letter prepared for M. Law, the Chief. On the receipt of my letter, M. Law, with much politeness and humanity, came down to the water side and remained near an hour with us. He gave the Shaik a genteel present for his civilities, and offered him a considerable reward and security if he would permit us to land for an hour's refreshment: but he replied, his head would pay for the indulgence. After M. Law had given us a supply of cloaths, linen, provisions, liquors, and cash, we left his Factory with grateful hearts and compliments. . . .

"During our residence here (Moorshedabad) we experienced every act of humanity and friendship from Mons. Law and Mynheer Vernet, the French and Dutch Chief of Cossimbazar,

who left no means unessayed to procure our release. Our provisions were regularly sent us from the Dutch Taaksal [mint] in Coriemabad, and we were daily visited by Messrs. Ross and Ekstone, the chief and second there, and indeed received such instances of commiseration and affection from Mynheer Ross as will ever claim my most grateful remembrance.

“The whole body of Armenian merchants too were most kind and friendly to us, particularly Aga Manuel Satoon. We were not a little indebted to the obliging good-natured behaviour of Messrs. (Warren) Hastings and Chambers, who gave us as much of their company as they could. They had obtained their liberty by the French and Dutch Chiefs becoming bail for their appearance. This security was often tendered for us, but without effect.”

The question is occasionally asked in the local newspapers, chiefly, we believe, by casual visitors, “Where was the Black Hole?” and answers more or less conjectural are given from time to time; yet, though the Black Hole itself was improved away years ago, there should be little difficulty in pointing out its approximate site, in the immediate neighbourhood of what still remains of the old Fort.

Dr. Chevers, we remember, made this pretty clear in an interesting contribution on the subject, a good many years ago, to we forget what periodical or newspaper.

Following mainly the description by Orme and the maps of the time, it may be said that the first Fort William (built at the close of the 17th Century) lay between a street called Tankshall Street (now Coila Ghat) on the south, and Fort Ghat Street (Fairlie Place) on the north; its western side fronted the river, and its eastern faced what was long known as Old Fort Street, now

Dalhousie Square, West. The east and west sides were of equal measurement, and much longer than the north and south sides, the south side being somewhat longer than the north. The main gate of the Fort projected from the eastern curtain, and one standing in it would look up what was then called the avenue leading to the eastward, now Dalhousie Square, North, Lall Bazar, etc. A little less than half the Fort fronted the Lall Bagh.

What the inner construction of the Fort was, may be guessed at by any one entering a gate to the north of the Post Office and walking down, after a turn to his left, towards the river; on his right he will see what at first glance seems to be a double row of arches supported on short powerful and shapely columns, and facing him a portion of a broken wall, on which, and apparently on some of the arches, stands a house, now, we believe, occupied by the Postmaster.

Until lately the jutting out wall showed its rugged fracture, but recently this end has been squared off with new bricks, and it as well the little columns and arches near, have been plastered over, thus concealing the small neat, original brickwork.

The wall is what remains of the southern curtain of the Fort; it is about nine feet thick. The arches and columns constitute the 'piazza' of the old descriptions. They are still in perfect preservation; the arches are about ten feet wide, the columns about four feet in diameter. There are about a dozen of the arches remaining.

When one enters the cloister-like area, it may be seen that the inner arches have been filled up, otherwise one could see through them into what was the interior of the Fort, *i. e.*, the courtyard and parade.

The piazza, as now seen on the south side, is about twenty feet wide, and went in all probability round the Fort, as did a range of buildings used as godowns or warehouses, lying between the piazza and the outer wall, having very little air and light admitted into them through the piazza, which looked into the central open space of the Fort. The depth of the warehouses, *i.e.*, from the curtain wall behind them to the piazza, was about fourteen feet, and those that adjoined the eastern wall were used as barracks.

"On each side of the eastern gate," says Orme, "extended a range of chambers adjoining to the curtain, and before the chambers a veranda or open gallery; it was of arched masonry and intended to shelter the soldiers from the sun and rain, but being low, almost totally obstructed the chambers behind them from the light and air." These were the barracks which, according to Holwell, "were open to the west by arches and a small parapet wall corresponding to the arches of the veranda without."

If this was the accommodation provided for the good, well behaved soldiers in those days, how did the troublesome refractory ones fare? The Black Hole prison was at the south end of those barracks, *i.e.*, it was cut off of them by a wall containing a door opening inwards, and was provided with two small barred windows which were made by bricking up a portion of two of the series of arches which the Black Hole had in common with the rest of the barracks. At the end of it was the east end of the southern wall; at the back was the dead eastern wall; in front the all but occluded arches (barred), on the north the interposed partition wall containing the door, through which the unfortunate soldier was run in,

to be placed in the stocks, when maddened perhaps to insubordination by the heat, the darkness, and the mosquitoes, his constant companions in the barracks proper.

A close and darkened cell of some kind was at the time an appendage of every British barrack. It was supposed to aid in the maintaining of discipline. As a means of punishment it was highly objectionable in any climate, but the importation of such a piece of Western barbarity into a country so peculiarly unsuited for it as India was inconceivably stupid and brutal. All that can be said for it is, that it was an offshoot of the ignorantly inhuman prison arrangements prevalent in England prior to the great jail reformation.

As regards the dimensions of this prison, Orme says it was "a room not twenty feet square." Holwell calls it "a cube of about eighteen feet," but John Cooke particularizes more, and says it was about eighteen feet long and fourteen feet wide. It was obtained, therefore, by partitioning off eighteen feet from the southern end of the barracks, and its width was the distance from the dead wall behind (east of) it, to the arches in front looking westward, the windows in which afforded the only means for the ingress of air. Along the eastern side of this room, as of the barracks also, ran a platform three feet from the floor and six feet wide.

The Black Hole therefore was in proximity to the south-east bastion on which Holwell stood with the flag of truce, and from which he hastened to urge a final rally. The portion of the southern curtain still standing must have been close to the corresponding south-west bastion which the Jemadar scaled who ordered the colours to be cut down. Taking, therefore, the line given us by the

remnant of the southern wall, and remembering that it was one hundred and thirty yards long, and that its junction with the eastern curtain (which was two hundred and ten yards long) indicates pretty closely the site of the Black Hole, we cannot be far wrong in placing this about the northern end of the entrance to the present Post Office. We doubt that there are any other data available which would enable us to fix it with closer approximation. It was, we think, Dr. Chevers who suggested, in the paper already alluded to, that a very good idea of the Black Hole may be derived from a visit to an existing apartment in the ruins of the old Fort, into the formation of which the remnant of the outer southern wall enters. This room is quite open on one side (the eastern) and quite closed on two, while in front of it is the western end of the remaining piazza. In width, that is, from the curtain to the pillar and arch, it shows the corresponding measurement of the Black Hole. In fact, if the open side were provided with a wall containing a door, and if the two arches in front (or rather the arch and-a-half which would be comprised in eighteen feet) were partly bricked up and furnished with barred openings, there would be as accurate a model as one could have of the Black Hole, bearing in mind that the actual prison adjoined the other (eastern) end of the southern curtain.

The occupants of this room and of the large portion of the piazza still to be seen were (on the evening of the capture) in such close vicinity to the Black Hole prison that they must have had full cognizance of the tragedy being enacted a few yards off.

They must have heard, above the general uproar, the implorings for air and water, and at last for even death

tselt in some less lingering and less terrible form. They must have seen the lights held up to the windows by the guards without, while water was supplied to those within, partly in pity, partly to gratify the malignant curiosity of seeing the frenzied struggles for the few mouthfuls that could reach the crowd, in the hats thrust through the bars by those in the outer ranks ; and when the morning dawned they could have seen the bringing out of the twenty-three surviving victims of that " great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity—memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed."

The question of course arises—How a body of men numbering one hundred and forty-five (a good many of whom, however, were wounded) consented to be packed into a den, the obvious result of which must be suffocation ? In explanation for those who have forgotten the facts, the following may be extracted from Holwell's account, which appeared originally in a letter to a friend, who was familiar with all the structural and other details of the Fort ; hence there was no necessity for the writer to be as precise as we should like about the relative positions of the various localities named :

" As soon as it was dark, we were all, without distinction, directed by the guard over us to collect ourselves in one body and sit down quietly under the arched veranda or piazza, to the west of the Black Hole prison, and the barracks to the left of the court of guard : besides the guard over us, another was placed at the foot of the stairs at the south end of this veranda, leading up to the south-east bastion, to prevent any of us escaping that way.

" On the parade (where you will remember the two' twenty-four pounders stood) were also drawn up about four or five

hundred gun-men with lighted matches. We observed part of the guard drawn up on the parade advance to us with the officers who had been viewing the rooms. They ordered us all to rise and go into the barracks to the left of the court of guard. In we went most readily, and were pleasing ourselves with the prospect of passing a comfortable night on the platform, little dreaming of the infernal apartment in reserve for us. For we were no sooner all within the barracks, than the guard advanced to the inner arches and parapet wall, and, with their muskets presented, ordered us to go into the room at the southernmost end of the barracks, commonly called the Black Hole prison : whilst others from the court of guard, with clubs and drawn scymitars, pressed upon those of us next to them. This stroke was so sudden, so unexpected, and the throng and pressure so great upon us next the door of the Black Hole prison, there was no resisting it, but like one agitated wave impelling another, we were obliged to give way and enter : the rest followed like a torrent, few amongst us, the soldiers excepted, having the least idea of the dimensions or nature of a place we had never seen ; for if we had, we should at all events have rushed upon the guard, and been, as the lesser evil, by our own choice cut to pieces."

It would serve no useful end to recall in any detail the sufferings of the victims of the Black Hole. Those curious in such matters can find in Holwell's Narrative a minute account of the ten hours' incarceration. " Nothing in history or fiction approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night." A few passages, however, may be extracted mainly with the object (which we have endeavoured to keep in view throughout) of showing what good stuff was in the Englishmen who stuck to their trust, and who knew

how to manifest, in their extreme trial, some of the noblest qualities.

The following incident occurred just before they were locked up, *viz.* :

“Here I must detain you a little to do honour to the memory of a man to whom I had in many instances been a friend, and who on this occasion demonstrated his sensibility of it in a degree worthy of a much higher rank. His name was Leech, the Company’s Smith as well as Clerk of the Parish ; this man had made his escape when the Moors entered the Fort, and returned just as it was dark to tell me he had provided a boat, and would ensure my escape if I would follow him through a passage few were acquainted with, and by which he had then entered. (This might easily have been accomplished, as the guard put over us took but very slight notice of us.) I thanked him in the best terms I was able, but told him it was a step I could not prevail on myself to take, as I should thereby very ill repay the attachment the gentlemen and the garrison had shown to me ; and that I was resolved to share their fate, be it what it would ; but pressed him to secure his own escape without loss of time, to which he gallantly replied that then he was resolved to share mine and would not leave me.”

Holwell, having been amongst the first thrust into the prison, gained one of the openings, called, by courtesy, windows, into which he took two of the wounded officers who soon died either from suffocation, or under the awful pressure occasioned by all trying to get near the window—

Being unable to bear the wedging up any longer, about eleven P.M. “determined now to give up everything, I called to them and begged as the last instance of their regard, they

would remove the pressure upon me and permit me to retire out of the window to die in quiet. They gave way, and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the centre where the throng was less by the many dead. I travelled over the dead to the further end of the platform. Death I expected as unavoidable and only lamented its slow approach, though the moment I quitted the window my breathing grew short and painful. Here my poor friend, Mr. Edward Eyre (Member of Council) came staggering over the dead to me, and, with his usual coolness and good nature, asked me how I did? but fell and expired before I had time to make him a reply."

Unable to bear the torturing pains in the chest owing to deprivation of air, he was obliged soon again to push for the window. Having gained the third rank from it he says :

"In a few moments my pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing ceased ; but my thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud for water for God's sake. I had been concluded dead, but as soon as they heard me amongst them, they had still the respect and tenderness for me to cry out 'give him water, give him water ;' nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drunk."

Here is an incident extracted to give an opportunity for mentioning the strange vicissitudes fated for one of the actors :

"Whilst I was at the second window, I was observed by one of my miserable companions on the right of me in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt sleeve. He took the hint and robbed me from time to time of a considerable part of my store ; though, after I detected him, I had ever the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished, and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. This plunderer, I found

afterwards, was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr. Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death, and since paid me the compliment of assuring me he believed he owed his life to the many comfortable draughts he had from my sleeves."

A few months later he played a subordinate part in an incident which has become historical, *viz.*, the forging of * Admiral Watson's name to the fictitious treaty devised for the deception of that badly treated man, Omichund. Mr. Lushington was Officiating Secretary to Clive; and by his order, it was Mr. Lushington's hand that forged the signature, with (as several witnesses averred at all events) the Admiral's knowledge and tacit assent. Five years later Mr. Lushington was the first who was cut to pieces in the Patna massacre:

"In the rank close behind me was an officer of one of the ships whose name was Carey, who had behaved with much

* It may not be generally known that the Army and Navy were rather near coming to blows immediately after the re-capture of the Fort in January 1757. It appears from Clive's evidence before the Committee, that when he entered the Fort at the head of the Company's troops, Captain Coote presented a commission from Admiral Watson appointing him (Coote) Governor of the Fort. Clive denied the Admiral's right to appoint a junior officer in the King's service as Governor of the Fort, and told Coote that if he disobeyed his orders he would put him under arrest. Watson on learning this sent Captain Speke to know by what authority Clive took upon himself the command of the Fort? Clive answered by that of his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel and Commander of the land forces; whereon the Admiral retorted, "that if he did not abandon the Fort he should be fired out." Clive still persisted, telling the Admiral that he would not give up and could not be answerable for the consequences. The matter was finally compromised by the Admiral himself coming ashore and taking command. Clive handing him the keys to be delivered to the former Governor and Council.

bravery during the siege (his wife, a fine woman, though country born, would not quit him, but accompanied him into the prison and was one who survived). This poor wretch had been long raving for water and air ; I told him I was determined to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station. On my quitting he made a fruitless attempt to get my place : but the Dutch Serjeant who sat on my shoulder supplanted him. Poor Carey expressed his thankfulness, and said he would give up life too ; but it was with the utmost labor we forced our way from the window (several in the inner ranks appearing to me dead standing). He laid himself down to die, and his death I believe was very sudden, for he was a short, full, sanguine man. His strength was great, and I imagine had he not retired with me I should never have been able to have forced my way. I found a stupor coming on apace and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the Revd. Mr. Jervas Bellamy, who lay dead with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison."

One extract more to show an instance of great unselfishness :

"When the day broke and the gentlemen found that no intreaties could prevail to get the door opened, it occurred to one of them (I think to Mr. Secretary Cooke) to make search for me in hopes I might have influence enough to gain a release from the scene of misery. Accordingly Messrs. Lushington and Walcot undertook the search, and by my shirt* discovered me under the dead upon the platform. They took me from

* To explain why this afforded a means of discovery, it must be mentioned that soon after being pent up, all the prisoners stripped themselves with the exception of Holwell, Mr. Court, and the two wounded officers near him ; this measure was one of the hopeless efforts made to get more room and some diminution of heat and weight. Holwell went into the prison without coat or waistcoat.

thence, and imagining I had some signs of life brought me towards the window I had first possession of, but as life was equally dear to every man, and the stench arising from the dead bodies was grown intolerable, no one would give up his station in or near the window. So they were obliged to carry me back again. But soon after Captain Mills (now captain of the Company's yacht), who was in possession of a seat in the window, had the humanity to offer to resign it. I was again brought by the same gentlemen, and placed in the window."

The night of the Black Hole calamity was the hottest and sultriest night in the whole year, *i. e.*, that immediately preceding the first of the monsoon rains which were late this year, not coming on till the night of the 21st, when the rain fell in torrents. In addition to this it must be remembered that many buildings in and around the Fort had been on fire for hours, the heat and smoke from which must have lent their tribute to all the other horrors; it is marvellous therefore that so many as twenty-three lived till morning.

The survival of any was no doubt due to the comparative relief afforded by the destruction of very many early in the night, who were pressed and trampled to death in the struggles for the water, and in the endeavours to carry out the suggestion of Mr. Baillie, that a movement of air might be promoted by all sitting down and rising together at word of command. This was fatal to the weakly, as, so closely packed were they, that many efforts and writhings were necessary before each could extricate himself from the sitting to the upright position, and all those who could not get up in time were on each occasion killed under the feet of their robuster neighbours.

The survival of a woman under these circumstances becomes still more extraordinary ; poor Carey probably exerted his strength as long as he could in helping her to withstand the pressure and struggling, and it may be to this that her escape was mainly due.

There appeared in England, a couple of years ago, a short, interesting letter * in a London paper, extracted

* We have since found a copy of this letter, and give it here :—
 “With reference to Mrs. Carey, one of the few survivors of the imprisonment in the Black Hole, and who is mentioned by Mr. Rainey in a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Journal*, I am able to quote the following interesting notes from a flyleaf at the end of our copy of Holwell’s ‘Tracts.’ They are presumably in the handwriting of the former owners of the book :—

“Note 1.—August 13th, 1799.—This forenoon, between the hours of ten and eleven o’clock, visited by appointment, in company with Mr. Charles Child, at her house in Calcutta, situate in an angle at the head of the Portuguese Church-street, and east of the church, Mrs. Carey, the last survivor of those unfortunate persons who were imprisoned in the Black Hole at Calcutta, on the capture of that place in 1756 by Suraj-ud-Dowla. This lady, now fifty-eight (58) years of age, as she herself told me, is of a size rather above the common stature, and very well proportioned ; of a fair Mesticia colour, with correct regular features, which give evident marks of beauty which must once have attracted admiration. She confirmed all which Mr. Holwell has said on the subject of the Black Hole in the foregoing letter, and added that, besides her husband, her mother, Mrs. Elleanor Watson (her name by second marriage), and her sister, aged about ten years, had also perished therein, and that other women, the wives of soldiers and children, had shared a like fate there.

(Signed) THOMAS BOILEAU.

“Note 2.—Mrs. Carey died Saturday, March 28, 1801.

“Note 3.—(Written by another hand.)—Mrs. Carey was made the subject of some very pleasing Latin verses by Dr. Bishop, Head Master of Merchant Taylor’s (where Clive was educated). See ‘*Nenice Poeticæ*’ (p. 230), A.D. 1766 :

“Quum jussu Eoi, Calcotticâ in arce, tyranni
 Captiva heu ! subiit tristia fata manus,

from an Indian one (not named), signed "A. S. B.," which gave what purported to be a brief record of an interview with Mrs. Carey in Calcutta in 1799, when, according to her own statement, she was fifty-eight years of age and could have been only fifteen in 1756. The strange part of the information elicited from her was, that, while she endorsed all that Holwell had written on the subject of the Black Hole, she added that her own mother and sister perished there also, as well as other women and children. Holwell certainly does not say in so many words that only one woman went into the prison, but his phrase "one hundred and forty-six wretches exhausted by continual fatigue and action" seems to allude to

- * Et passim furibunda siti, moribunda calore,
Corpora robustis succubuere viris,
Fœmina languori, horrorique superfuit, omnes,
Tam varie miseras fœmina passa vices.
Scilicet ante pedes, spirantem extrema maritum,
Viderat illa, pari membra datura neci ;
Nec mora ; prosiliunt oculis quasi fontibus undæ.
Et subita humectant ora gementis aquâ ;
Hinc vita, unde dolor ; nescit sitiendo perire,
Cui sic dat lacrymas quas bibat ipsa fides."

(See H. B. Wilson's History of Merchant Taylor's School, p. 1098.)

The above may be thus translated :—"When, by the command of an Eastern tyrant, a captive band suffered, alas ! a cruel fate in the Fort of Calcutta, and on all sides strong men fell, maddened by thirst and dying with heat, a woman outlived the weakness and the horror, a woman endured all the turns of such varied misery. She saw her husband breathe his last at her feet, and was about to yield herself to a like death, when lo ! the waters leap from her eyes as from springs, and bedew her lips with sudden moisture. Grief gives her life. She cannot die of thirst, to whom fidelity itself thus gives tears for drink."—A. S. B.—*Indian Paper*.

men only. Cooke says distinctly that there was only one woman; still the probability seems to us to be in favour of the evidence attributed to Mrs. Carey. The retreat by the boats was such a hurried and disorganized one, that it is very unlikely that every woman and child but one was got off. Holwell and Cooke might easily have been mistaken considering that the thrusting into the prison occurred in the dark, and that in the morning they were very unfit for any observation, even were time or opportunity for it afforded, which was not the case, as the dead were immediately thrown promiscuously into the ditch of the unfinished ravelin and covered with earth.

The relegation to a harem, which tradition assigns as the fate of Mrs. Carey, seems to rest on no substantial basis. Holwell says vaguely, "the rest who survived the fatal night gained their liberty, except Mrs. Carey, who was too young and handsome." No poor creature emerging from the ordeal that she did could then look either young or handsome, and the chances are that she tottered on along with the rest towards Cooly Bazar, where the ships were still in sight. Orme (who accepts the belief of her being the only woman) consigns her to Meer Jaffir; while Macaulay gives her to the Prince at Murshidábád (Suraj-a-Daula), a discrepancy suggestive of the untrustworthy evidence on which the story is founded, at all events in its ordinarily accepted significance.

Length of days was given to at least three of those who came out of this great tribulation. Mrs. Carey died in Calcutta in 1801.

Captain Mills survived the Black Hole for fifty-five

years, dying, it is said, in England in 1811. It is curious to think that it is not impossible that there may be people still living in India and England who may have seen or spoken to survivors of the terrible Black Hole.

Holwell too lived to a fine old age in England, where he died in 1798, aged eighty-seven.

We must not, however, thus take leave of this remarkable man, with a bare record of his death. Though this sketch already needs apology for the length by which it has exceeded its proposed limits, still space will not be grudged for a few lines in conclusion regarding the career and the memory of John Zephania Holwell.

Holwell was the son of a London merchant, and the grandson of a John Holwell, well known as a learned mathematician and astronomer who wrote towards the end of the 17th Century. The father and grandfather of the latter lost their lives in support of the Stuart cause, which involved the loss to their descendants of an ample patrimony in Devonshire, which for many generations had been in the family. J. Z. Holwell was born in Dublin in 1711; at an early age he was sent to a school at Richmond (in Surrey), where he greatly distinguished himself in classics. His father having determined to bring him up to mercantile pursuits, he was removed to an academy in Holland, where he acquired a knowledge of French and Dutch, and of book-keeping. He was next settled as a clerk in the counting-house of a banker and "husband of ships" at Rotterdam, a friend of his father's, who agreed to take him into partnership after a stipulated time. After some time here, his health broke down under hard work, and he went for a trip to Ireland, and returned from that

country with a fixed aversion to the life of a merchant. The profession of medicine was next adopted for him by his father, who had him articled to a Surgeon in Southwark, on whose death he was placed under the care and instruction of the Senior Surgeon of Guy's Hospital. On his quitting the hospital, he was engaged as Surgeon's mate on board an Indiaman, which arrived in Calcutta in 1732. From Bengal he made two or three voyages in the Company's ships as Surgeon; and twice he went in medical charge of "the Patna party," about four hundred fighting men, which annually left Calcutta with the Company's trade for the Patna Factory. On these occasions he bore a rank which seems to have been revived of late years, *viz.*, that of "Surgeon-Major." After having served for a short time as Surgeon to the Factory at Dakka, he returned to Calcutta at the end of 1736, where he was elected an Alderman in the Mayor's Court. In or about 1740 he was appointed Assistant Surgeon to the Hospital, and, having been brought on the fixed medical establishment under orders from home, he soon became Principal Surgeon to the Presidency. He tells us himself that for two years he was successively elected Mayor.

In 1748 ill-health obliged him to return to England; during the voyage he drew up a plan he had formed for correcting abuses in the Zemindar's Court at Calcutta, and proposed it to the Court of Directors, who, adopting it, appointed him perpetual zemindar (a post carrying with it fiscal and magisterial duties) and twelfth in Council.

On his arrival in Calcutta as a covenanted civilian in 1751, he began his system of reform, which eventually gave such satisfaction at home, that his annual salary

was raised from two to six thousand rupees; and a prohibition against his rising in Council, which was at first stipulated, was removed. By the time that the war broke out he had risen to the position of seventh in Council. On his release from Murshidábád he made his way to the ships at Fulta, where disease was making havoc amongst the Bengal refugees who were waiting there for the expedition from Madras. In one of his letters from there to the Court of Directors, he mentions being deputed to take possession of "Bullramgurry," somewhere near Ballasor apparently, and to have "nominated it your Presidency, it being the only one of your possessions remaining to you on these parts."

Being shattered in health, he was sent home with despatches in February 1757, in the *Syren*, a sloop of only eighty tons, and had a perilous voyage of six months, during which he wrote his narrative of the Black Hole. In consideration of his distinguished and meritorious services, he was nominated by a large majority in the Court of Directors to return to Bengal as successor to Clive, but this he seems to have modestly declined in favour of Mr. Manningham; he was then named second in Council. But a fresh election of Directors having occurred before he started, the above arrangements were reversed by a majority of the new-comers, who were not friendly to him, and he was relegated to his old position of seventh in Council. However, on his arrival in Calcutta, he found himself fourth owing to the departure of seniors; and in 1759 he became second. By virtue of this position he succeeded Clive as Governor on the latter's proceeding to Europe in February 1760. He held the governorship but for a few months.

The Court of Directors of those days was broken up into factions. Holwell did not pull well with them, nor did Clive, and acrimonious letters passed between the Bengal and Home Governments. In a well-known despatch from Fort William, December 1759, the Governor (Clive) and Council wrote,—

“Permit us to say that the diction of your letter is most unworthy yourselves and us in whatever relation considered, either as master to servants or gentlemen to gentlemen. Mere inadvertences and casual neglects have been treated in such language and sentiments as nothing but the most glaring and premeditated frauds could warrant. . . . Faithful to little purpose if the breath of scandal have power to blow away in one hour the merits of many years’ service.”

The answer to this, written a year afterwards, was,—

“We do positively order and direct that immediately upon the receipt of this letter all those persons still remaining in the Company’s service who signed the said letter of the 29th December, *viz.*, Messrs J. Z. Holwell, &c., &c., be dismissed from the Company’s service; and you are to take care that they be not permitted on any consideration to continue in India, but that they are to be sent to England by the first ships that return home the same season you receive this letter.”

This was what the oft-expressed commendation and gratitude all came to. One is glad to think, however, that long before this despatch reached India,—indeed, before it was penned,—Holwell had the self-respect to write to Mr. Vansittart, the Governor, for permission to resign the service, pointing out that—

“The many unmerited, and consequently unjust, marks of resentment which I have lately received from the present Court

of Directors will not suffer me longer to hold a service in the course of which my steady and unwearied zeal for the honour and interest of the Company might have expected a more equitable return."

The permission was given, and concern expressed at the loss of so valuable a colleague.

So much for the career of this distinguished old Indian; however opinions vary as to his fitness on the whole for high Civil authority, all will concede that he was a gallant and ill-requited man.

The high estimation in which he was held by those who knew him best has been shown in the general call for him to take the lead when matters looked most critical and alarming; and we have seen the respect and the tenderness evinced for him by his fellow-sufferers in the moment of their own great extremity. Let us now see what "respect and tenderness," to use his own simple words, succeeding generations of Englishmen in this City have shown for his memory. Holwell erected at his own expense a monument* to the memory of those who died in the Black Hole, and he inscribed on a stone tablet on the front of it the names of forty-eight of our country-

* The monument stood opposite to the main gate of the Fort and to the end of the avenue leading to the eastward. An ornamental lamp-post is now on the site. Judging by the scale given with the representation of it, it seems to have stood about fifty feet high including the pedestal.

On the reverse of it was an inscription which it would have been wiser to omit,—at least we should think so, perhaps, in these days. The victories of Clive and Watson could have been more suitably commemorated elsewhere if necessary, *viz.*:

"This horrid act of violence was as amply as deservedly revenged on Surajud Dowla by His Majesty's arms under the conduct of Vice-Admiral Watson and Colonel Clive. Anno Domini 1757."

men—an act so natural and so kindly, that one would have thought every Englishman in Calcutta would have regarded its preservation as a personal trust. Yet it was allowed to go to ruin (having, we believe, been struck by lightning), and its demolition so effectually completed about 1821 that even the very tablets on it cannot now be traced. In our search for information on this point, we have come across a statement so persistently occurring here and there, in one form or another, that we are reluctantly forced to think that there must be some foundation for it, *viz.*, that it was not merely suffered to fall into disrepair, and to so crumble away through neglect, but that its destruction and removal were deliberately ordered by the Marquis of Hastings. His Lordship is stated* to have discovered that, after having stood for more than half a century, so prominent a reminder of our humiliation would be likely to lower our prestige (that familiar word, which has so much to answer for) in the estimation of the natives. In other words, that we have got so few victories and conquests in India to point to, that we must carefully obliterate, in our own interest, all evidence of a casual reverse, and to effect this we must even put out of sight what is due to the memory of the brave and the dead.

A "policy" such as is attributed to the Government of 1821, would, in our own time, remove the Cawnpore memorial, and a century back would have forbidden the commemoration of "a massacre surpassing in atrocity that of the Black Hole," yet the following will show the

* We have never met with any *official* confirmation of the tradition that the removal of the old monument was the work of the Governor-General.

part taken by the Government of 1764 about that (Proceedings, June 18):

“Agreed, we write to Patna, desiring they will apply to the Nawab through the Resident at the Durbar to make over to us the house where the massacre was perpetrated, and the ground thereunto belonging; and, having obtained such a grant, to have the house entirely demolished, and the whole ground railed in a square, in the centre of which the monument will be erected, agreeably to a plan which we shall send them.”

A general mourning was ordered also when the news of the massacre reached the Presidency.

What remains of the old Fort must have witnessed many of the circumstances of the final struggle; it was very near to the last scene of all, and is therefore intimately associated with the memory of Holwell and his brave companions in devotion and adversity. The present generation in Calcutta signalizes its appreciation of all this by converting part of the stage of so much that is historical into outhouses for the post office carts, syces and their indefinable litter, and—*proh pudor!*—by putting up latrines on it.*

Our predecessors neglected the memory of the defenders of Calcutta; we—dishonor it.

* Those who are not very amenable to other considerations may, perhaps, have their sensibilities aroused about this matter on being reminded, that, for thirty years (*viz.*, from the fall of old St. John's in the siege in 1756, and the retaking of Calcutta by Clive in January 1757, to the opening of the present St. John's on Easter Sunday, 1787), the Government officials, and all the members of the Church of England residing in Calcutta, worshipped in a small room in the Old Fort where divine service was regularly conducted by the Protestant Chaplains. The room was, in all probability, a southern one, and so in close proximity to the spot now so abominably desecrated.

Every section of an Anglo-Indian community as it exists to-day was represented amongst the gallant few whose names Holwell inscribed on the monument in memory of that Sunday night in June just one hundred and twenty-four years ago,* nor did he omit to enumerate the lowlier victims, though he could not name them. There was the clergyman, the civilian, the merchant, the sailor, and the soldier,—all alike consigned by us to oblivion and disrespect. “Doubtless,” as the Indian Historian says, when advocating the cause of other neglected men, “doubtless, they are the representatives of a gigantic disaster, not of a glorious victory. But the heroism of failure is often greater than the heroism of success.”

It is unlikely that anything more than a languid, spasmodic curiosity could now be aroused about those old remains of a by-gone age, except in the minds of a few antiquarians. Were it otherwise, a vigorous effort of respectful representation to Government might perhaps get them saved from desecration and preserved to the public, before they are either pulled down or made to disappear by being drawn into the construction of modern buildings. The piazza might be cleared out, and purified and opened up, so as to show its just construction and proportion, and its interior be suitably occupied. A facsimile of the tablet of Holwell’s monument containing his own inscription and the names, &c., might be assigned a niche in it. This is but a crude suggestion: we have no doubt that, if the occasion were to be brought about others more practicable and appropriate would be forthcoming from competent sources.

* This paper first appeared in June 1880.

Apart from the respect paid to the memory of the dead, and apart from the desire to take away a great reproach from the city, which some such measure would testify to, it would render available to the public and to strangers what is, incomparably, the most interesting Historical Monument in India in connection with the British.

Postscript.

Holwell died at Pinner (Middlesex) on the 5th November 1798. He was twice married, and three of his children survived him, *viz.*: Lieut.-Colonel James Holwell, of Southborough, in the County of Kent; Mrs. Birch, wife of William Birch, Esq.; and Mrs. Swinney, relict of Dr. Swinney.

We should not have omitted to mention that, for the last twelve years of his life, he was in very straitened circumstances, and was reduced to applying to the generous friendship of the open-handed Mr. Weston (a name which should be dear to Calcutta), who for those twelve years cheerfully gave the regular assistance which Holwell stood in need of.

In this instance Holwell had not cast his bread on the waters in vain. Charles Weston had served his time as Surgeon's apprentice to Holwell, and had once accompanied him to Europe. On Holwell's getting into the Civil Service, Weston also changed his pursuits. "What could I expect," said he, "from following the Medical Profession, when I saw a regular-bred surgeon and so clever a man as Mr. Holwell charge no more than fifty rupees for three months' attendance and medicine."

Weston served as a militia man at the siege of Calcutta, and escaped by having been sent on the river to look after his patron's baggage boats, the day before the Fort was taken. He took refuge in Chinsurah.

He was often heard to say that Suraj-o-Doulah's forbearance to Holwell, and the latter's release from fetters, were due to the intercession of the Nawab's wives instigated by the natives of Calcutta, who loved Holwell.

When Holwell left India he gave Weston two thousand rupees, and lent him five thousand more.

With this capital he made a large fortune, chiefly by safe agency business, and became well known for his charities during his lifetime.

The profits of Tiretta Bazar he applied to his own use. The rest of his fortune was invested in Government Security, and the whole interest of this he monthly distributed to the poor of all nations, classes, and religions, without distinction. The lac of rupees which he left at his death to the poor was the smallest of his charities. He died in 1810, aged seventy-eight, and is buried in South Park Street Cemetery.

NOTE.

It is gratifying to be able to say that measures are in contemplation for perpetuating the names of some of those faithful among the faithless, whose memory Holwell as "their surviving fellow-sufferer" wished to honour and respect.

All efforts to trace the fate of the original inscription slabs on the old monument having failed (though kindly assisted in by the Revd. Mr. Bray, who searched the old Cathedral vestry records), sanction was given by the late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the Hon'ble Sir Ashley Eden, for a copy of the one containing the names, &c., being made either in marble or brass, and put up in some suitable and accessible place, possibly in St. John's Church. The Government of Bengal also desired that a neat tablet should be placed over the actual site of the historical Black Hole, bearing a brief inscription simply explanatory of its object.

No way has yet been seen towards taking steps to save the remains of old Fort William; if nothing be soon done in this direction, it is only too likely that the increasing wants of a great commercial city will cry out for more room, and the result will be—to the wonder and regret of more than antiquarians perhaps—the demolition of the famous "piazza" round which so many historical memories cluster.

There is an incident in connexion with the above, which may perhaps be fitly mentioned here. Soon after the foregoing paper on the Black Hole appeared in the *Englishman*, a gentleman then at home, who takes a commendable interest in the preservation of historic monuments, and did not know that the Local Government had taken the matter into consideration as its own privilege, brought to notice in the *Times* the strange circumstance that Calcutta was without any monumental record of, or tribute to, the memory of our countrymen who fought to the last in its defence and died so miserably in the Black Hole prison; and he suggested that any who felt interested in such matters might contribute something to be devoted to supplying the local want. The only response which this suggestion met with in wealthy England was from—some poor gunners, who cheer-

fully and at once sent their mite ; the brief note of the gentleman forwarding it tells so much that is creditable to the kindly impulses and good-fellowship of the men, that we venture on the liberty of introducing it here :

ROYAL ARTILLERY BARRACKS ;

Sheerness, 5th Nov., 1880.

DEAR SIR,

I beg to enclose you a cheque for £1-5-6, being the subscription from men of No. 12 Battery, 11th Brigade, R. A., at present stationed at Dover, to assist in restoring the Memorial Tablet of "The Black Hole," Calcutta, where their former comrades in arms belonging to this Battery perished, only three surviving.*

Yours sincerely,

(Sd.) ———,

Qr. Mr., R. A.

Surely one hint that may be taken from this little incident is, that any measure which tends, however indirectly, to weaken in the minds of soldiers the connection between the present and the past, to damp the ardor of *esprit de corps*, or to let die regimental tradition, is a retrograde one.

* The Battery thus so worthily represented was originally raised for service in India in 1749, and was known as the 1st Company ; the portion of it which was in Calcutta in 1756 was all but annihilated. A remnant of it fought at Plassey, and the Company was re-formed in 1758. It can be traced as a most distinguished Battery of the old Bengal Artillery down to 1861, when it became 1st Battery, 24th Brigade, Royal Artillery, and eventually 12th Battery, 11th Brigade, Royal Artillery.

Nuncomar.

WERE it not for Macaulay's famous article on Warren Hastings in the "Edinburgh Review" (1841), there are few to whom even the name of Elijah Impey would be known to-day; fewer still that of Maharajah Nuncomar.

The charge which has fastened obloquy on the former in connection with the latter name, is contained in a brilliant essay which everyone reads and reads again; its attempted refutation is wrapped up in a heavy volume by a filial hand, which no one ever opens. So that whatever else may be known about the first Chief Justice in India, every schoolboy if asked will glibly answer, that he was the Judge who once hanged a native in India to accommodate a Governor-General.

Indeed, the biographer of Philip Francis (whose work was published so recently as 1867) disposes of the question in words which won't admit of a very different interpretation, *viz.*, "Hastings, through Sir Elijah Impey, the Chief Justice, took Nuncomar's life by way of reply."

However, it is not proposed just now to follow in the well-trodden steps of those who have discussed the political or technical features of the prosecution and its result. Our object rather is to look back for a little across the intervening century, and while bringing into light from mouldy volumes a few of the dimly remember'd facts and circumstances attending a celebrated trial and execution,

to recall for the Calcutta of to-day the names of some of the more prominent actors in a scene, which brought this city into such unenviable notice a little over one hundred years ago ; * and which profoundly moved public feeling in England, engaging the scrutiny of her Parliament, and exercising the keenest attention of some of her greatest orators and statesmen, one of whom, Edmund Burke, is described as having had " as lively an idea of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr. Dodd."

Nuncomar was hanged on Saturday, the 5th of August 1775. The facts connected with his arrest and imprisonment are fully given in the correspondence of the Government and Supreme Court with the Court of Directors.

When the charge of forgery was exhibited against him, Mr. Justice Lemaistre happened to be the sitting Magistrate. He requested the assistance of Mr. Justice Hyde, who attended with him the whole day till ten o'clock night, " when, no doubt remaining in the breast of either of us upon the evidence on the part of the Crown," a commitment was made.

The following copy of the warrant will explain matters :—

" To the Sheriff of the Town of Calcutta and Factory of Fort William in Bengal, and to the Keeper of His Majesty's prison at Calcutta.

" Receive into your custody the body of Maharajah Nuncoomar herewith sent you, charged before us upon the oaths of Mohund Persaud, Cumal-uil-Dien Khan and others, with feloniously uttering as true a false and counterfeit writing obligatory, knowing the same to be false and counterfeit, in

* This paper appeared in 1875.

order to defraud the executors of Bolakee Doss, deceased; and him safely keep until he shall be discharged by due course of law.

“S. C. LEMAISTRE.

“JOHN HYDE.

“Given under our hands and seals this sixth day of May in the year of Our Lord 1775.”

When the two Judges were about to go away, Mr. Jarrett, an attorney, came in and requested to be heard on the part of the prisoner. He represented that Nuncomar “was a person of very high rank, of the caste of Brahmins,” and that he would be defiled if placed in the common gaol. But it appeared there was no other place to confine him in, and the Judges considered it improper that he should be sent to a private house.

Under pressure they agreed to consult the Chief Justice, which they proceeded to do at once at the Chief Justice’s house.

The result of the conference was the following note to Mr. Tolfrey, the Under-Sheriff:—

“Upon consultation with the Lord Chief Justice, we are all clearly of opinion that the Sheriff ought to confine his prisoner in the common gaol upon this occasion.

S. C. LEMAISTRE.”

To gaol he was sent, greatly to the dismay of his many influential friends and sympathizers, who sent him messages of condolence. Amongst these were Mrs. and Miss Clavering and Lady Ann Monson.

The prisoner at first obstinately abstained from all food, and sent a petition to Government, setting forth the danger he was in of losing his caste owing to his close confinement.

At a meeting of the Council on 9th May 1775, General Clavering says: "I acquaint the Board that I received a letter from Mr. Joseph Fouke, who is just come from visiting Maharajah Nuncomar, acquainting me that it is the opinion of the people who are about him, that they do not think he can live another day without drink. He says his tongue is much parched, but that his spirit is firm. In the conversation that he had with the Rajah, the Rajah told him, "Don't trouble yourself about me; the will of Heaven must be complied with. I am innocent."

Government directed the Sheriff to wait on the Chief Justice, and represent to him the situation of the prisoner.

In answer to this, Sir Elijah sent the opinions* of some pundits on this subject, who, having visited Nuncomar in confinement, declared that he could not perform his ablutions, nor eat where Christians or Mahomedans inhabited; but that, if he did do so, he might be absolved by penance (prauschit). Against these opinions Nuncomar protested, and desired that other pundits

* *Translations of the opinions of the five Pundits Kissen Jeman Surmah, Bannisser Surmah, Kissen Gopal Surmah, and Gouree Caunt Surmah, when questioned by Impey, Chambers, and Lemaistre at Impey's house.*

If a Brahmin is confined, washes, eats, and drinks in a house where a Mussulman or others live, he must do the penance known by the name chundraeen, but as that species of penance lasts for one month¹ and as the men of this Age have not strength for so long a penance, it has been altered, and instead of performing chundraeen the Brahmin must forfeit eight milch cows and their calves; but if it should so happen that the Brahmin is poor and unable to do this, he must pay thirty-eight cawns and seven puns of cowries² having paid the Brahmins for the trouble they will have in his affair,³ and having

might be consulted at Nuddea, who were of a higher caste and better informed. This favour having been denied him, he persisted in his resolution of dying rather than defile himself. On the 10th of May, the Chief Justice sent Dr. Murchison (father of the late Sir Roderick) to see him. At length, when the prisoner "was almost extenuated by hunger and thirst," the Judges (Lemaistre not concurring) privately permitted Mathew Yeandle, the jailor, to pitch a tent for him without the doors of the prison, where he bathed and took food. *The King v. Nuncomar* was the very first criminal case which came before the newly-appointed Supreme Court. The trial took place in the building which had been the old Mayor's Court (on the site of the present Scotch Church). It commenced on the 8th of June, and went on for eight days, before the Chief

paid for the serraud, or cleansing cake,⁴ and fed a cow, the Brahmin is purified.

The above penance is for one day, and the same penance must be performed for every day he remains in confinement.

A Brahmin who is confined within four walls of a prison in which Mussulmen and others live, and is permitted to inhabit a house not under the same roof with them, though within the walls, to perform his ablutions with water of the Ganges and to eat and drink of things mixed with the water of that river, and who washes with and drinks of the water of the Ganges when he is set at liberty will not lose his caste.

Explanation of the Pundits.

¹ In ancient times, when men lived to the age of one thousand years, then strength was proportionately greater, and they could fast a month or more without endangering their lives, or without considering it a very severe punishment.

² The price of a milch cow, with its calf, is from three to four rupees, and the value of the cowries is about eight rupees.

³ Seldom amounts to above two rupees.

⁴ The cake is not valued at more than 6 annas.

Justice and the three Puisne Judges, *i.e.*, Messrs. Chambers, Lemaistre, and Hyde.

The Court made no adjournment, but one of the Judges, at least, always remained in the Court, or in a room adjoining and open to it. The jury retired to another adjoining room (under the charge of the Sheriff's officers) to take refreshment or sleep. The same proceeding was observed at the end of each day, and at other times in the trial when refreshment was necessary. The Court met each day at eight in the morning.

Those were the days when there were no swinging punkahs—no ice; possibly no saltpetre (unless the abdars had by that time acquired the now-almost-forgotten art of using it). The Judges wore their heavy wigs, and (tradition says) retired three or four times daily "to change their linen." Think of all this, O Minos and Radamanthus, and ye other Jove-descended Judges who dispense justice in palatial Calcutta to-day!

The following gentlemen composed the jury!

John Robinson (*foreman*).
Edward Scott.
Robert Macfarlin.
Thomas Smith.
Edward Ellerington.
Joseph Bernard Smith.

John Ferguson.
Arthur Adie.
John Collis.
Samuel Touchet.
Edward Sutterthwaite.
Charles Weston.

The chief names of the twelve that have come down to us are those of Touchet and Weston, the latter being locally perpetuated in "Weston's lane." This gentleman, whom we have alluded to elsewhere as the friend, associate, and benefactor of Holwell, was the son of the Recorder of the Mayor's Court, and was born in Calcutta in 1731, in a large garden-house, then opposite to where the Tiretta Bazar now stands. He remembered the great

storm and inundation of 1737, as his family were thereby compelled to quit their house. During the trial we find him consulted by the Court thus: "Mr. Weston, one of the jury, well conversant in the language, being asked whether he thought a witness understood the interpreter, answered: 'He certainly understood him; he understands *Moors* perfectly well, and speaks it better than he does Bengali.'"

The prisoner being arraigned, his counsel tendered a plea to the jurisdiction of the Court (which he afterwards withdrew). He pleaded not guilty, and, being asked by whom he would be tried, answered: "By God and his peers."

The Court asked whom the Rajah considered as his peers. His counsel answered he must leave that to the Court. Chief Justice—"A peer of Ireland tried in England would be tried by a common jury. The Charter directs that in all criminal prosecutions the prisoner should be tried by the inhabitants of the town of Calcutta, being British subjects."

On the second day, counsel for the prisoner informed the Court that the Maharajah had been ill in the night, which rendered him incapable of taking his trial. The Court desired Drs. Anderson and Williams to examine the prisoner, which they did, and reported that he had now "neither flux nor fever, and was very capable of taking his trial."

The next move was an objection made by prisoner's counsel to one of the interpreters (requested to act by the Court) "as being connected with persons whom the prisoner considered as his enemies."

This gentleman was Mr. Alex. Elliot, "eminently

skilled in the Persian and Hindustani languages"—an intimate friend both of the Governor-General and of the Chief Justice, and, strange to say, brother of the Elliot, who took so leading a part in the impeachment of Impey twelve years after.

IMPEY, C. J.—It is a cruel insinuation against the character of Mr. Elliot.

[Here Mr. Elliot begged he might decline interpreting.]

CHIEF JUSTICE.—We must insist upon it that you interpret. You should be above giving way to the imputation. Your skill in the languages and your candour will show how little ground there is for it.

Counsel.—I hope Mr. Elliot doesn't think the objection came from me ; it was suggested to me.

CHIEF JUSTICE.—Who suggested it ?

Counsel.—I am not authorized to name the person. The jury then, as well as the prisoner's counsel, begged that Mr. Elliot would act as interpreter in the absence of the principal one, who had not yet come from Madras.

The prisoner was defended by Mr. Farrer and Mr. Brix. The former soon after left India, and became M.P. for Wareham, and gave evidence, from his seat in the House, at the impeachment of Impey. Philip Francis, in his diary, describes Barwell as "sitting up all night winning Farrer's money."

The defence, the only one probably feasible, consisted in attempting to fix perjury on the prosecutor and his witnesses, but it proved fatal, not being believed.

By the law then in force, counsel for prisoners charged with felony were not allowed to observe on the evidence to the jury, but were obliged to confine them-

selves to matters of law; but observations which counsel wished to make were generally handed to the Court, who, in the charge, submitted them in full force to the jury. Accordingly, when on the 15th of June the evidence closed, the Lord Chief Justice immediately summed up. The charge is not a long one, and has been pronounced to be a very impartial one; indeed, looking to the close of it, no one can say that it leans against the prisoner, *viz.*, "I have made such observations on the evidence as the bulk of it, and the few minutes I had to recollect myself, would allow me to make. You will consider the whole with that candour, impartiality, and attention, which have been so visible in everyone of you during the many days you have sat on this cause. You will consider on which side the weight of evidence lies; always remembering that, in criminal, and more especially in capital, cases, you must not weigh the evidence in golden scales; there ought to be a great difference of weight in the opposite scale before you find the prisoner guilty. In cases of property the stake on each side is equal, and the least preponderance of evidence ought to turn the scale; but in a capital case, as there can be nothing of equal value to life, you should be thoroughly convinced that there does not remain a possibility of innocence before you give your verdict against the prisoner. You will again and again consider the character of the prosecutor and his witnesses,—the distance of the prosecution from the time the offence is supposed to be committed,—the proof and nature of the confessions said to be made by the prisoner,—his rank and fortune. These are all reasons to prevent you giving a hasty and precipitate belief to

the charge brought against him ; but if you believe the facts sworn against him to be true, they cannot alter the nature of the facts themselves. Your sense of justice and your own feelings will not allow you to convict the prisoner unless your consciences are fully satisfied beyond all doubt of his guilt. If they are not, you will bring in that verdict which, from the dictates of humanity, you will be inclined to give. But, should your consciences be thoroughly convinced of his being guilty, no consideration, I am sure, will prevail on you not to give a verdict according to your oaths."

The jury retired for about an hour, and brought in their verdict—guilty.

The verdict was not accompanied by any recommendation to mercy. Sentence of death was pronounced by the Chief Justice. In the Memoir by Sir E. Impey's son it is stated that execution occurred twenty days after the sentence. If this be true, sentence must have been deferred till about the middle of July. Neither the European nor native inhabitants made any representation to Government in the prisoner's favour, though the former were urged to do so by Mr. Farrer,* and though the latter had previously done so successfully in 1766, in the case of Radachund Mitter sentenced to death for forgery in a petition addressed to Governor John Spencer.

* Every effort that procedure allowed, or that humanity suggested, was made by this advocate for his client. He even tried to get the Jury to recommend a respite as they had not recommended mercy, but the thin-skinned foreman called this an interference with his conscience, and appealed to the Chief Justice, who took an early opportunity of reprimanding Mr. Farrer in Court for conduct derogatory, in this, to his professional position. See article on Warren Hastings in Lower Bengal by Mr. Beveridge.—*Calcutta Review*, April 1878.

After condemnation the prisoner appears to have occupied upper apartments in the jail. He was never ironed.

Where was Nuncomar hanged? If there were an indisputable foundation of fact for Macaulay's account of the profound veneration manifested for the prisoner's hereditary and religious dignities (apart from that attaching to his great wealth and former influential position), we might suppose that, among a people so eminently conservative as the Hindus, some trustworthy information would be forthcoming as to the exact locality where so deplorable a shock to their religious feelings was inflicted. We might reasonably fancy that the terrible story would have been handed down between the three or four intervening generations so faithfully that even the very spot could be pointed out where the life of him who was "the head of their race and religion," who "had inherited the purest and highest caste," had been so degradingly taken. Yet it is far otherwise. Our enquiries in Calcutta (and for some years they have been as frequent and extensive on this point as limited opportunities allowed) reluctantly force us to the conclusion that there does not exist in Native Calcutta to-day any tangible tradition as to the identity of the place where this "Brahmin of the Brahmins" was put to death. The circumstance bears out to a certain extent what is stated by MacFarlane and the Chief Justice's son in his Memoir, that the natives who crowded to the execution regarded it with indifference. We presume that respectable and religious Hindus kept aloof then, as they do now, from such spectacles.

We are indebted to an old number of the *Calcutta*

Review for the identification of several modern localities in this city with old ones. The facts of the contributor (Reverend J. Long ?) would be still more valuable and interesting if he did not often omit to give his authority for them. It is there stated that Nuncomar was hanged near the river between Cooly Bazar and Hastings Bridge, a platform being erected for the purpose. Philip Francis, writing to the Admiral at Madras two days after the execution, and telling him of it,* says: "My brother-in-law, in virtue of his office, was obliged to attend him." This gentleman was Sheriff Alexander Macrabie, who followed Francis's fortunes to India, and soon died there (at Ganjam, 1776). He visited Nuncomar on the evening before, and on the morning of the execution, accompanying the procession from the jail (in Lal Bazar, opposite the celebrated Harmonicon tavern) to the scaffold. He has left a minute account of these interviews and of the last moments of the unhappy man. The account to an unprejudiced reader is evidently a faithful one, not varnished, but given in a becoming spirit, with no straining at effect. It is lengthy, but we give it for the benefit of the curious in such matters.

Before doing so we should like to point out a strange error regarding this document (which, so far as we know, has not been remarked on before) into which Mr. Impey, in his father's Memoir, has fallen, and in which he has been followed by a contributor (Sir J. Kaye (?), generally most accurate), to an early volume of the *Calcutta*

* A few months after, in a letter to his friend Strachey, in England, Francis says:—"Nuncomar might have been a notorious rascal, but, by —: he spoke truth, or why were they in such a hurry to hang him?"

Review, and by other later authorities. We notice it merely because of the prominence which these writers give to the (supposed) fact and of the importance and significance which they attach to it. The son of the assailed Chief Justice, who in his righteous wrath thinks nothing too bad to attribute to Francis or Macaulay, says: "Yet Mr. Macaulay is not without a groundwork, such as it is, for his picture. That groundwork exists in a letter *which was never seen or heard of until 12 or 13 years after the execution*, when it was produced by the enemies of Sir Elijah Impey to strike the Parliament and people of England with horror." Again: "This letter, which was made to pass as the production of Francis's brother-in-law, was now produced for the *first time*, and read to the excited House by Sir Gilbert Elliot." "This letter was very ably written. As a piece of fiction it may be called admirable; nor am I singular in asserting that it bears internal evidence of having been composed or retouched by the author of the 'Letters of Junius.'"

The Reviewer makes similar capital about the suppression. "But nobody had the good fortune to see it until twelve years after the Maharajah had expiated his guilt upon the gallows. Like the manuscript of Dictys Cretensis, after long inhumation, it was cast up by an earthquake, a great political convulsion brought the long-buried document to light, and Sir Gilbert Elliot hurled it with terrible vehemence at the head of the Chief Justice."

Yet it would appear that the Sheriff's account must have been in the hands of the English public at least seven years (if not more) before the impeachment of Impey, as may be seen from the following extract from

Hicky's Bengal Gazette (a publication very familiar to the Reviewer), No. XXXIX, October 1781, *i.e.*, some ten months after Francis left India, and while Elijah Impey was still in Calcutta.

"The following remarks are taken from an English paper, which took their rise from the appearance of the late Mr. Macrabie's minutes being published relative to the behaviour of the Rajah Nuncomar from the time of his being visited by Mr. Macrabie at the jail on the morning of his execution until the fatal moment that he was launched into eternity.

"The humane and intelligent reader will not fail to recollect that, in Bengal, in 1757, the East India Company's servants, with Colonel Clive at their head, were guilty of a most infamous forgery in counterfeiting the signature of Admiral Watson to a treaty by which they defrauded Omichund, a Gentoo merchant, of £250,000 promised him. Colonel Clive had even the malignity in person to inform Omichund of the deception by which he had cheated him. The Colonel's words overpowered him like a blast of sulphur, and he fell fainting on one of his attendants. . . . We first committed a successful forgery on a native of Bengal, and gloried in it, though it occasioned his death. Soon after we sent out English Judges to establish English laws in that country, and with a justice peculiar to wise and innocent men, a retrospective view of past crimes is taken, and a native of the country, who knew nothing of English laws, is hanged for a crime which we had triumphed in committing. Clive was made a peer in England, though he committed in Bengal the same crime for which we hanged Nuncomar."

Sheriff Macrabie's account.—"Hearing that some persons had supposed Maharajah Nuncomar would make an address to the people at his execution, I have committed to writing the following minutes of what passed

both on that occasion and also upon my paying him a visit in prison the preceding evening, while both are fresh in my remembrance.

“Friday evening, the 4th of August. Upon my entering his apartments in the jail, he arose and saluted me in his usual manner. After we were both seated, he spoke with great ease and such seeming unconcern that I really doubted whether he was sensible of his approaching fate. I therefore bid the interpreter inform him that I was come to show him this last mark of respect, and to assure him that every attention should be given the next morning which could afford him comfort on so melancholy an occasion; that I was deeply concerned that the duties of my office made me of necessity a party in it, but that I would attend to the last to see that every desire that he had should be gratified; that his own palanquin and his own servants should attend him; and that such of his friends who, I understood, were to be present should be protected.

“He replied that he was obliged to me for this visit; that he thanked me for all my favors, and entreated me to continue it to his family; that fate was not to be resisted, and put his finger to his forehead—‘God’s will’ must be done. He desired I would present his respects and compliments to the General, Colonel Monson and Mr. Francis, and pray for their protection of Rajah Gourdass; that they would please to look upon him now as the head of the Brahmins. His composure was wonderful; not a sigh escaped him: nor the smallest alteration of voice or countenance, though I understood he had not many hours before taken a solemn leave of his son-in-law Roy Radicum. I found myself so much second to

him in firmness that I could stay no longer. Going downstairs, the jailor informed me that, since the departure of his friends, he had been writing notes and looking at accounts in his usual way. I began now to apprehend that he had taken his resolution and fully expected that he would be found dead in the morning; but on Saturday the 5th, at seven, I was informed that everything was in readiness at the jail for the execution. I came here about half an hour past seven. The howlings and lamentations of the poor wretched people who were taking their last leave of him are not to be described. I have hardly recovered the first shock while I write this about three hours afterwards. As soon as he heard I was arrived he came down into the yard and joined me in the jailor's apartment.

“There was no lingering about him, no affected delay. He came cheerfully into the room, made the usual salaam, but would not sit till I took a chair near him. Seeing somebody look at a watch, he got up and said he was ready, and immediately turning to three Brahmins who were to attend and take care of his body, he embraced them all closely, but without the least mark of melancholy or depression on his part, while they were in agonies of grief and despair. I then looked at my own watch, told him the hour I had mentioned was not arrived, that it wanted above a quarter of eight, but that I should wait his own time, and that I would not rise from my seat without a motion from him. Upon its being recommended to him that at the place of execution he would give some signal when he had done with the world, he said he would speak. We sat about an hour longer, during which he addressed himself more than

once to me ; mentioned Rajah Gourdass, the General, Colonel Monson, Mr. Francis, but without any seeming anxiety ; the rest of the time I believe he passed in prayer, his lips and tongue moving and his beads hanging upon his hand. He then looked to me and arose, spoke to some of the servants of the jail, telling them that anything he might have omitted Rajah Gourdass would take care of, then walked cheerfully to the gate and seated himself in his palanquin, looking around him with perfect unconcern. As the Deputy Sheriff and I followed, we could make no observation upon his deportment till we all arrived at the place of execution. The crowd there was very great, but not the least appearance of a riot. The Rajah sat in his palanquin upon the bearers' shoulders and looked around at first with some attention. I did not observe the smallest discomposure in his countenance or manner at the sight of the gallows or any of the ceremonies passing about it. He asked for the Brahmins who were not come, and showed some earnestness as if he apprehended the execution might take place before their arrival. I took that opportunity of assuring him I would wait his own time ; it was early in the day and there was no hurry ; the Brahmins soon after appearing, I offered to remove the officers, thinking that he might have something to say in private ; but he made a motion not to do it, and said he had only a few words to remind them of what he had said concerning Rajah Gourdass, and the care of his zenana. He spoke to me and desired that the men might be taken care of, as they were to take charge of his body, which he desired repeatedly might not be touched by any of the bystanders ; but he seemed not in the least alarmed or

discomposed at the crowd around him. There was some delay in the necessary preparations, and from the awkwardness of the people. He was no way desirous of protracting the business, but repeatedly told me he was ready. Upon my asking him if he had any more friends he wished to see, he answered he had many, but this was not a place, nor an occasion, to look for them. Did he apprehend there might be any present who could not get up for the crowd? He mentioned one, whose name was called, but he immediately said 'It was of no consequence, probably he had not come.' He then desired me to remember him to General Clavering, Colonel Monson, Mr. Francis, and looked with the greatest composure. When he was not engaged in conversation he lay back in the palanquin, moving his lips and tongue as before.

"I then caused him to be asked about the signal he was to make, which could not be done by speaking, on account of the noise of the crowd. He said he would make a motion with his hand; and when it was represented to him that it would be necessary for his hands to be tied in order to prevent any involuntary motion, and I recommended his making a motion with his foot, he said he would. Nothing now remained except the last painful ceremony. I ordered his palanquin to be brought close under the gallows, but he chose to walk, which he did more erect than I have generally seen him. At the foot of the steps which led to the stage he put his hands behind him to be tied with a handkerchief, looking around at the same time with the utmost unconcern. Some difficulties arising about the cloth which should be tied over his face, he told the people that it

must not be done by one of us. I presented to him a subaltern sepoy officer, who is a Brahmin, and came forward with a handkerchief in his hand ; but the Rajah pointed to a servant of his own, who was lying prostrate at his feet, and beckoned him to do it. He had some weakness in his feet, which added to the confinement of his hands, made him mount the steps with difficulty ; but he showed not the least reluctance, scrambling rather forward to get up. He then stood erect on the stage, while I examined his countenance as steadfastly as I could till the cloth covered it, to see if I could observe the smallest symptom of fear or alarm, but there was not a trace of it. My own spirits sank, and I stepped into my palanquin ; but before I was seated, he had given the signal, and the stage was removed. I could observe, when I was a little recovered, that his arms lay back in the same position in which I saw them first tied ; nor could I see any contortion of that side of his mouth and face which was visible. In a word, his steadiness, composure, and resolution throughout the whole of this melancholy transaction were equal to any examples of fortitude I have ever read or heard of. The body was taken down after hanging the usual time, and delivered to the Brahmins for burning."

The account of the parliamentary proceedings on the impeachment continues thus: "While this tragedy," said Sir Gilbert, "was acting, the surrounding multitudes were agitated with grief, fear, and suspense. With a kind of superstitious incredulity, they could not believe that it was really intended to put the Rajah to death ; but when they saw him tied up, and the scaffold drop from under him, they set up an universal yell, and

with the most piercing cries of horror and dismay betook themselves to flight, running many of them as far as the Ganges" (which they were at already), "and plunging into the water, as if to hide themselves from such tyranny as they had witnessed, or to wash away the pollution contracted from viewing such a spectacle."

So that it would appear that the sensational items in Macaulay's account, given fifty-four years after the impeachment, were derived, not from what the eye-witness wrote, but from embellishments which somebody else, speaking twelve years after the execution, is represented to have added, without, so far as is shown, quoting any authority for his assertions, which are not in harmony with known, or with recorded, facts.

Immediately after the first great criminal trial at Calcutta, addresses* expressive of confidence and satisfaction were presented to the Chief Justice and Supreme Court by various sections of the community, including

* These were got up with indecent haste: Mr. Impey, with questionable discretion, has appended them to the defence of his father. One of them (presented to the Chief Justice himself) is from "the free merchants, free mariners, and other inhabitants." It is nauseating in its bombast and its servility. It thanks him for "repressing the spirit of litigiousness and the chicanery and quirks of practitioners" and extolls him for (amongst other blessings) "patiently investigating the evidence." At the head of the names of the eighty-four inflated persons who sign this imprudent panegyric, stand those of Playdell, the Police Magistrate, and Robinson, the foreman of the Jury. The Grand Jury paid similar homage. Impey complacently received and replied to all, and gratified the "free" individuals by consenting to sit for his portrait for the town-hall.

While these *dramatis personæ* were thus bandying compliments, the Hamlet of the play was lying in jail stoically awaiting his execution.

Hindus. To what extent their popularity declined afterwards in the estimation of (so-called) public opinion, materials perhaps are wanting to show. Scattered through the current literature of the time appear occasional squibs indicative of hostility to Impey. Whether this feeling was general amongst the European portion of the subscribers to the local newspaper, or confined to a few scribbling assassins, it is now not easy to determine.

As a curiosity we copy a portion of a "play-bill extraordinary," which will serve as a specimen of the petty lampoons alluded to. It is taken from Hicky's Gazette, June 1781, a weekly production, which flourished in its full ripeness (or rather rankness) during a portion of Elijah Impey's sojourn in Calcutta, and which dealt largely in scurrility, personality, and indecency, to an extent not often met with even in that licensed age:—

PLAYBILL EXTRAORDINARY.

At the New Theatre, near the Court-house, is now in rehearsal,
A Tragedy, called

"TYRANNY IN FULL BLOOM, OR THE DEVIL TO PAY."

With the Farce of

"ALL IN THE WRONG."

Dramatis Personæ :

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|-----|---|
| Sir F. Wronghead | ... | ... | By the Grand Turk. |
| Judge Jeffreys | ... | ... | By Ven'ble Poolbundy. |
| Sir Limber | ... | ... | By Sir Viner Pliant. |
| Justice Balance | ... | ... | By Cram Turkey. |
| Judas Iscariot touching the 40 pieces | ... | ... | By the Revd. Mr. Tally Ho. |
| Don Quixote fighting with Windmills | ... | ... | By the Great Mogul, commonly called the Tyger of War. |

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Cato, also the True-born Eng- | } | By Mr. Hicky. |
| lishman ... | | |
| Mammon ... | } | By a German Missionary. |
| Irish Link-boy crying a brass farthing, your Honor ... | | |
| Slaves, Train-bearers, Toad- | } | By the Grand Jury. |
| eaters, and Sycophants ... | | |
| Liberty Boys ... | } | By the Honest, Independent, Disinterested Petty Jury. |
| ... | | |

Between the Play and the Farce will be introduced

A DANCE OF DEMONS OF REVENGE BY THE CALCUTTA LAWYERS
AND THEIR BANYANS.

The Dance to conclude with the song of
From mortal sighs we draw the groan,
To make their sorrows like our own.

Which Sir Barnaby promises to accompany on the Bassoon, assisted by his German Missionary Brother Printer.

Two Ghosts will be introduced for the sake of variety, 1st Ghost by Nuncomar; 2nd Ghost by Peter Nimmuck.

Chancellor Murder English from Gothland will entertain the audience with a Doleful Ditty on the Hurdy-Gurdy, about his Card Losses and pluckings at Lady Poolbundy's Routs.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 in the above refer to Impey, Chambers Hyde, the Revd. William Johnson, Warren Hastings.

So far as we have been able to ascertain, the sites in modern Calcutta connected with the social life of the four Judges who conducted this famous trial are as follows: Mr. Justice Hyde occupied (during a portion of his time here) a house where the Town Hall now stands. Lemaistre lived on the site of the present Free School. Sir R. Chambers's house was at or near Bhow-anipore, so says Mrs. Fay, who lived for a while with

them, and, according to her own account, industriously toadied her hostess (and, indeed, everybody she seems to have met, poor body, in the interest of the worthless Mr. Fay). Sir Elijah Impey lived on the site of a house, now a convent, behind the Roman Catholic Church in Middleton Row. The map of 1785 shows that there was a round tank where the Church now stands. The house was surrounded by an extensive deer-park, lying between (but not quite up to) the present Camac Street, Russell Street, and Middleton Street. Middleton Row was the avenue which led up through the grounds, from Burial-ground Road to the dwelling-house. The name of the above road was changed to Park Street, because it led past the Chief Justice's park.

The gardens of the houses in Russell Street, recently occupied by Sir Barnes Peacock, Mr. Justice Norman, and Sir Richard Couch (*i.e.*, numbers 12 and 13), were once a portion of the park of their celebrated predecessor, whose name, thanks to Nuncomar and Macaulay, will be known to fame when those of his successors will be quite forgotten.*

* Lemaistre died in November 1777, and Hyde in July 1796, aged fifty-nine; both are buried in South Park Street Cemetery; there is no inscription on the former's tomb; there is a long one on Hyde's.

Chambers died at Paris in 1803. Impey survived to 1809, when he died at the age of seventy-seven in England.

Philip Francis and his Times.

CALCUTTA can reckon amongst its inhabitants in the last century a man whose life has afforded matter for more scrutiny and controversy than that of any other statesman, perhaps, of modern times.

This was Philip Francis, whose early career has been retrospectively ransacked in all its public and private details, and has occupied the attention of the ablest writers and politicians, and taxed the ingenuity of the subtlest critics, their object being to trace his identity with that of the invisible political censor whose writings to the public press under various pseudonyms, but especially that of Junius, created so profound a sensation in England in the early years of George the Third. The interest accordingly concentrated on the pre-Indian career of this remarkable man has been so absorbing, that the years passed in this country have been comparatively overlooked. For the student of Indian history, however, he should have an interest quite independent of his European celebrity.

If (to give but a single instance) to be in advance of one's time is an indication of greatness, Sir Philip Francis must be ranked as a great Indian statesman. It is claimed for him in his biography that, within a short time after his arrival in Calcutta, he sketched out in a letter to the Prime Minister of England a plan

for the government of India, which was not appreciated for many years, and was only adopted in its main features nearly a century later. It is also beyond doubt that he sent home a land-revenue scheme for the permanent settlement of Bengal, which, though carried out by Lord Cornwallis and associated with his name, was first officially planned and advocated by Francis; yet, unfortunately, this is the period of his career of which his biographers have least to say.

For the present, however, we are concerned rather with his personal, than his official, life in India, and, with this view, it is proposed to recall two or three notable incidents in it which will bring before us some typical men and manners of Calcutta in the last century. And, as the general reader may very pardonably now-a-days plead that he has forgotten a good deal connected with the topics of the "Letters of Junius," it may perhaps be allowable, for the better understanding of possible allusion afterwards, to devote this first chapter to something preliminary touching the mysterious performance with which the name of Philip Francis is notoriously associated, and to refer as briefly as will serve for introduction to his European antecedents.

To many readers such introduction will, of course, be superfluous.

Happily it is now almost universally conceded that the calm of solution has settled on the once fiercely disputed question of the authorship of the Letters of Junius,—a question henceforth likely to have but little attraction, save for the casual antiquarian or the burrower amongst the curiosities of literary and political history.

The claims of three dozen or more candidates to the equivocal honor, which were advocated from time to time, were hopelessly abandoned one after another; while the case made out for the claim raised for Philip Francis stands forth only the more convincingly, the ampler the investigation, the wider the range and nature of the scrutiny applied to it, till at length a vast array of independent arguments and circumstances have been brought together with ever-accumulating force, which all tend to furnish the same conclusion, to lead to the one ultimate inference. To this accumulation of circumstantial evidence has been added the material evidence afforded by the professional examination of the handwriting of Junius, minutely compared with that of Francis by M. Chabot, the expert (published by the Hon'ble Mr. Twistleton some years ago), which annihilates all other claimants, and leaves no room for doubt that the hand which wrote the Letters of Junius was the hand of Philip Francis. In the face of this last evidence the stoutest believers in the inviolability of the Junian secret (notably the *Quarterly Review*) confessed themselves converts; and even Mr. Hayward, Q. C., the most subtle and uncompromising of them all, the author of "The Franciscan Theory Unsound," seems to have been silenced. The marvellous fact thus became demonstrated, that the caustic writer, the audacious State satirist, whose accurate information and envenomed shafts perplexed and wounded even the highest, proved to be a clerk in the War Office, whose craft and subtlety in guarding the secret of his newspaper writings were such, that he was wholly unsuspected by his contemporaries, and that his name was never even mentioned

in connexion with the famous Letters till forty years after the appearance of the last one. When "Junius Identified with a Distinguished Living Character" was published in 1814, Sir Philip Francis was an old man, retired from public life, but moving in the highest society. He then shrank from the greatness thrust upon him, heavily weighted as it would have been with shame. He must have felt that to have acknowledged then that Junius and Francis were one, would have been to confess that, for some busy years of his early manhood, he had been a treacherous, dark intriguer—a marvel of duplicity and turpitude—a character that no abilities,* however splendid, no services however unrivalled, could redeem. Accordingly he disowned the impeachment in an evasive sort of way to the world, but, at the same time, did not conceal from his second wife that he wished her to understand that it was true.

The disappearance of Junius was closely connected in time with the resignation of the War Office by Francis, an event that was the precursor of much scurrilous abuse of Lord Barrington, the Secretary at War, in the final letters to the public press written by Junius, but not under that signature, letters which are absolutely stupid in their vulgar malignity, and strangely contrast with the choice, incisive language and the severely pure style of Junius. The popular idea was that Junius ceased to write on his identity becoming

* Amongst the letters received in his youth, preserved by Philip Francis, was one from his father written to the clever boy at St. Paul's School, which contains this passage,—“Genius and abilities are in general very happy possessions; yet an injudicious use of them makes the possessors odious, and sometimes even contemptible.”

known to Ministers (it is suggested by Brougham that the discovery was probably made by the Secretary at War); and the question arose whether a prosecution should not be instituted. The story went that Lord Mansfield was consulted, but the Chief Justice, having had quite enough of the temper and obstinacy of Middlesex juries in the cases of the printers, strongly protested against courting a more signal defeat in the person of the principal, and recommended a humiliating resort to conciliatory, instead of to violent, measures—that the dreaded Junius, in short, should be got rid of by hush-money. Junius himself said in the most emphatic of his writing, “I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.” One would think that a secret shared in by so many, a secret that all England was on tip-toe to discover, would soon be on the high road to universal divulgence; yet, in spite of this and of its inherent improbabilities, the story gained the credence of some high authorities. Lord Campbell, who adopted it from Lady Francis, a firm believer in it, thus gives the pith of it: “Junius, from the acquittal of the printers till the beginning of the year 1772 (when he made a treaty with the Government and for ever disappeared), exercised a tyranny of which we can form little conception, living in an age when the press is more decorous and we are able by law to restrain its excesses.” “At last the great boar of the forest, who had gored the King and almost all his court, was conquered, not by the spear of a knight errant, but by a little provender held out to him, and he was sent to whet his tusks in a distant land.” The provender here alluded to was a seat in the newly-

appointed Council to the Governor-General of India, with a salary of ten thousand pounds a year. The story, however, was necessarily exploded on the publication, a few years ago, of the memoirs and correspondence of Sir Philip Francis, when it became evident that, during his time in India, he carried on a friendly correspondence with the Prime Minister, Lord North, who would have scorned the friendship of a newspaper assassin whom he had bribed to silence, and that, whatever may have been the cause of his retiring from the War Office, he left it *ostensibly* on good terms with the head of it. It also came to light that he lived ever after, both in India and England, in amicable, nay even affectionate, relations with his old chief, whom we were asked to believe knew that Francis was the man who, under a disguise, heaped on him such flowers of rhetoric as "the bloody Barrington," "the name that implies everything that is mean, cruel, false, and contemptible," the "fawning traitor to every party and person," the "assiduous parasite."

In all probability a deal of logic has been wasted as to the how and why of Francis's preferment. Even his biographer calls his appointment a "provoking mystery, an extraordinary promotion from the position of a young and obscure retired clerk in the War Office," thus re-echoing an objection of the Court of Directors when his nomination by Parliament was brought to them. It is unfair thus to sum up his qualification for a high office by a reference to the comparatively humble one recently held. Let us see what his training had been ; immediately after leaving St. Paul's School, with the reputation of being its cleverest scholar, he was appointed

to a clerkship in the Secretary of State's office. When only eighteen he was sent as secretary to General Bligh, during the Expedition to the French coast, resulting in the destruction of Cherbourg. After that he was distinguished by being nominated secretary to a Special Embassy to Lisbon. Having thus gained much official experience and knowledge of men at an exceptionally early age, he returned to the secretary of State's office and betook himself to deep study of political science, and especially of the constitution and laws of England. We next find him selected to be occasional amanuensis during eighteen months to the great Pitt, a period and an occupation to which Francis thus alluded long afterwards in the House of Commons: "In the early part of my life I had the good fortune to hold a place very inconsiderable in itself, but immediately under the late Earl of Chatham. He descended from his station to take notice of mine, and he honored me with repeated marks of his favour and protection." After that he was given the responsible berth of chief clerk in the War Office, which he voluntarily resigned nine years afterwards, presumably because he was superseded. His name was even known favorably to the King, who, writing to Lord North, says: "As to the other gentlemen who have applied to you I do not know anything of their personal qualifications, except Mr. Francis, who is allowed to be a man of tallents" (*sic*). Many a man without a fourth of these qualifications has been appointed since to the Supreme Council in India, and it may be safely predicted will be in the future, without his nomination being called a mystery. Francis's own explanation is the simplest, and most probably the true

one; *viz.*, he accidentally heard that one of the intended councillors (Mr. Cholwell) had declined the nomination, and just in the nick of time Francis applied for it to Lord North, who wished to bring his Regulating Act cut and dried, with the proposed Councillors named, before Parliament.*

The interest which Francis brought to bear was that of Lord Barrington, to whom, with a confidence which seemed to defy detection, he boldly applied, and from whom he got the most active and handsome support. The appointment took place in June 1773,—*i. e.*, fifteen months after Francis's retirement from the War Office. The merits of his antecedents were alone sufficient to get him an appointment which, it must be remembered, was practically going a-begging at the eleventh hour. It had been also declined by Burke, possibly by others. It will be seen later on how small the prize seemed to Francis on realization, and how little it satisfied his tastes or his great ambition.

It is also necessary for a further elucidation of the "mystery" to bear in mind who his fellow-councillors from England were to be—Two military officers, General Clavering and Colonel Monson, with powerful connexions, to whose share these Indian loaves and fishes fell, mainly to satisfy court and Parliamentary influence. The presumption was never sanguinely entertained, that either by ability or previous training, were they fitted for the duties of the high and novel position assigned

* Francis himself has recorded that Burke, though he opposed the Regulating Act before Parliament, "spoke handsomely of me in debate as a very proper person for the office."

to them ; and this was amply verified in the days, few and evil, allotted to them in Calcutta. Some make-weight therefore was essential ; and where could this have more suitably been found than in the hard-working, well-trained official of such varied experience as the ex-Chief Clerk in the War Office, who was then thirty-two years of age, and in the enjoyment of the full ripeness of his cultivated talents ? Francis might be relied on for the brains and the work ; his colleagues for the deportment. That Francis himself complacently fell in with this apportioning of their respective functions is tolerably clear. In one of his earliest letters from India, written to the brother of Edmund Burke, he says, " When I see this glorious Empire, which I was sent to save and govern, tottering upon the verge of ruin," &c.

When we mark the egotism here, we are not surprised to learn that his nickname in Calcutta was " King Francis," " Francis the First."

Though Philip Francis may in his early life have schemed as a political adventurer, and may have been disparagingly sneered at as " a mere War Office clerk " when selected for high preferment, it must not be forgotten that he justified the selection, by the exhibition of a virtue which enabled him to look down on all his predecessors and most of his contemporaries, and which, standing supreme as a qualification for exalted position and influence in India, earned this florid but truthful tribute to his memory from an ex-Lord Chancellor.

" He had been an Indian Satrap in the most corrupt times, and retired from the barbaric land washed by Ormus and Ind, the land of pearls and gold, with hands so clean and a fortune so moderate that in the fiercest

storms of faction no man ever for an instant dreamt of questioning the absolute purity of his administration." *

Any modern Indian administrators who may perhaps be dreaming of fame, or even flattering themselves that their memory will outlive their generation, may derive some prospective consolation from the reflection, that this brilliantly gifted man sojourned for six years of the prime of his life in this city, waging a constant war against unscrupulous Government, and endeavouring to maintain what he believed to be the cause of right against wrong, and yet that he has left behind him scarcely the shadow of a name. Were Philip Francis to be mentioned in ordinary conversation here to-day, his name would be unknown to many as that of an Indian statesman, or would be dimly recognized in connection with something relating rather to social than official life; it would be associated probably with some passages in one of Macaulay's Essays, and the question would be asked, possibly, if he were not the man who was angry because he did not land under royal honours from Fort William, or the remark would be hazarded that he was the profligate who ran away with somebody's wife and then fought a duel about her with the Governor-General under a big tree on the maidan, or under two trees "so well known as the trees of destruction," as the story sometimes goes.

Let us, therefore, as our object is merely to gossip

* Brougham evidently did not place any value on the insinuations of so rabid a political opponent as Major Scott, who challenged Francis in the House of Commons (1787) to account for the source of the money which he brought from India over and above the savings from his official salary.

about old times, make a starting point of the vaguely remembered circumstances just alluded to, and endeavour to get rid of some of the inaccuracies with which time has embellished them. We may as well see in the first place what were the actual facts in connexion with the landing at Calcutta of Francis and his fellow-councillors, and what was the etiquette observed as placed on official record.

Next it will be convenient to step aside from the order of events and recall for the peaceable Calcutta of the present the details of the duel between the Governor-General and the senior member of his Council, and some matters incidental to it.

It may then be of interest to turn our attention more to the social doings of Francis and his contemporaries; to take a look at their every-day life, and to see what some of them thought of an Indian career. A glance too may be taken at the press and other institutions of Calcutta a hundred years ago.

The Arrival of Francis in Calcutta.

There is no anecdote more frequently repeated regarding Calcutta and its passed-away celebrities than the one which tells of the chagrin and disappointment said to have been evinced by the newly-arrived Members of Council, because they were not received with a "royal salute" on their landing at Chandpal Ghat on the 19th October 1774. The story, too, is paraded whenever it

is desired to quote an apt illustration of mighty events springing from little causes. Thus Macaulay says :

“The Members of Council expected a salute of twenty-one guns from the batteries of Fort William. Hastings allowed them only seventeen. They landed in ill-humour. The first civilities were exchanged with cold reserve. On the morrow commenced that long quarrel which, after distracting British India, was renewed in England, and in which all the most eminent statesmen and orators of the age took active part on one or the other side.”

Two other well-known writers on India allude to the circumstance as though Philip Francis were the head and front of the vexation at the breach of etiquette, and therefore alone responsible for the subsequent embroilment ; and tradition as it exists to-day adopts this view, and Francis (possibly because he alone is of historical importance) is gibetted by common consent when there is no evidence whatever to show that he was more to blame than his fellow-passengers in the new Council, two pompous, punctilious military men of high rank and aristocratic English connexion, with no very definite or exalted ideas regarding a “Company’s servant,” even though in the position of a governor. Mr. Marshman says on the subject, speaking of Chandpal Ghat (*Calcutta Review*) :

“It was here that the author of Junius counted one by one the guns which boomed from the Fort, and found to his mortification that their number did not exceed seventeen, when he had expected nineteen. This circumstance appears to have laid the foundation of the implacable hatred he manifested towards Hastings, and which for six years exposed the administration of the country to contempt. Is it unreasonable to suppose

that if his self-esteem had been gratified by two additional charges of powder, the unseemly and dangerous opposition, &c."

Sir John Kaye follows suit, and holds up Francis in particular.

"As they neared the batteries of Fort William they were greeted with a salute of nineteen guns. Having calculated, upon what reasonable grounds it is impossible to conjecture, that they would have been received with a royal salute, &c., Francis, who had left England in a position to which no one would have touched a hat, was especially incensed. He appears at once to have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard. From that moment he became the bitter, unrelenting enemy of Warren Hastings, &c."

It will be seen that the two authors just quoted differ slightly in the number of guns given and expected. But no one refers to the authority on which such sweeping assertions are made. The following extracts from a musty blue-book will perhaps give a juster idea on the merits of this question than seems to be generally held. Whatever the new Members of Council may have said in society about the want of ceremony attending their landing, or whatever society may have said for them (which is just as likely), it is certain that they made no official complaint or representation about the slight, and there seems no ground whatever for attributing early action in the matter to Francis more than to any one else. That some reflections on the inferred or apparent want of courtesy were freely indulged in socially, is more than probable, and the fact of Hastings grappling with them before they had assumed a tangible official form was a blunder, as it laid him open to the retort of "qui s'excuse s'accuse," which the opposition in their rejoinder

(evidently from the pen of Francis) were not slow to avail themselves of.

Before referring to official documents for information on this subject, we may see what can be gathered from contemporary private sources. It may be premised that the four Judges, appointed by the New Regulating Act for India, started from England at the same time as the new Members of Council. The former sailed in the *Anson*, the latter with their party in the *Ashburnham*.

Francis was accompanied by his brother-in-law and deservedly valued friend, Mr. Macrabbie, in the capacity of Private Secretary, who kept a diary during the long voyage and in India afterwards. He seems to have basked with tolerable complacency in the reflected glory of his patron, and to have been jealously censorious if inadequate attention was bestowed on him or his brother Councillors. The Judges were the first who fell under this gentleman's displeasure; they monopolized all the homage, while the ships anchored for ten days in Funchal Road, for the diary notes:

"We observe that the commission with the great seal constantly attends the Judges. The Chief Justice has stolen a march on the gentlemen of the Council in point of precedence; a mark of distinction which takes from the dignity of the latter without doing any credit, in my opinion, to the other honourable gentlemen."

A man in this frame of mind is on a pinnacle looking out for slights, which then of course are seen in abundance.

At Madras the pestilent Judges are in the way again, but the Secretary seems to have been comforted.

"Supreme Court always take the lead of us. They sail better than we do, and their charter gives them precedence. Their

worships landed two days before us. What marks of honour and respect they may have been distinguished by, I know not ; but nothing could exceed those shown to our party.”*

These extracts will be sufficient to show the morbid anxiety with which one individual, at all events, must have looked forward to the approaching official reception of “our party” at Calcutta. Accordingly he there resumes his censorship.

“Exactly at noon, a comfortable season for establishing the etiquette of precedence, the whole party are disposed in three boats, and both courts safely landed at the capital of their jurisdiction. The procession to the Governor’s house beggars

* That the Judges continued to be sticklers in India for the outward and visible traditional signs of dignity and loyalty will appear from the following extract from the notebook of one of them :

4th Term.

Monday, 25th October 1779.

Present :

MR. JUSTICE HYDE.

This day, Monday, 25th October 1779, is the first day of the twentieth year of the Reign of His Majesty George the Third, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King ; Defender of the Faith, &c.

This Term is said to be in the nineteenth and twentieth of George the Third, because it begins in the nineteenth and ends in the twentieth year of His Majesty’s Reign.

I came to the Court in my Scarlet Robe to-day, because it is the day of the King’s accession, and is therefore treated by the Courts of Law in England as a Gala day, to appear in their finest cloaths, and I think it proper, most particularly in this place, that all manner of tokens of respect to His Majesty should be shown, and especially by those who have the honour of holding offices under His Majesty’s authority on his appointment. All signs of loyalty to the King of England are too much neglected in this country. I believe they did not even fire a salute at the Fort, which is a shameful neglect, if it is not worse—a designed disrespect.

all description ; the heat, the confusion, not an attempt at regularity. No guards, no person to receive or to show the way, no state."

His appetite for ceremonial distinction had, however, become so keen by this time, that he hints that even the smallest crumbs would have been acceptable ; for he adds,

"But surely Mr. Hastings might have put on a ruffled shirt !"

Francis himself, writing to a cousin in America a few days afterwards, says simply : "We landed here October 19, upon which occasion the acclamations were as loud and the congratulations as sincere as we expected." Not a word about the insufficiency of the guns in all the private writings.

Only once does Francis himself refer to the reception at the landing, and then no doubt with displeasure, but he seems rather to be reflecting General Clavering's opinion than his own. The allusion occurs in a private memorandum reviewing public transactions since their arrival.

"The mean and dishonourable reception we met with at our landing gave Clavering the second shock."

Francis's biographer did not attach much importance to his connexion with the suggested cause of the terrible six years' war that followed, for he says in a footnote : "The common story that the three new Members of Council took offence at being greeted with a salute of nineteen guns only, instead of a royal salute, finds no confirmation that I can discover in the Francis papers." The biographer had probably never seen the despatches from which the following extracts are made.

Extracted from Governor-General's letter to the Court of Directors, dated 3rd December 1774 :

"I am ashamed to call the public attention to a subject so exceedingly frivolous as that which I am now compelled to enter upon in my own further justification. They accuse me of having failed in paying them the honors due to them. Their accusation against me on this head is confined to the following particulars : Only seventeen guns were fired on their arrival ; troops were not drawn out to receive them ; they were met at my own house ; and not at the Council-house ; there was a delay from Friday till Monday, three days, in the order for issuing the new commissions in Public Orders ; and, lastly, the proclamation of the new Government was not made with sufficient parade.

"To these five Articles I must reply separately—

"1st.—The orders given for the salutes were, that seventeen guns should be fired for the Chief Justice and the Judges ; the like number for General Clavering ; fifteen, as ordered by the Court of Directors, for Sir Edward Hughes ; and thirteen for each of the Members of the Board, if they come separately ; if they should all arrive at the same time, the highest salute directed to be fired for the whole ; and this was agreeable to the practice which hitherto had been observed,—I had no other rule to go by. They did arrive together, and were accordingly saluted with seventeen guns.

"2nd.—If they had landed at the Fort, the garrison should have been under arms to receive them. It appeared to me unmilitary to draw troops out of garrison to compliment their landing at a distance from it.

"3rd.—If I could have divined their expectations of being received, not at my house, but at the Council-house, or if I could have imagined that this was esteemed a matter of any sort of significance, I certainly should have answered their

wishes; but the circumstance neither occurred to myself, nor was it suggested to any other person. I thought then, and truly I think still, that the deputing the senior Member of the Board to wait on them in the river, and attend them to town, and the assembling of all the other gentlemen of the old Council at my house for their reception, were ample marks of attention and respect to them.

“*4th.*—The delay of three days in issuing the commissions was occasioned by a request of mine, dictated by my feelings on first perusing them. I had before received private intimation of their purport, but my information was not complete, and I was hurt at the extraordinary reduction of my authority which was to take place, and the apparent inconsistency of investing the second person in the administration with greater ostensible powers than the first. While I was agitated by these considerations, I requested this time to determine within myself whether I would accept of this new Government, or conclude the period of my services to the Company with the close of the late administration before they were published, and when my request was acquiesced in, I did not expect to have found it stated as an exceptionable part of my conduct.

“*5th.*—With respect to the want of parade in proclaiming the new Government, the Members of the Board have themselves been to blame for any deficiency in this particular. They formed a majority, and might have ordered what pomp and ostentation they pleased, but it is extraordinary that they should agree to measures, and then throw the blame of them upon me. I am averse to parade myself, and have never used it. I proposed a written advertisement as the usual mode of proclamation here; they thought a military attendance necessary, which was accordingly ordered to attend upon the Sheriff, whom I thought the proper officer to publish a Civil Government. But it may be necessary to remark that if there was any deficiency of respect in my conduct on the above

occasion, it could not be personally intended against them, since the new Government was its object, and I myself had the highest interest in the honors paid to it, being the head of that Government.

“Upon the whole I must remark that I paid them higher honors than had ever been paid to persons of their rank in this country ; as high even as had been paid to Mr. Vansittart and Lord Clive, when they came in the first station as Governors,—men whose names will ever stand foremost in the memoirs of the people of this country, and who merited as much from their employers as any who have filled, or are likely to fill, that station. I wrote letters severally to the three gentlemen at Madras, bespeaking their confidence, as a measure necessary to the safety of the Company. The Board sent their senior Member down the river to meet them ; and, as a mark of personal respect from me, one of the gentlemen of my staff attended them ; the whole Council assembled at my house to receive them on their landing. What more could I do without derogating from my own rank ? But they seem to have considered themselves as the Government, and to have required the honors done to it entire, to be paid to their own persons, forgetting that they were only a part, and that it was from the head they expected such concessions.”

Extracted from minute of General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Francis, dated 11th January 1775, and received in London the 18th of July 1775, containing observations and remarks on the Governor-General's appeal to the Court of Directors, of the 3rd of December 1774 :

“21. Some inattention to ceremonies on the part of the Governor in the mode of our reception is supposed to have had a share in creating or confirming in us those hostile resolutions which we are accused of having formed against him.

The first objection we make to all that the Governor has said on this article is, that it is a defence without a charge. We leave it to our superiors to judge what sort of consciousness is implied in so hasty an anticipation of charges not advanced against him.

"22. Our second objection would be to his statement of the facts, if we thought it worthy of ourselves or consistent with the prosecution of business of a far heavier nature, to descend to such a detail. As for the rest we hope it will be thought too much to be believed, on no better evidence than Mr. Hastings's bare affirmation, that we are capable of engaging in measures which, if they are such as he describes them, may subvert an empire, merely to revenge an omission of ceremony, for which the slightest concession from Mr. Hastings ought to have been so sufficient an excuse, that we could not have declined accepting it without betraying an injudicious appearance of hostility to him and disgracing ourselves.

"23. If the charges of a personal failure in the respects due to Mr. Hastings had had any foundation whatsoever, we think it ought not to have been described by so gross a term as that of a "warfare of scurrility." The expressions to which he himself applies and confines that description are on record, and referred to by himself. Our superiors will judge whether they have a reference to the public measures of the late administration, or personally to Mr. Hastings; and whether, supposing them to be directed against measures only, they were or could be too strong for the occasion."

The words "I am averse to parade myself, and have never used it," convey an impression consistent with the general character of Warren Hastings. The account of his own feelings on the subject of parade here given is confirmed in a passage in a long paper written in 1781 for the information of his friend, Major Scott.

where, speaking of his intended visit to Lucknow, he says, "I shall go with a very light retinue, and intend to return within three months. As I can subsist with few conveniences, and with little state, I shall not find this a matter of much difficulty."

And when he did set out, his biographer tells us that "his escort consisted of little more than the body-guard which generally attended him," although Mrs. Hastings "bore him company as far as Mongeer." All this, it will be at once remarked, is very much at variance with the account given of Hastings in the well-known passage in Macaulay's Essay. "The more than regal splendour which he sometimes displayed dazzled a people who have much in common with children. Even now, after the lapse of more than fifty years, the natives of India still talk of him as the greatest of the English; and nurses sing children to sleep with a jingling ballad about the fleet horses and richly caparisoned elephants of Sahib Warren Hostein." (See Appendix.)

The Duel.

The origin* of this duel was the oft-quoted passage in a minute of Hastings's in reply to one from Francis.

"My authority for the opinions I have declared concerning Mr. Francis depends on facts which have passed within my

* That it is not superfluous to mention the cause, even in Calcutta, will be apparent from the subjoined Extracts; the first is from an article on Old Calcutta contributed to the *Calcutta Review* over twenty years ago.

The second is from an article on Junius, which gives extracts from

own knowledge. I judge of his public conduct by my experience of his private, which I have found to be void of truth and honour. This is a severe charge, but temperately and deliberately made, from the firm persuasion that I owe this justice to the public and myself as the only redress to both, for artifices of which I have been a victim, and which threaten to involve their interests with disgrace and ruin. The only redress for a fraud for which the law has made no provision is the exposure of it."

The minute in which this occurs was sent to Francis on the evening before the Council day on which it was to be officially read, for, as the Governor-General himself says, he judged it "unbecoming to surprise him with a minute at the Council table, or to send it first to the Secretary." "After the Council had risen," says Macaulay, "Francis put a challenge into the Governor-General's hand." But, according to the principals themselves, Francis conducted this preliminary in a politer and less ostentatious manner; and Hastings writes:—"The next day after Council he desired me to withdraw with him into a private apartment of the Council-house, where,

the Memoirs of Francis, written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1869 by M. Charles de Rémusat.

The italics in the latter are ours.

1. "Nearly opposite Alipore bridge stood two trees, called 'The trees of destruction,' notorious for duels fought under their shade; here Hastings and Francis exchanged shots in the days when European women were few; jealousy often gave rise to these affairs of honour."

2. "Ce récit prouve que, *contrairement à des suppositions souvent répétées*, la beauté de Madame Grand fut complètement étrangère aux démêlés de Hastings et de Francis, et que ce n'est pas elle qui leur mit les armes à la main."

taking out of his pocket a paper, he read from it a challenge in terms."

The "terms" we find *verbatim* in Francis's journal, as follows:—"Mr. Hastings,—I am preparing a formal answer to the paper you sent to me last night. As soon as it can be finished, I shall lay it before you. But you must be sensible, sir, that no answer I can give to the matter of that paper can be adequate to the dishonour done me by the terms you have made use of. You have left me no alternative but to demand personal satisfaction of you for the affronts you have offered me.' As soon as I had read the preceding words to Mr. Hastings, he said 'he expected the demand and was ready to answer it.'" A place and time of meeting were fixed before they parted. Francis further writes in his diary on the same day that he "mentions the affair to Watson, who happens to dine with me; he agrees to provide pistols in order to prevent suspicions." Colonel Watson was the chief engineer at Fort William. Mr. Hastings engaged the services of Colonel Pearse, the Commandant of Artillery, to whom he wrote on the evening of the 15th August, asking him to breakfast the next morning. He then, after enjoining secrecy, asked Colonel Pearse to be his second in a hostile meeting which had been arranged for between him and Mr. Francis for Thursday morning, the 17th of August.

The entry in Francis's journal for the 16th of August is—"Employed in settling my affairs, burning papers, &c., in case of the worst—dull work."

That for the 17th—"Arrived at the ground near Belvedere near an hour before Mr. H., who comes about six with Colonel Pearse. Watson marks out a distance

about fourteen common paces, the same, he said at which Mr. Fox and Mr. Adam stood.* My pistol missing fire, I changed it; we then fired together, and I was wounded and fell; I thought my backbone was broken, and of course that I could not survive it."

Sir Elijah Impey writes on the same day to a friend:—"This morning Mr. Hastings and Mr. Francis fought

* The allusion to Fox and Adam's duel, which impressed itself on the memory both of Colonel Watson and Mr. Francis, shows that, among the English in India, the standard of propriety or fashion in most things was regulated then, as now, by the customs prevailing in England, and especially in high life in England. The account of the duel which determined the question of distance between the combatants at Alipore could only have recently arrived in Calcutta, as it was fought on 29th November 1779.

The cause of action in this duel arose out of a speech of Mr. Fox's in Parliament at which Mr. Adam took offence, and requested a public avowal that Mr. Fox did not mean any personal reflection on him. This Mr. Fox refused; a hostile meeting was arranged, and the principals were put up at 14 paces. On Mr. FitzGerald, his second, instructing Mr. Fox to stand sideways, the latter said—"Why? Am I not as thick one way as the other?" Mr. Adam called on Mr. Fox to fire, who answered—"I'll be damned if I do. I have no quarrel." Mr. Adam then fired and wounded his opponent, which, however, was not noticed at the moment. On Mr. Adam being asked by the seconds if he were satisfied, he said,—“Will Mr. Fox declare he meant no personal attack on my character?” Upon which Mr. Fox said—"This is no place for apology, and I desire him to go on." Mr. Adam then fired again, and missed. Mr. Fox fired in the air, and then said he had no difficulty in declaring that he meant no personal affront. Mr. Adam answered—"Sir, you have behaved like a man of honour."

The narrative of the affair from which the above extract is made goes on to say that Mr. Fox then mentioned that he believed himself wounded, which proved indeed to be the case: but on finding that it was only a slight wound, he humourously remarked (in allusion to the proverbially bad ammunition then supplied to the army)—“By Jove, Adam, it would have been all up with me if you had not been charged with Government powder.”

with pistols; they both fired at the same time. Mr. Francis's ball missed, but that of Mr. Hastings pierced the right side of Mr. Francis, but was prevented by a rib, which turned the ball, from entering the thorax. It went obliquely upwards, passed the backbone without injuring it, and was extracted about an inch on the left side of it. The wound is of no consequence, and he is in no danger."

Colonel Pearse, who was Hastings's second, and whose detailed account of the duel has been published,* says:—"The next morning, Thursday, August 17th, I waited on Mr. Hastings in my chariot to carry him to the place of appointment. When we arrived there we found Mr. Francis and Colonel Watson walking together, and therefore, soon after we alighted, I looked at my watch and mentioned aloud that it was half-past five, and Francis looked at his and said it was near six. This induced me to tell him that my watch was set by my astronomical clock to solar time. The place they were at was very improper for the business; it was the road leading to Alipore, at the crossing of it through a double row of trees that formerly had been a walk of Belvedere garden on the western side of the house. Whilst Colonel Watson went, by the desire of Mr. Francis, to fetch his pistols, that gentleman proposed to go aside from the road into the walk; but Mr. Hastings disapproved of the place, because it was full of weeds and dark. The road itself was next mentioned, but was thought by everybody too public, as it was near riding time and people might want to pass that way; it was therefore

* Reproduced in Vol. II, Calcutta Review.

agreed to walk towards Mr. Barwell's house (the present Kidderpore Orphanage Asylum) on an old road that separated his ground from Belvedere (since the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal), and before he (we?) had gone far, a retired dry spot was chosen as a proper place."

"As soon as the suitable place was selected," continues Colonel Pearse, "I proceeded to load Mr. Hastings's pistols; those of Mr. Francis were already loaded. When I had delivered one to Mr. Hastings and Colonel Watson had done the same to Mr. Francis, finding the gentlemen were both unacquainted with the modes usually observed on those occasions, I took the liberty to tell them that, if they would fix their distance, it was the business of the seconds to measure it. Colonel Watson immediately mentioned that Fox and Adam had taken fourteen paces, and he recommended the distance. Mr. Hastings observed it was a great distance for pistols; but as no actual objection was made to it, Watson measured and I counted. When the gentlemen had got to their ground, Mr. Hastings asked Mr. Francis if he stood before the line or behind it, and being told behind the mark, he said he would do the same, and immediately took his stand. I then told them it was a rule that neither of them were to quit their ground till they had discharged their pistols, and Colonel Watson proposed that both should fire together without taking any advantage. Mr. Hastings asked if he meant they ought to fire by word of command, and was told he only meant they should fire together as nearly as could be. These preliminaries were all agreed to, and both parties presented; but Mr. Francis raised his hand and again

came down to his present; he did so a second time, when he came down to his present—which was the third time of doing so—he drew his trigger, but his powder being damp, the pistol did not fire. Mr. Hastings came down from his present to give Mr. Francis time to rectify his priming, and this was done out of a cartridge with which I supplied him upon finding they had no spare powder. Again the gentlemen took their stands, both presented together, and Mr. Francis fired. Mr. Hastings did the same at the distance of time equal to the counting of one, two, three distinctly, but not greater. His shot took place. Mr. Francis staggered, and, in attempting to sit down, he fell and said he was a dead man. Mr. Hastings, hearing this, cried out ‘Good God! I hope not,’ and immediately went up to him, as did Colonel Watson, but I ran to call the servants.”

Another part of Colonel Pearse’s narrative says:—“When the pistols were delivered by the seconds, Mr. Francis said he was quite unacquainted with these matters, and had never fired a pistol in his life, and Mr. Hastings told him he believed he had no advantage in that respect, as he could not recollect that he had ever fired a pistol above once or twice.” Also,—“While Mr. Francis was lying on the ground he told Mr. Hastings, in consequence of something which he said, that he best knew how it affected his affairs, and that he had better take care of himself, to which Mr. Hastings answered that he hoped and believed the wound was not mortal, but that if any unfortunate accident should happen, it was his intention immediately to surrender himself to the Sheriff.”

When Francis was shot, Colonel Pearse says :—" I ran to call the servants and to order a sheet to be brought to bind up the wound. I was absent about two minutes. On my return I found Mr. Hastings standing by Mr. Francis, but Colonel Watson was gone to fetch a cot or palanquin from Belvedere to carry him to town. When the sheet was brought, Mr. Hastings and myself bound it around his body, and we had the satisfaction to find it (*sic*) was not in a vital part, and Mr. Francis agreed with me in opinion as soon as it was mentioned. I offered to attend him to town in my carriage, and Mr. Hastings urged him to go, as my carriage was remarkably easy. Mr. Francis agreed to go, and therefore, when the cot came, we proceeded towards the chariot, but were stopped by a deep, broad ditch, over which we could not carry the cot; for this reason Mr. Francis was conveyed to Belvedere."

The place originally fixed for the meeting probably corresponds to the second gate (from the western side) leading into Belvedere compound. Francis proposed to turn aside into what was seemingly a disused, overgrown walk of Belvedere, close to their left; but Hastings, who, apparently, meant to do mischief that morning (witness his remark about the fourteen paces and his deliberation in firing his pistol), and therefore wished to see clearly, objected on the score of the weeds and darkness caused by the overhanging trees. Somebody then proposed the main Alipore road, but he was outvoted by all the others. Colonel Pearse does not say (although there were only four of them present) who the individual was who had so little regard for appearances as to suggest the public road; possibly it was his own principal, the day-light-

loving Hastings. After this proposal was rejected, they turned to their right into the cross-road leading to the west, and from which branched off, as we venture to assume, the "old road" already alluded to.

It is evident they could not have been far from where they left the carriages, as it may be presumed the servants, from the calling of whom Colonel Pearse returned in "two minutes," were syces and perhaps a chapprassi or two, and Belvedere must have been close at hand, since Colonel Watson himself went there to fetch a cot, leaving the two combatants by themselves. What occurred after the binding with the sheet is not easy to follow. The duellists, on first arriving, *drove* up to the place of appointment. Why then not take the cot back into the main road to the "chariot" by the way which Colonel Pearse had gone and returned so quickly? The supposition that occurs to us is this: they probably thought it prudent to carry the wounded man as little in the carriage as they could, as the cot must have been easier for him; they therefore directed the carriage to go on towards Alipore bridge, meaning to take a shorter and diagonal cut across country with the cot, and pick up the carriage at the Belvedere side of the bridge; so they proceeded through the low marshy ground in the direction of the present Hermitage compound and the Zoological Gardens, till they were pulled up by a deep watercourse, a very likely thing to meet in the height of the rainy season. There they had to retrace their steps, and finally emerge by the cross-road into the main road, where they had first assembled. Mr. Francis was probably in much pain and weakness by this time, and was counselled to give up the idea of going into town, but

to make for the nearest port—Belvedere. Unless records or trustworthy tradition point to another locality, we are inclined to think that the compound of No. 5 Ali-pore Road holds near its northern boundary the site of this memorable duel.

The account goes on to say that Hastings and Colonel Pearse went to Calcutta to the residence of the former "to send assistance to meet Francis, but he had been prevailed on to accept a room at Belvedere, and there the Surgeons, Dr. Campbell, the Principal, and Dr. Francis, the Governor's own Surgeon, found him. When Dr. Francis returned, he informed the Governor that the wound was not mortal." "After the first confusion had subsided," writes Francis himself, "and after I had suffered great inconvenience from being carried to a wrong place, I was at last conveyed to Major Foley's house on a bed."

Having escaped Hastings's bullet in the morning, Francis had next to encounter the danger of being put to death during the day by a well-intentioned, but armed and meddlesome, man, for he tells us, that "the surgeon arrived in about an hour and-a-half from the time I was wounded and cut out the ball and bled me twice in the course of the day."

The next entries in Francis's journal are—

"August 17th.—Mr. Hastings sends to know when he may visit me."

"August 18th.—In these two days the pain I suffered was very considerable."

"August 19th.—Desire Colonel Watson to tell Mr. Hastings as civilly as possible that I am forced to decline his visit."



"*August 24th.**—Return to Calcutta."

The account concludes with a formal assurance that "both parties behaved as became gentlemen of their high rank and station. Mr. Hastings seemed to be in a state of such perfect tranquillity that a spectator would not have supposed that he was about an action out of the common course of things, and Mr. Francis's deportment was such as did honour to his firmness and resolution."

Warren Hastings, writing a few days afterwards to his friend, Lawrence Sullivan, says:—"I hope Mr. Francis does not think of assuming any merit from this silly affair. I have been ashamed that I have been an actor in it, and I declare to you upon my honour that such was my sense of it at the time, that I was much disturbed by an old woman, whose curiosity prompted her to stand by as spectatress of a scene so little comprehended by the natives of this part of the world, and attracted others of the same stamp from the adjacent villages to partake in the entertainment."

We subjoin them here, as being of special interest, three letters from Warren Hastings to his wife relating to this duel; they have never been published before that we know of.

No. 1 is very steadily penned, though written immediately on his return from the duel. It fully bears out

* The entry on 24th disproves the old story so often told in Calcutta, *viz.*, that the late Mrs. Ellerton (well known in this city up to 1858, when she died) remembers seeing Francis in a palanquin crossing over the bridge at Tolly's Nulla "all bloody from the duel." It is certain that Francis did not cross Alipore bridge for a week after the duel.

the state of "perfect tranquillity" vouched for by his second. Like most of his letters to his wife it is dated merely with the day of the week.

Calcutta, Thursday morning.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,—I have desired Sir John Day* to inform you that I have had a meeting this morning with Mr. Francis, who has received a wound in his side, but I hope not dangerous. I shall know the state of it presently and will write to you again. He is at Belvedere, and Drs. Campbell and Francis are both gone to attend him there. I am *well* and *unhurt*. But you must be content to hear this good from me; you cannot see me. I cannot leave Calcutta while Mr. Francis is in any danger. But I wish you to stay at Chinsura. I hope in a few days to have ye pleasure of meeting you there. Make my compts. to Mr. Ross, but do not mention what has passed. My Marian, you have occupied all my thoughts for these two days past and unremittedly.

Yours ever, my most beloved,

W. H.

Thursday evening.

MY BELOVED MARIAN,—I despatched a letter to you this morning at seven o'clock under cover of one to Sir John Day, whom I desired to break the subject of it to you before he delivered it, that you might not be alarmed by any sudden report of what passed between Mr. Francis and me this morning. I hope you received it before dinner, as the hurkaru had strict injunctions to be quick, and there was no other risk of the letter missing you, but that of Sir John's having left Chinsura or being out of the way. I have now the pleasure to tell you that Mr. Francis is in no manner of danger, the ball having passed through the muscular part of

* The Advocate-General.

his back just below the shoulder, but without penetrating or injuring any of the bones. As you say "Who knows what may happen; who can look into the seeds of time," &c. I have sent the rice to poor Naylor, but I fear it is too late for diet or medicine to do him service. Mr. Motté* will return you your key. I have also given him in charge your hundred gold mohurs which you desired me to carry with me. I am obliged to stay in Calcutta at least until Mr. F. is known to be free from all danger, lest my absence should be called a flight, so that I cannot join you this week, but do not let this bring you to Calcutta before the time you have fixed for your return.

I am well and the remains of the influenza are scarcely perceptible about my ancles (*sic*). You do not tell me how you are. Do not presume upon your good appetite, and be abstemious at night.—Adieu,

Yours ever affectionate,

WARREN HASTINGS.

Did I tell you that I had a letter from Scott who mentions his passing young Touchet, my lion and zebra all in perfect health. Pray tell Mrs. Motté so. Calcutta is horridly damp and dismal besides.

* This name often occurs in the private correspondence of Hastings. Mr. Motté lived at one time in Benares, engaged apparently in commercial pursuits. He afterwards moved to Hooghly, where the Hastings used to visit Mrs. Motté, who was a great friend of Mrs. Hastings. Mr. Motté must have got into financial difficulties, as in 1781 there is an advertisement in the "Bengal Gazette" calling a meeting of his creditors. Amongst the Impey manuscripts in the British Museum, there is a petition from Mr. Motté written from the Calcutta Jail in 1783, in which this friend of the Governor-General's begs that his creditors will assent to his release from prison on the score of humanity.

His wife accompanied Mrs. Hastings to England in 1784.

Calcutta, Friday morning.

MY DEAR MARIAN,—I have received yours. You must not be angry ; perhaps it is best that what has passed has passed, and it may be productive of future good. My desire that you would not leave Chinsura proceeded only from the apprehension lest, by a precipitate departure, your spirits might be agitated and your health affected by not chusing (*sic*) proper seasons and making the fit preparation for your voyage. Do now as you please. You will find me here free from both sickness, anxiety, and trouble ; and if you chuse to stay longer where you are, you may have the same satisfaction of knowing that I am so. Mr. Francis continues well and I pronounce his cure certain. Poor Naylor is dead. Will you let Sir J. Day know that there is no reason for his returning to town.

I will write to him myself. I am sorry to hear Lady Day is sick ; my compts. to her, to Bibby Motté, and Mr. Ross.

Yours ever,

W. H.

You are much obliged to Col. Pearse.

Home and Social Life.

I.

In gossiping about the social life of Francis in Calcutta, it may be interesting, in the first place, to see whether there are any data which would help us to say where he resided.

In his own and his brother-in-law Macrabie's letters, allusions are found to three houses occupied by Francis. Thus, in the December of the year of their arrival, *i.e.*, in 1774, Macrabie writes,—“The expenses of this Settle-

ment are beyond all conception. Mr. F—— pays £500 a year for a large but rather mean house like a barn, with bare walls and not a single glass window." We have found no clue to the whereabouts of this house.

From the same authority we learn that, by the following February (1775), Francis had purchased what Macrabie calls a "Lodge" in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, which, he says, "consists of a spacious hall and four chambers, surrounded by a verandah and colonnade, and stands in the midst of twenty acres of ground: pleasant to the last degree." In another letter he says that Francis "talks already of quitting Calcutta, or of having only a small house by way of office and dressing-room. None but friends to be admitted here (the Lodge): Lady Impey yesterday, Lady Anne and Colonel Monson to-day." The Lodge so described we believe to be on the site of the house occupied for many years as the official residence of the Collector of the 24-Pergunnahs, and now as that of the Superintendent of the Alipore Jail.

As Mr. Francis bought the Lodge in 1775, and sold it to Mr. Livius for Rs. 30,000 in April 1780, it is not likely that he lived in any other suburban residence during his sojourn in India. In Colonel Call's map, dated 1786, the names of the residents in many of the suburban houses are given, and that of Mr. Francis is attached to the house on the site indicated. As the present house is a double-storied one, the "Lodge" must have been added to or rebuilt, as from Macrabie's description it must have been originally a bungalow, but on an ample scale, as Messrs. Livius and Collings lived there with Francis for a time.

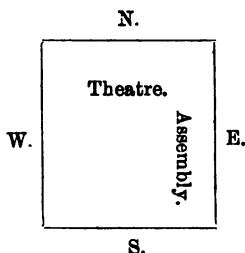
That the Lodge stood on low, marshy ground, such as the neighbourhood of Tolly's Nullah might have been expected to be, will be apparent from the following letter addressed to Francis by some humorous fellow (signing himself D.), who had been reading Pliny's Epistles :

" 31st March 1779.—I was in pursuit of you last night near two hours without success. I went first to your '*villa inter paludes*,' where I found not the smallest vestige of society. I then returned to town, and, quitting my chariot, I took to my litter and proceeded in it to your house near the Capitol, where, to my utter astonishment, I found the same appearance of desertion and desolation. It struck me that you might have repassed the Rubicon, and with your slaves have gone again upon some private plan of pleasure into Cis-alpine Gaul (i.e., Chandernagore). While I was ruminating upon these things, a Ligurian tax-gatherer (Macrabie), whom I remember to have seen among your followers, informed me that, having been forced by certain putrid exhalations from the marshes in which your villa stands to discontinue your weekly symposium there, and having at a late meeting at Nasidienus' drank too deeply of Falernian, you had retired with two females (Contemplation and Temperance), with whom you had been very lately made acquainted, to the gardens of Rufillus (Livius), near the fourth stone on the Falernian Way to enjoy with him, and his freedman, Petronius Macer (Watts), the feast of reason and the flow of soul, or to prepare yourself for the more momentous matter that may be debated in the Senate this day," &c., &c.

It would seem, however, that Francis did not (as he talked of) content himself with a small house in town for an office, &c., for we find this entry in a journal kept by his faithful follower Macrabie:—"21st February

1776.—We have at last engaged a capital house, the best in town; but such a rent! £100 a month is enormous; neighbour Collings and I must contribute towards it." And Francis says, a month later, in a letter to John Burke,—“Here I live, master of the finest house in Bengal, with a hundred servants, a country-house, and spacious gardens, horses and carriages, yet so perverse is my nature that the devil take me if I would not exchange the best dinner and the best company I ever saw in Bengal, for a beef steak and claret at the Horn, and let me choose my company.”

Where was this vaunted house? It is stated by a witness at a trial in Calcutta in 1778 in which Francis was a principal, that he recognized the defendant as “Mr. Francis, who lived behind the Playhouse.” The plan of Calcutta, executed in 1784 by Colonel Wood, shows the theatre as behind Writers’ Buildings, standing by itself in the block now called New China Bazar, and which is bounded by Lyons’ Range on the south, Clive Street on the west, and New China Bazaar Street on the east and north. The latter street is a curved one, but at the time now under consideration that arm of it which was east of the theatre (running north and south) was called “Theatre Street,” and the arm north of the theatre (running east and west) was called “Old Fort Ghaut Street.” In the enclosure within which this, the new theatre, stood, there was erected, after 1784, a building called the Assembly Rooms. It is shown in Upjohn’s map of 1792. It stood near the south-eastern corner of the so-called block; it was an oblong building, its length running north and south. The theatre was also an oblong, running east and west.



Both structures must have been much shut out from the southerly winds by Writers' Buildings, and it was to obviate in all probability the inconvenience arising from this, that windsails were erected on the roof of the theatre in June 1793, to "promote," as the local paper says, "coolness by a free circulation of air." Our predecessors were clearly not to be deterred from their amusements* by such a trifle as the heat of June: if their life was short, it was at all events merry.

In an advertisement in the *Calcutta Gazette* in 1793 about a ball, notice is given that "the entrance to the Ball Assemblies' Room is behind Writers' Buildings," i.e., from Lyons' Range; the entrance to the theatre was probably from the same direction. It would seem, therefore, that, in the common mode of expression of the time, behind, in reference to those buildings, was understood to signify north of them, so that when the witness, speaking in the Supreme Court, said that Francis's house was "behind the theatre," he meant to convey that it was near it, and to the north.

In the plan of Calcutta reduced from Colonel Wood's survey of 1784, only the public buildings are shown,

* The prices to the theatre in the last century were: boxes and pit, one goldmohur; upper boxes, Rs. 12; gallery, Rs. 8.

but in Upjohn's map of eight years later, the private houses are shown as well. There it is seen that the house (apparently a very large one) standing nearest to the theatre on the north is one at the corner of Old Fort Ghaut Street and Clive Street. There is no house near it, and its site exactly corresponds with that now occupied by the Oriental Bank.

Tradition assigns this as the site of the house lived in by Clive, whence Clive Street derives its name.

In the absence, therefore, of any direct evidence to the contrary, the probability is great that this was "the finest house in Bengal" for which Francis paid one thousand rupees a month. Here he gave his dinners and balls, and here, too, we may suppose he spent the day before his duel with Hastings, in burning papers which it is not unlikely could have thrown much light on the Junius question; and here he was brought wounded a week after the duel.

The comparatively small amount of work to be got through by our predecessors in Calcutta in the last century admitted of a more rational allotment of time for public duties and for social refreshment than prevails in these busy days. We can get a very good idea of how an ordinary day was disposed of by following Francis through one of his. He rose at daybreak and rode for an hour; breakfast was ready before eight. By nine or ten he went to Council on five days in the week; he returned thence at an early hour in the afternoon for dinner. On two mornings weekly he gave a public breakfast to about thirty guests. Dinner seldom lasted two hours, though often fifty sat down. After dinner came sleep. This was not sought for in a mere lounge

in an arm chair or on a sofa, but everybody deliberately went to bed, and so encountered the hottest hours of the day, from half-past three or four to near six, in the scantiest attire. At sunset many promenaded round the great tank in Lal Dighi under orange trees. Others drove in "buggeys;" the more prosperous in "chariots" imported from England. The roads, however, in and about Calcutta in those days were few and bad; the Mahratta Ditch (following the site of the present Circular Road from Chitpoor to about the east end of Jaun Bazaar) was still unclosed, and remained, till quite the end of the century, a festering cesspool which forbade all approach to it. There was as yet no Strand Road. The drives therefore being limited and uninviting, many resorted to the river for its cooling breezes, though its surface and its banks must have presented many unsavoury sights. Private budgerows, many-oared, and of a size and magnificence not often seen now, were then in fashion. Whole families used to go for their evening airing in them. Some carried bands of music. The gilded youth of the period rather affected being attended on the water by a "Coffre" or two from Bourbon or Mauritius, who to their other accomplishments added that of being able to play on the French-horn. After the airing, people returned to tea and to dress for visiting, for the ludicrous custom of paying visits in India in the middle of the day, wearing broadcloth and black hats, was wholly unknown in the previous century. The day wound up with a little card playing, followed by a late supper, at which the hospitable custom was to meet one's friends as often as possible. "In ten minutes after your return home," writes Macrabie,

"the servants desert and leave you to your meditations."

The following humorous entry in the Secretary's diary gives us some idea what the social evenings and suppers were like, *viz.*:—

"Nov. 3 (A party at the Claverings).—We have been in the heart of the enemy's camp. The whole house of Barwell, with Sir Impey and Lady. We wanted only the Governor to make it complete.

"*Entre nous*, the evening was stupid enough, and the supper detestable; great joints of roasted goat, with endless dishes of cold fish. With respect to conversation, we have had three or four songs screeched to unknown tunes; the ladies regaled with cherrybrandy, and we pelted one another with bread-pills *a la mode de Bengal*."*

It was probably the suppers which were accountable for this entry:

"September 15, 1775.—This bile is the devil. Mr. Francis has another attack of it, and has headache and fever. I will make him dine quietly at home, though we are invited to a card and supper party. He says he cannot be sick, with any degree of comfort, unless his dear wife is at hand.

Like most fresh arrivals in India, Francis and his friend were much exercised at the number of servants that inexorable custom planted on them. The remarks wrung from Macrabie on this head have lost none of

* It may be instructive to recall what a greater man thought of the large festive gatherings of Calcutta society, even sixty years later. Macaulay writes in 1834:—"Those great formal dinners which unite all the stiffness of a levée to all the disorder and discomfort of a two shilling ordinary. Nothing can be duller. Nobody speaks except to the person next him. The conversation is the most deplorable twaddle."

their force and appropriateness after the lapse of more than a century :

“One hundred and ten servants to wait upon a family of four people, and yet we are economists ! Oh monstrous ! Tell me if this land does not want weeding !” “The domestic cares in this country to the person who thinks it in the least degree essential to his welfare that bills should be examined before they are paid, and that servants who are born and bred rogues should cheat within some degree of moderation, will find full employment for his faculties. To superintend this tribe of devils and their several departments we have a numerous collection of banyans, chief and subordinate, with their train of clerks, who fill a large room, and are constantly employed in controlling or rather conniving at each other’s accounts. We are cheated in every article both within and without doors. . . . My greatest comfort is to turn them all out and lock the doors. These brutes possess every bad quality except drunkenness and insolence ; indeed they make full amends for the first by stupefying themselves with chewing *bang*, and their want of the other is pretty well supplied by a most provoking gravity and indifference.”

From the earliest days of the English settlement in Bengal, servants appear to have been a fertile source of worry, and to have always been adepts at the passive resistance and the organized combination to injure and annoy, which characterize them to this day. In the old proceedings of Government it may be seen that this matter was often taken into consideration at the instance of the inhabitants complaining of the “insolence and exorbitant wages exacted by the menial servants.”

A set of rules were drawn up of a very stringent nature for the mutual observance of master and servants. Rates of wages were accurately defined for each class of

servants, and to avoid the market being spoiled by the wealthy or the careless to the prejudice of his poorer neighbour, it was ordered that "if any master presume to exceed the established rate of wages on any pretence whatever, he shall be debarred all redress from the court of Zemindary, and the protection of the Settlement shall be withdrawn from him." Moreover, it was resolved in 1766 that an office be established in Calcutta for keeping a register of all servants of every denomination.

Considering the evils notoriously resulting from the utter want of suitable and summary legal control over the servant class which intensify the expense and difficulty of house-keeping in Calcutta to-day, it must be acknowledged that there is one direction at all events in which we have miserably retrograded.

To show that all the law was not on the side of the Europeans, we may note that a Mr. Johnson was visited with fine for striking his servant, and for non-payment and non-appearance he was cast into prison; whence he petitioned Mr. Vansittart for release, urging that he had been three months "rotting in a loathsome jail, having not the wherewithal to pay or to provide the common necessities of life." (See Revd. J. Long's Selections.)

Though the monthly wages for domestic servants seem to have gradually increased up to about 1780, since then they have been stationary with one or two unimportant exceptions. The reason for this is probably to be sought in the fact that servants look more to their gains from picking and stealing than from nominal salary. We find that the lady who wielded the broom rejoiced in the curiously composite appellation of "Harry-Wench." Her functions were appraised at the modest

sum of one rupee monthly, or in case of a whole family—two rupees.

It is curious that in none of the lists of servants and their duties which are scattered through old records in the last century, is there any mention of the punka, nor in any narratives referring to domestic life in India then, that have come under our notice, do we remember any allusion to its use.*

Still it is inconceivable that the large hand fan, in use from a remote age amongst wealthy natives, should not have been adopted by our predecessors. The number of servants crowded into the room (especially at meal times) is often commented on, and the probability is that a proportion of those were bearers working hand-punkas.

The swinging punka as we see it to-day was, as every one knows, an innovation of a later period than that with which we are now concerned. This dates from an early year in the present century. We have heard somewhere or other that it was the device of a Eurasian clerk whose duties lay in one of the small lowroofed rooms of the present Fort William, and who one day, being driven frantic by heat and mosquitoes, slung the half of the camp table at which he was writing, to a beam overhead, and attached a rope to it, which he put into the hands of a bewildered cooly with instructions

* The Surgeon who attended on Admiral Watson in his last illness at Calcutta attributes, in his Narrative, his death (on 16th August 1757) to the incidental effect of an extremely hot and sultry day. He mentions the patient's complaints of the closeness and of the want of cool air, &c., and though he details the remedies for relief in this respect tried, he makes no allusion whatever to the use of a hand-punka.

to pull it. If this be the origin of an institution to which succeeding generations of Anglo-Indians owe so much, it is humiliating to be obliged to record that the name of this benefactor remains unknown to fame.

As we have been tempted into this long digression about Native servants, let us, before we leave it, try and get a further insight into the manners and customs of the times under this head, by referring to the summary mode in which those who preceded us dealt with the servant class (and others) when brought up as Police offenders. This will be fairly exemplified by a few ordinary extracts from the charge sheet of the Magistrate, *tempore*, 1778. The extracts are signed C. S. Playdell, J. P., who, we learn from his tombstone in Park Street (May 1779), was a member of the Board of Trade, a Master in Chancery, and Superintendent of Police, who died "universally regretted by Europeans and Natives:"

"John Kingwell, against his cook named Runjaney, for running away from him and beating another servant who had been engaged in his place. It appears that he had one of his ears cut off for some offence. The present complaint being fully proved,—ordered he receive ten rattans and be dismissed. (This last word seems to mean to be let go from custody.)

"A slave girl of Mr. Anderson, Piggy, having again run away from her master and being apprehended by the Chowkedar,—ordered her five rattans, and be sent to her master.

"Mooleah, a boy, was apprehended by the Pykes of the 8th Division. The boy has been frequently punished in the cutcherry for robbery, and but a few days since received twenty rattans and was sent over the water never to return, notwithstanding which he has thought proper to come back. Ordered fifteen rattans, and to be again sent over the water.

"Captain Scott complains against Banybub for not complying with his promise to repair his carriage. Ordered ten slippers.

"Col. Watson against Ramsing, as an impostor receiving pay as a carpenter when actually nothing more than a barber. Ordered fifteen rattans, and to be drummed through the Cooly Bazar to Col. Watson's gates.

"Jacob Joseph against Tithol cook for robbing him of a brass pot and a pestle and mortar. Ordered him to be confined in the Hurring Barree till he makes good the things.

"M. Nottley against Calloo for putting a split bamboo and laying there in wait purposely to throw passengers down and apparently to rob them. Ten rattans.

"Coja Janoose against Sarah, the slave girl of Coja Offean, for running away; it appears she has frequently done it. Ordered her fifteen rattans, and to be kept in the thannah, 1st division, till her master returns.

"Mr. Levitt against Nursing for inducing one of his slave girls, named Polly, to rob him of a quantity of linen of sorts, the above girl Polly giving evidence against him. Five rattans.

"Mr. Wilkin's servants having undergone the rice* ordeal,

* When a theft was committed in a household, it was usual to send for some man reputed to be wise and religious, who assembled all the servants, and on their denying knowledge of the theft, each was sworn to this effect. Then to discover who had made the false oath, the following procedure was adopted by the religious detective: Some rice was half-soaked and then dried in the sun, and a tola weight (generally weighed against a square Akbar rupee) given into the hand of each of the assembled servants. At a signal all were directed to put the rice into their mouths and chew it, and then to spit it out on a piece of plantain leaf given for that purpose. All were warned, that from the mouth of whoever had lied to the holy man, the rice would come forth, not like milk, but quite dry and unaltered. The theory was, that fear and excitement kept back the salivary flow necessary to mastication—an effect, however, just as likely to result in the case of those nervous and innocent as in that of

Golaut, a dye in his employ, appeared to be the guilty person, and on confirmation of her delinquency she gave the Mullah a silver punchu from her arm and promised a further reward of Rs. 10. Ordered she be confined in the thannah of the 3rd division till some further lights can be obtained on suspicion.

"Hulloder Gossein against Bulloram Byraggee for cutting from his neck, while he was asleep, a gold necklace, &c. On examination of the prisoner he confesses the fact, and being from appearance (having lost one of his ears) an old offender, ordered that he be sent to Mr. Justice Sir Robert Chambers, and that the jewels be likewise sent with him as further evidence.

"Birnarold Pinto against his slave girl Pekeytase for running away; this being the second time of her being guilty of the like offence, to prevent her doing the same in future,—ordered she receive five rattans and be returned to her master.

"Lourmery Bearer against Mahomed Ally, an old offender, for robbing him of a number of turbands, all of which were recovered and produced in the office. Ordered he receive twenty rattans, and be turned over the water not to return on pain of severe punishment.

"Ramhurry Jugee against Ramgopal for stealing a toolsey dannah off a child's neck; he says he was running along, and his hands caught in it by accident. Ordered him twelve rattans.

"Cortib, a Portuguese, against his boy, Jack, for stealing a silver spoon; the boy at first confessed the fact, and said he had given the spoon to a shopkeeper, who on being summoned declared his ignorance of the whole transaction; he then accused another person, who on examination proved to be as

the consciously guilty. See Mrs. Parke's "*Wanderings of a Pilgrim*." Vol. 1st, where an instance of successful resort to this ordeal is recorded.

little concerned as the first ; in short, Jack appears a complete little villain, and the whole of his account nothing but lies. Five rattans.

“Samah Goalah, confined 5th October, is now released under a penalty* of being hanged if ever apprehended by any one.”

Here follow four cases which we commend to the notice of the Calcutta Magistrates of 1882 :

“Banker Mahomed against Rumjanny complaining that the wife of the latter abused his wife. It appearing, on examination, they were both equally culpable,—ordered each to be fined Rs. 5 for giving trouble to the Court by making trifling litigious complaints.

“M. Cantwell against his Matraney for stealing empty bottles. This she has practised some time, and constantly sold them to a shopkeeper Bucktaram, which he himself confesses. To deter others from following so pernicious an example,—ordered Bucktaram twenty rattans, the Matraney ten rattans, and both to be carried in a cart round the town, and their crime published by beat of tom-tom.

“M. Sage against Khoda Bux and Peary for receiving advances of wages, neglecting business and hiring themselves to others before their engagements to him are expired. Each ten slippers.

“Mr. Dawson against his Mesalchee Tetoo for stealing his wax candles and preventing other servants from engaging in his service by traducing his master’s character. Ten rattans.”

How difficult it seems now to realize the state of things which we just get a glimpse of here. Slavery†

* The “penalty” promised here under such vague possibilities, was probably a grim professional joke on the part of the Magistrate’s clerk.

† For some allusion to slavery as it existed in former times in

in full bloom ; the right of ownership under it being so recognized that its mere plea was sufficient to justify (in law) an English Magistrate in ordering a poor girl, who in running away had presumably acted in self-defence, to be "beaten with rods" and sent back to the fangs of her master.

India, and to the barbarous punishment and mutilations executed on criminals under the orders of the British Government, see two curious and instructive appendices to Mr. H. J. Cotton's *Revenue History of Chittagong* (1880). The natives of this country, however, were not the only slaves here. History and local records make frequent allusion to Africans, called here *Coffrees*. These were employed both by the English and French in all the wars in the Carnatic ; their chief use seemingly was to stop a bullet from some more valuable life. When Labourdonnais made his expedition to the *Coromandel Coast*, he brought several companies of half-drilled slaves from Madagascar and the French Islands supplied from there. But after that, the East India Company, never lacking in a detestable cupidity, regularly ran armed slavers from Madagascar to India with a living freight, chiefly for supplying their Settlements on the West Coast. They used to stipulate that two-thirds of the cargo should be males between the ages of fifteen and forty, and one-third females between fifteen and twenty-five ; the price was fifteen pounds a head with some shillings more to the Captain, Mate, and Surgeon for each one landed alive. Little children were to be reckoned two for one (see *Selections from Records of Government*). In the newspapers of 1781, many advertisements occur as to the disposal by sale of *Coffrees*. One is offered for 400 rupees who understands the business of butler and cook. Some seem to be valued for their musical skill, and dexterity in shaving and dressing and waiting at table. There is an advertisement also for "three handsome African ladies of the true sable hue, commonly called *Coffrees*," between fourteen and twenty-five, for marriage with three of their own countrymen. The advertisement is long, and is too often repeated to be a mere joke, though it strains at being suggestively indecent. In all probability it means this, that there were Englishmen in Calcutta less than a hundred years ago who not only bought and sold African slaves, but went in for the breeding of them for the slave market,

With our present knowledge it is strange to reflect that, at the time referred to, a prominent member of the Government, under the ægis of which this great iniquity flourished here, was the champion of political and personal liberty, the renowned Junius. It may be, however, that the hateful aspect under which slavery presented itself to Philip Francis in Calcutta was not without its effect; for we find him afterwards in Parliament as one of the most ardent and zealous supporters of Wilberforce in his efforts for the abolition of the Slave trade.

II.

His biographer tells us that Francis had no curiosity about travelling in India. In his voluminous writings he left behind no observations about scenery or places. He never moved a hundred miles out of Calcutta, where he buried himself in business and in a most extensive correspondence. The hours not devoted to this were given up to card-playing and to the other social recreations in vogue. Though he was remarkable for a haughty and unapproachable manner, he seems to have had the good sense to cultivate the social acquaintance of the ladies, even of his official foes. "I profess to admire beauty," he writes, "on both sides of the question, and am not afraid to pay my respects to an agreeable woman even in the enemy's camp. In spite of all their politics Mrs. Hyde and Lady Impey are pleased to except me from my friends, and, as I take care to acknowledge their respective merits, allow me, in that instance at least, to be a just and generous enemy. As long as they show me the same countenance they may be sure of the same attachment." He seems to have been amused, too,

by the ordinary gossip of Anglo-Indian society, and even to have cynically recorded the petty heartburnings of ladies arising out of that still vital question as to who should call on whom. Of course the problem which most immediately exercised the upper crust of Calcutta society in those days was, as to what social recognition should be extended to the lady who was to become the wife of the Governor-General, as soon as a legal divorce from her husband had been obtained.

A contemporary* (extracts from whose letters were contributed to the *Englishman* a few years ago by H. B.), writing from Calcutta in 1772, says:

"There is a lady, by name Mrs. Imhoff, who is his principal favorite among the ladies. She came to India on board the same ship with Mr. Hastings, is the wife of a gentleman who has been an officer in the German service and came out a cadet to Madras. Finding it impossible to maintain his family by the sword, and having a turn to miniature painting, he quitted the sword and betook himself to the latter profession. After having painted all who chose to be painted at Madras, he came to Bengal the latter end of the year 1770. She remained at Madras, and lived in Mr. Hastings's house on the Mount chiefly, I believe. She is about twenty-six years old, has a good person and has been very pretty, is sensible, lively, and wants only to be a greater mistress of the English language to prove she has a great share of wit. She came to Calcutta last October. They do not make a part of Mr. Hastings's family, but are often at his private parties. The husband is truly a German."

Local tradition gives No. 7, Hastings Street, now occupied by Messrs. Burn & Co., as the house tenanted

* Jyso Saul Handcock, some of whose private letters are amongst the Hastings MSS. He died in Calcutta in 1775.

by Mrs. Imhoff, while waiting for her divorce. Francis also writes on this subject to a friend in England, but the venom in his letter deprives it of the historical value which it would otherwise have :

"To complete the character, as it will probably conclude the history, of this extraordinary man, I must inform you that he is to be married shortly to the supposed wife of a German painter with whom he has lived for several years. The lady is turned of forty, has children grown up by her pretended husband, from whom she has obtained a divorce under the hand of some German Prince. I have always been on good terms with the lady, and do not despair of being invited to the wedding. She is an agreeable woman, and has been very pretty. My Lord Chief Justice Impey, the most upright of all possible lawyers, is to act the part of father to this second Helen, though his wife has not spoken to her this twelve month."

He thinks it worth while to write the following tittle tattle in his journal :

"*July 9th* (1777).—News of Imhoff's divorce, and hopes of her marriage with Hastings."

"*12th*.—The Chief Justice very low. His lady enraged at the match and distressed about the future visits.

"*N.B.*—The dames for a long time were bosom friends."

"*24th*.—An entertainment made on purpose this night at the Governor's to effect a reconciliation between Lady Impey and Madame Chapusetin; the former sends an excuse. A mortal disappointment."

"*26th*.—Sup at Impey's. Her ladyship swears stoutly that Madame Imhoff shall pay her the first visit—an idea which I don't fail to encourage."

"*29th*.—Mrs. Imhoff sups at Lady Impey's by way of submission."

Though the marriage came off two days afterwards, *viz.*, on the 1st of August, Francis's journal makes no mention of it, so we lose unfortunately his sententious account of the festivities with which it was said to have been celebrated. In writing to his wife very shortly afterwards he says of Mrs. Hastings: "The lady herself is really an accomplished woman. She behaves with perfect propriety in her new station, and deserves every mark of respect." The Governor-General's wife, however, does not seem to have forgotten the humble pie that Mrs. Imhoff had to eat in the matter of that first visit to Lady Impey, for as soon as ever her position is assured she promptly brings the Lady Chief Justice to her bearings:

"Sept. 20th.—Lady Impey sits up with Mrs. Hastings; *vulgo*—toad-eating."

"21st.—At the Governor's, Mrs. Hastings very handsomely acknowledges my constant attention to her."

"22nd.—Mrs. Hastings returns Lady Clavering's visit, attended by Lady Impey *in formâ pauperis*."

"October 5th.—Supped at Impey's; as gracious as ever. Many symptoms convince me that Mrs. H. and Lady Impey hate one another as cordially as ever."

"8th.—Lady Impey *furens* against Mrs. H. worse than ever."

"Nov. 4th.—Sup at Impey's. Explanation with the lady, she swears that Hastings has deserted them. Complains of his ingratitude, &c. I believe their hatred is sufficiently cordial, but there are *some ties* which cannot be dissolved."

"Jany. 3rd, 1778.—Formal supper at Impey's for Mrs. Wheeler;* Mrs. Hastings sends a silly excuse, an intended slight to Lady Impey."

* Mrs. Wheeler had arrived in the previous month. Francis writes of her to his wife,—“She appeared in public for the first time at our

Allusion has been made to the card table as one of the occupations of Francis. High play was one of the prominent fashions of the time amongst the upper society in England. The ladies followed it with almost as much ardour as the gentlemen.

When imported into Calcutta this vice flourished with a luxuriance proportionate to the hideous monotony of life in India, and to the scarcity of outdoor or other diversions. The games most in vogue seem to have been Whist, varied occasionally by "All Fours" and "Put." Several allusions to their card enterprise occur in the journal and letters of Francis and Macrabie. Thus the former notes :

"*Sept. 1st, 1775.*—In the evening played cards at Lady Anne Monson's, three whist tables and two at chess. Quadrille is little in vogue here. Lady Anne is a very superior whist-player ; Mr. Francis generally fortunate."

"*Nov. 1st.*—Being Wednesday it may not be amiss for me to look at my card account, and see how the reckoning stands between me and the world. I have been losing all this month. Let me see. Pretty even. I am not ten pounds gainer or loser upon that account since I left England. But that is not right. I want money ; I begin to love money ; and if I can get it fairly I will have money."

Even to gaming we find that Francis betook himself with characteristic energy and purpose. For some time, while playing for high stakes, he seems to have made

ball in wonderful splendour. At sight of her hoop, all our beauties stared with envy and admiration. I never saw the like in all my life." She survived the climate only seven months, dying in July 1778.

She was Mr. Wheeler's first wife. Her tombstone tells that her name had been Harriet Chichelley Plowden.

whist rather a business than a recreation. The result of his luck, and presumably his skill, was that his winnings at cards enabled him to, leave India with a moderate fortune much earlier than he could have done, if he had been dependent on his savings alone.

Very exaggerated account of his and his colleagues' gambling, and of his gains, found their way home, and tended to prejudice him in the eyes of the Ministry and of the Court of Directors. Rumour credited Francis with having won thirty lakhs at whist, and lost ten thousand pounds at backgammon. A cynical friend writes to him that people in England are astonished that men sent out to reform India should have contrived to win and lose so much in a short time, and he sagely advises him, since he has incurred the world's censure, to be sure and keep the money to console him. From his own letters, however, to friends at home and in this country, a much more moderate estimate of his gains may be formed. In March 1776 he writes :

"An extraordinary stroke of Fortune has made me independent. Two years will probably raise me to affluent circumstances."

To a friend at Benares, whom he asked to buy diamonds for him, he says :

"I have actually won a fortune and must think of some means of realizing it in England. Keep all this stuff to yourself."

To another in England, to whom he remits an order for the proceeds of a parcel of pearls sent home, he writes :

"You must know, my friend, that on one blessed day of the present year of our Lord, I had won about twenty thousand

pounds at whist. It is reduced to about twelve, and I now never play but for trifles, and that only once a week. Keep all this to yourself."

Elsewhere he computes the losings of all at about three lakhs, of which the lion's share (possibly fifteen thousand pounds) fell to him, and the rest to Judge Lemaistre and a Colonel Leslie. It was an accidental burst, he adds, which lasted only a few weeks.

Turning again to the diary of the humorous Macrabie, who identified himself so thoroughly with his brother-in-law's interests, we find who the loser was at whose expense Francis was thus enriched :

"*March 2, 1776.*—Mr. Barwell has lost again, and we have all won. I told you of his heavy losses at Barrasut. We all shared in the spoil, nor has any of this house declined giving him his revenge. Justice Lemaistre, who had before been a very considerable loser, having recovered his sufferings at the expense of Mr. Barwell, has tied up, as it is called, and plays no more. Colonel Leslie does the same. This a little vexes Mr. Barwell, who is fond of play and will play for anything. We still go on."

With reference to this card-encounter between Barwell, Francis and Co., there is a curious circumstance alleged as connected with it.

There was published in Leadenhall Street, in 1780, a stupid and scandalous book called the "*Intrigues of a Nabob*," which, for reasons best known to the writer, professed to give certain details of Mr. Barwell's private life in India. The writer's object seems to have been revenge for the deprivation of his mistress, for whose loss he had received inadequate consideration. In this book, the

production of one who represents himself as knowing Mr. Barwell intimately, or at all events as having had ample opportunity of being familiar with Calcutta gossip, it happens to be mentioned, quite incidentally, that so perplexed were Hastings and Barwell at the upsetting and overruling of their plans by their newly arrived colleagues from England, that the wealthy Barwell declared he would willingly part with twenty thousand pounds to break up the opposition, or to bring over one of them to his and the Governor-General's side.

The story goes that he fixed on Francis as the one most likely to be amenable to pecuniary influences, and challenged him to high play in the hopes of getting him in his debt, and so in his power, thereby not only mistaking Francis's character entirely, but, as we have seen, catching a Tartar. Now, though this story comes from a source so tainted as to be scarcely worth alluding to, still it is suggestive that Francis almost uniformly speaks contemptuously of Barwell and attributes to him the very qualities which might be supposed to give rise to the crafty actions alleged against the "Nabob." Moreover, Francis never extends the smallest pity to the victim whom he had phlebotomized so freely. Thus in April 1776 he writes to a friend who seems to have addressed some platitudes to him :

"With regard to gaming and all its dreadful consequences, your advice is good, and not the worse for being tolerably obvious. It is true I have won a fortune, and intend to keep it. Your tenderness for the loser is admirable. If money be his blood, I feel no kind of remorse in opening his veins ; the blood-sucker should bleed and can very well afford it."

Again he writes, in a private memorandum, on the course of public affairs :

"Mr. Barwell, I think, has all the bad qualities common to this climate and country, of which he is in every sense a native ; but I do not affirm that there is no mixture whatsoever of good in his composition. He is rapacious without industry, and ambitious without an exertion of his faculties or steady application to affairs. He will do whatever can be done by bribery and intrigue. He has no other resource."

Even before the whist tournament came off, Francis appears to have conceived a rabid dislike to Barwell, which would certainly warn him against plunging into high play without seeing his way clearly.

Thus, in March of the previous year (1775), he writes to Lord North :

"It is settled that Barwell shall marry Miss Clavering. After the censures of him to which General Clavering has signed his name, and branded as he is in this country by the utter ruin of a province, by enormous peculation of every sort, and by a personal depravity of character of which he alone perhaps furnishes an example, I cannot but foresee, &c., &c."

A few weeks later he writes to another friend harping on the same string :

"Mr. Barwell in Council supports the Governor, but abroad is endeavouring to make a bank apart in order to screen his own iniquities. He is to marry Miss Clavering, a damnable match, which can produce nothing but misery and dishonour to the lady and her family, and disappointment to himself. He is cunning, cruel, rapacious, tyrannical, and profligate beyond all European ideas of those qualities."

It may be here remarked parenthetically that Francis gives his opinion of most of his official contemporaries

with an appalling frankness. This is what he writes to England of another of them :

“I will not content myself with saying I never knew, but upon my soul I never heard of so abandoned a scoundrel. It is a character to which your English ideas of dirt and meanness do not reach. Nor is it to be met with even in Bengal, even here it excites execration and contempt.”

Possibly it is distance that lends enchantment to the view, but we, while reverently contemplating his monument in Westminster Abbey, look back on the man thus described as the great Sir Eyre Coote.

Francis's strongly expressed disapproval of the alleged matrimonial views of Barwell is so hearted that it gives rise to a suspicion that his objection was not founded merely on the apprehension of the General's being thus officially drawn away from him. Miss Clavering, with her mother and two sisters had been fellow-passengers of Francis's in the *Ashburnham*, and it is not improbable that the propinquity and idleness of a long voyage gave rise to a *tendresse* on his side (he was only thirty-four) sufficient to account for his jealousy at the idea of a woman, reputed to be very attractive, marrying one whom he cordially disliked.

Though allied in public matters, there was no love lost in private between Francis and General Clavering. Francis, however, seems always to have maintained kind feeling towards Lady Clavering and her daughters, and when the General died (only a month or two after receiving the Order of the Bath) and was laid in Park Street Cemetery yonder, Francis records in his daily journal :

“August 30, 1777.—Sir John Clavering, after a delirium of many hours, expired at half-past two P.M., and was buried at eight, in the most private manner. The Governor ordered minute guns. I waited on the ladies and pressed them to remove to my house, but they declined. I attended the funeral on foot to the grave.”*

It will serve as well as any other opportunity for gossiping about those times to mention here whom Miss Clavering and Mr. Barwell did marry. It would seem that Francis might have spared himself his anxious apprehensions, for we learn from quite an independent source that the General had fully determined that Mr. Barwell was never to become his son-in-law. This is disclosed in a page from a very scarce autobiography by a contemporary (Grand's Narrative).

This authority tells us that, in April 1775, the General “imprudently and hastily charged Mr. Barwell with malversation in the Salt Department. So ill-founded an accusation† drew an instantaneous bitter reply. Mr. B., conscious of the unmerited imputation, declared that the man who dared to come forward with such a charge destitute of any proof was

* General Clavering lived in a house whose site would be now described as at the junction of Waterloo Street and Old Court-house Street.

† A reference to Mr. Beveridge's most interesting History of Backerganj District (page 138) would seem to show that the General's accusation was anything but “ill-founded.” We there learn that Barwell held the lease of two salt farms, which he sublet to two Armenians, on condition of an extra consideration to himself of Rs. 1,25,000. One of these merchants afterwards complained that Barwell, having taken the money, dispossessed him and relet the farms to some one else for another lac of rupees. When first called to account about this transaction, he naively confessed it and seemed to imply that he was within his rights as wishing “to add to my fortune:” he concludes, “I can not recall it, and I rather choose to admit an *error*” (*risum teneatis?*) “than deny a fact.”

a ———. The General put his hand to his sword, Mr. Barwell bowed and retired. The council broke ; and in the field next morning, attended by proper seconds, the former had a shot at the latter.

“Fortunately no evil consequences resulted, and Mr. Barwell, lamenting a man otherwise of such amiable virtues could in this instance have been so injudiciously biased, would not return his fire. His antagonist, suspecting this delicacy arose from a growing attachment which he had observed to prevail between him and Miss Clavering, called out loudly to him to take his chance of hitting him, for, in whatever manner their contest might terminate, the General added, Mr. Barwell could rest impressed that he had no chance of ever being allied to his family ; and in the same passionate tone expressed his resolution of firing a second pistol. Mr. Barwell, without explaining, but perfectly confident of the good grounds which dictated his mode of acting, persisted in his previous intention, and thus compelled the seconds to withdraw the hostile parties, professing to their opinion that the point d’honneur had been in full satisfied.”

Francis also alludes to the duel, but his strong bias against Barwell manifests itself in his sarcastic version of the affair :

“The General challenged Barwell, who desired a respite of a few days to make his will. They met on the Sunday following. Barwell received one fire and asked pardon. I could easily collect from Clavering’s account of the affair that Barwell behaved very indifferently in the field. This circumstance has since been confirmed to me by old Fowke. He had reason to be satisfied with his good fortune. The wonder is how the General, who is perfectly correct in all the ceremonies of fighting, happened to miss him. Clavering was highly pleased with himself on this occasion, and showed me his correspondence with Barwell with many tokens of self-approbation. It has been since printed.”

The pugnacity of General Clavering is stated to have been remarkable, even in an age when it was the fashion to be ever ready with the pistol. Mr. Merivale says that he wanted to fight the Duke of Richmond about Indian politics before he started.

After the lapse of nearly three generations, Sir John Clavering's blood became again represented in Calcutta.

Amongst those who had the opportunity of listening, in the crowded Council-chamber here, to the few dignified and sorrowful sentences addressed to his colleagues in the Government by Lord Napier, on the occasion of his being sworn in as Viceroy on the murder of Lord Mayo, few perhaps remembered that the speaker was the great-grandson of the first Commander-in-Chief in India—the General Clavering, who, abetted by Philip Francis, had, nearly a hundred years before, attempted to violently seize the Governor-Generalship from Warren Hastings.

The Miss Clavering, about whose matrimonial fate we have found Francis so apprehensive, married the seventh Baron Napier of Merchistoun. She left two sons, the eldest of whom was the father of the present Lord Napier and Ettrick, the late kindly and popular Governor of Madras. Again, having recourse to the autobiography above alluded to, we are informed of the quarter in which Mr. Barwell became a successful suitor. We will let our authority speak for himself, as he throws light on some of the curious frolics indulged in by society in the days which we are discussing :

“In the enjoyment of such society, which was graced with the ladies of the first fashion and beauty of the Settlement, I fell a convert to the charms of the celebrated Miss Sander-son, but in vain with many others did I sacrifice at the shrine.

This amiable woman became in 1776 the wife of Mr. Richard Barwell, who will long live in the remembrance of his numerous friends who benefited from the means of serving them which his eminent station so amply afforded him, and which, to do justice to his liberal mind, he never neglected the opportunity to evince where the solicitation had with propriety been applied. To this lady's credit also may be recorded that those who had been partial to her were ever treated with esteem and gratitude. Much to their regret the splendour of her situation lasted not long; the pain of childbearing with the effects of the climate brought on a delicate constitution a decay which too soon moved this fair flower out of the world. Of all her sex I never observed one who possessed more the art of conciliating her admirers equal to herself. As a proof thereof we met sixteen in her livery one public ball evening, *viz.*, a pea-green French frock trimmed with pink silk and chained lace with spangles, when each of us to whom the secret of her intended dress had been communicated, buoyed himself up with the hope of being the favoured happy individual.

“The innocent deception which had been practised soon appeared evident, and the man of most sense was the first to laugh at the ridicule which attached to him. I recollect the only revenge which we exacted was for each to have the honor of a dance with her; and as Minuets, Cotillon's Reels, and Country-dances were then in vogue, with ease to herself she obligingly complied to all concerned, and in reward for such kind complaisance we gravely attended her home, marching by the side of her palankeen regularly marshalled in procession of two and two.”

Mrs. Barwell died in November 1778, and is buried in the South Park Street ground—“a massy tomb with no inscription.” *Asiaticus* says: Mr. Barwell left India

in March 1780 ; his retirement and Francis's consequent promotion in Council were each, we find, by the newspaper of the time, honoured with a salute of seventeen guns—a custom, we believe, not observed now. The last entry but one about him in Francis's journal is : "*February 29.*—Mr. Barwell's house taken for five years by his own vote at 31,720 current rupees per annum to be paid half-yearly in advance ; Mr. Wheler and I declare we shall not sign the lease." It is not surprising that a gentleman who looked so keenly after his personal interests should have accumulated a colossal fortune. There is a tendency to assume that the Barwell of Macaulay's Essay was a grave official advanced in years ; yet his Indian service was closed when he was little over eight and thirty. At this age he sat down in England to enjoy the fruits he had gathered in the East ; he purchased a fine estate (Stanstead in Sussex) and a seat in Parliament (Winchelsea), and posed as a typical Nabob for quarter of a century longer. His Indian idea of plenty has been handed down in the "bring more curricles" story, of which he was the hero. He died at Stanstead in September 1804, aged sixty-three.

III.

The accident of the position of Senior Member of Council falling to Francis is suggestive of a lesson, which, though often repeated since in India, has scarcely been learned yet, *viz.*, that it is only when young that a tree can be safely transplanted. Of his two fellow-councillors who sailed from England with him, General Clavering was fifty-two when he arrived in

India for the first time, and Colonel Monson* but a few years younger; both succumbed to the climate, the former in less than three years, the latter in less than two. Francis had much the advantage of both in point of youth, and for this reason mainly was able to record, "I begin to fancy that I myself have a very good constitution, or I never could have resisted such a climate and such toil in the manner I have done. My two colleagues are in a woful condition, Col. Monson obliged to go to sea to save his life, and General Cla-

* Colonel Monson and his wife are buried in the South Park Street ground; they are under separate but similar tombs next each other, but bearing no inscription (*Asiaticus*). Francis writes in his diary, 1776 February '18—"Lady Anne Monson is no more. After lying speechless through the day she departed last night about ten. The loss of such a woman is generally felt by the whole Settlement; but we who had the honor and pleasure of her intimacy are deprived of a comfort which we shall long regret." She was the daughter of the Earl of Darlington, and was the widow of the Hon'ble Charles Hope-weir (brother of Earl of Hopetown) when she married the Hon'ble G. Monson, who survived her but seven months. Moreover, she was the great grand-daughter of the Merry Monarch, her mother having been Lady Grace Fitzroy, daughter of the first Duke of Cleveland, son of Charles II by Barbara Villiers.

Francis writes in an official memorandum which he compiled for his own keeping in India, that he "was repeatedly assured by Lady Anne Monson" that Warren Hastings was the natural son of a steward of her father's, who sent him to Westminster School with his own sons, and where he was called "the classical boy." Unfortunately, so little authentic information regarding Hastings's infancy or the life of his father has come down to us, that almost any story regarding them might gain credence. Gleig says that Warren's father was married before he was sixteen, and that the wife died a few days after the birth of the son; that they had been married for only two years at this time, Warren being the second child, the mother having previously presented her boy-husband with a daughter!

vering on his back covered with boils. I see no reason why Barwell should be alive (he never misses an opportunity for a cut at Barwell), but that death does not think it worth while to kill him. He is a mere shadow. As for Hastings, I promise you he is much more tough than any of us, and will never die a natural death." To Sir John Day at Madras, he says—"I hate the thought, for my own part, of dying of the spleen, like a rat in a hole. If I had given way to it heretofore I should now have been stretched alongside of Clavering, Monson, and Lemaistre with a damned *hic jacet* upon my heart. I have many reasons for not wishing to die in Bengal." A year later he again writes: "My health is perfectly established, and with good management I am a match for the climate."

What room there was for congratulation in the result of Francis's good "management" as regards his health will be realized by remembering that Calcutta at this time stood in what was little better than an undrained swamp, in the immediate vicinity of a malarious jungle, that the ditch surrounding it was, as it had been for thirty years previously, an open cloaca, and that its river banks were strewn with the dead bodies of men and animals. As regards the sanitation, or the want of it, at the period referred to, it will be sufficient if we see how our predecessors fared in the matter of one of the first necessities of life, drinking water, the chief source of which was the Tank in Lal Dighi (Dalhousie Square).

A correspondent writes in April 1780 regarding this to the newspaper of the day:—

"As I was jogging along in my palanqueen yesterday, I

could not avoid observing without a kind of secret concern for the health of several of my tender and delicate friends,—a string of parria dogs, without an ounce of hair on some of them and in the last stage of the mange, plunge in and refresh themselves very comfortably in the great Tank. I don't mean to throw the least shadow of reflection upon the sentinels, as the present condition of the Palisadoes is such that it would take a Battalion at least of the most nimblefooted sepoys to prevent them. I was led insensibly to reflect upon the small attention that is paid by people in general to a point of such unspeakable importance to their health and longevity as the choice and care of their water, the great vehicle of our nourishment."

Another writes on the same subject :—

"Should you believe it that, in the very centre of this opulent city, and almost under our noses, there is a spot of ground measuring not more than 600 square yards used as a public burying ground by the Portuguese inhabitants, where there are annually interred, upon a medium, no less than four hundred dead bodies ; that these bodies are generally buried without coffins, and in graves dug so exceedingly shallow as not to admit of their being covered with much more than a foot and-a-half of earth, in so much that after a very heavy fall of rain some part of them have been known to appear above ground. Moreover, the quantity of matter necessarily flowing from it assimilating with the springs of the earth can scarcely fail to impart to the water in the adjacent wells and tank any morbid and noxious quality, laying by this means the foundation of various diseases among the poorer sort of people who are obliged to drink it, nor can those in more affluent circumstances, from the natural indolence and deception of servants, promise themselves absolute exemption from it."

No wonder that the inhabitants on whom these unpleasant facts were thus obtruded took every opportunity of converting the water into arrack punch prior to consumption; or that those who could afford to do so gave it the go-by altogether by the substitution of mulled claret or madeira, all which drinks were, we find, very much in fashion. No wonder that a most ordinary formula for accounting for the absence of such or such a one from society, was that, in the unvarnished language of the day, he was "down with a putrid fever, or a flux."

Diseases, too, of a more mysterious kind seem to have occasionally appeared and claimed their victims. The local purveyor of news records in perplexity, in August 1780,—“We learn that several people has (*sic*) been suddenly carried off within these few days by tumours in the neck, symptoms of a very unusual nature.”* Warnings also, similar to one that we have

* Possibly this is the symptom alluded to in the following extract from Mr. Justice Hyde's notes. It will be seen that our predecessors accepted “the fever” as a matter of course towards the close of the rains:

THE FOURTH TERM, 1779.

IN THE 19TH AND 20TH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

Friday, October 22nd, 1779.

The first day of the Fourth Term, 1779.

Present :—MR. JUSTICE HYDE.

There were only common motions.

Mem.: Sir E. Impey, Chief Justice, was absent by reason of illness. He has a swelling of the double chin. It came after he had the epidemic fever, which prevailed here in September and this month, and still does prevail here; but Dr. Campbell told me he did not think the swelling any part of the disorder usually following that.

seen the abstemious Warren Hastings giving to his wife, are occasionally issued in the newspaper, impressing on the public the imprudence of eating too much in the hot weather; and the moral is pointed, by quoting the awful example of a surgeon who fell down dead in the street "after consuming a large plateful of beef." In those days, too, we must not forget that there were no changes to the hills, no ice, no steamers to take one away; sickness had to be encountered where it was incurred.

Medical science was as yet unenlightened, and it is hinted in the chronicles of the day that its practice was occasionally adopted on no better qualification than that possessed by a "midshipman who handles your pulse as he'd handle a rope." We cannot be surprised, then, to find it recorded that the success attending the efforts of the medical man of the period, was not so marked as to inspire the public with much confidence in him. He naturally enough followed the system in which he had been indoctrinated in Europe, and which was in full swing a hundred years ago. It is usual to describe it as being active and heroic; and of course it was thought necessary to apply it with superlative

fever, but a nervous disorder of the nature of that Sir E. Impey had before he went to Chittagong, which then affected his arm and head.

Sir Robert Chambers was also absent by reason of illness. Yesterday the fever began with him

I (John Hyde) have had the fever, and am not yet perfectly free from the consequences, for I have a slight degree of pain and weakness in my left foot, and a slight degree of dizziness still affects my head."

The strangest ailment of all, perhaps, is one which is noted by *Asiatics* as having caused the death of a lady who was buried (1793) in Park Street Cemetery—"She died of pure sensibility," he says. We suspect that this disease has long ceased to prey on Calcutta.

energy in a country where experience seemed to show that the crisis was rapidly reached. Accordingly, when summoned to the bedside, it became a race between the doctor and disease; the patient was promptly physicked and blistered, &c., &c., and having undergone these well-meant invasions, he was uncommonly lucky if he escaped being there and then "cupped and blooded" into the bargain. It is needless to add that the only benefit following this misdirected zeal was that derived by the apothecary and the undertaker.

We have remarked how Philip Francis, after the duel, was bled twice in the one day for a slight flesh wound in his back, though this was towards the end of the rainy season, when the vital forces are at their lowest. It is curious that in the following year, though not in connexion with the instance just alluded to, the Calcutta newspaper has a squib about the indiscriminate use of the lancet. We regret that the greater part of it would be quite unquotable in modern days, but we venture to extract in a footnote* four or five verses of it to

* A sprain in your toe or an aguish shiver
 The faculty here call a touch of the liver,
 And with ointment mercurii and pills calomelli
 They reduce all the bones in your skin to a jelly.

Broke down by the climate, low, weak, t'would surprise ye
 To hear them insist that, your blood is too sizey,
 If a compound of ills from such treatment you boast,
 The plan next advised is a trip to the coast.

If your wife has a head-ache, let Sangrado but touch her,
 And he'll jobb in his lancet like any hog butcher;
 Tho' in putrid complaints dissolution is rapid,
 He'll bleed you to render the serum more vapid.

show its tendency. It is the first local evidence that we have come across of an impatience of the laity under a system which outraged common sense; it is an early indication of a reaction which slowly gained strength, and culminated many years after in the do-little systems of Homœopathy and Hydropathy.

Yet though life in Calcutta a hundred years ago involved the exposure to much physical suffering, with

Descend Esculapius, thou Mortal Divine,
And despatch to perdition those Medical swine,
Such Doctors who never saw Leyden or Flanders
Run counter to reason and bleed in the jaundice.

In a very few days you're released from all cares,
If the Padre's asleep, Mr. Oldham reads prayers, &c.

The writer of this doggrel promises to sing of the iniquities of the Calcutta bar in a future number, but we have not come across it. Instances will readily occur to most people suggesting that this critic was in advance of his time. Readers of Madame D'Arblay's memoirs may recall, that old Mrs. Delaney, the valued friend of George the Third and his Queen, while living as their guest at Windsor, 1785, and presumably within reach of the highest medical skill in the kingdom, was "blooded" for a little ailment, for which in these unheroic days the poor old body would probably have been advised to take a hot footbath and to stay in bed, as she was eighty-six years old, almost quite blind from age, and with much more than the proverbial one leg in the grave! Forty years later still, the fever-shattered Lord Byron was bled to death at Mesolonghi, in spite of his own piteous appeal "Have you no other remedy than bleeding?—There are many more die of the lancet than the lance."

The obliging Mr. Oldham whose name occurs above was a very important personage here in the last century. He was the first undertaker proper who settled in Calcutta; he first cut stones from the ruins of Gour. Before his time Bengal indented on Madras for tomb stones. It goes without saying that Mr. Oldham amassed a fortune before he himself was laid (1788) in Park Street Cemetery surrounded by numerous specimens of his own handicraft.

none of the alleviation which art has since introduced, it is significant that when Francis sums up his impressions of a residence here, he does not dwell on the active miseries which may be ameliorated, but rather on the passive ones which will be always incidental to, and inseparable from, the life of a European in (the plains of) India. For instance, this is how a man of his amazing energy and his boundless mental resources is reduced to write, "The waste of spirits in this cursed country is a disease unconquerable, a misery unutterable." "I relinquish my family and friends, and I pass my life in one eternal combat with villainy, folly, and prostitution of every species. If I carry home £25,000 by the severest parsimony of five years, it will be the utmost I can accomplish. I would now gladly accept two-thirds of the money if I could be up to the neck in the Thames." After his card-winning he places his wants a little higher, as the possibility of attaining them seems open to him, but his horror of India is unabated—"Whenever I am worth a clear entire sum of forty thousand pounds secure in England, Bengal may take care of itself. No, not for that fortune would I spend the same two years again."

It is interesting to see how nearly in the same strain Macaulay writes some sixty years later, after an experience of a much improved Calcutta:—"Let me assure you that banishment is no light matter. No person can judge of it who has not experienced it. A complete revolution in all the habits of life,—an estrangement from almost every old friend and acquaintance,—all this is, to me at least, very trying. There is no temptation of wealth or power which could induce me to go

through it again." "We have our share of the miseries of life in this country. We are annually baked four months, boiled four more, and allowed the remaining four to become cool if we can. Insects and undertakers are the only living creatures which seem to enjoy the climate." Elsewhere Macaulay records his experienced conviction that "all the fruits of the tropics are not worth a pottle of Covent Garden strawberries, and that a lodging up three pairs of stairs in London is better than a palace in a compound of Chowringhee."

But to return to Francis and his experience. He thus writes to the gentleman who had declined the nomination which he (F.) afterwards accepted. "We shall meet again I trust—I mean in this world—and may I be d—d in the next if ever I venture myself into such a hell as this with my own consent at least. I certainly am obliged to you for my post, but I fancy by this time you are quite satisfied that you did not take it." To Mrs. Strachey, who had asked him to provide for her children when old enough to go to India, he writes (with questionable taste in parts):

"DEAR MADAM,—Be so good as to live till I return, and you shall see wonders ; you shall see me, whom India has made neither rich nor saucy. I profess to have one or two qualities at least to which this infamous climate cannot reach, the rest is at the mercy of the sun, whose light the moment I can command wax candles and a coal fire I solemnly disclaim for ever. Let him ripen his cabbages and show peasants the way to their daily labour. I desire to have no further communication with him, but to vegetate in a hot-house as a gentleman should do. And so you have determined that I shall stay in Bengal till I have settled your infant colony

for you, and can leave it in a flourishing condition. Indeed, madam, I am not satisfied with the share you have allotted to me in this useful work. I would rather be employed as you are. Leave it to me to provide emigrants, and do you come here and settle them. Soberly and sadly, this is no market for young ladies; the same heat which ripens the fruit reduces the appetite, whereof the proofs are rather melancholy than pregnant. How long beauty will keep in this country, is too delicate a question for me to determine. You, who can read faces, would see lines in some of them which Time ought not to have written there so soon."

If the Europeans who came to India in the old days had a hard time of it, they at all events got what they came for—money, and if they survived they returned home wealthy men. The modern average official is lucky if, in a lifetime given to India, he can put by a fifth of the sum which Francis sneered at as attainable in five years. In comparing the conditions of the two periods it must not be lost sight of that, to all the other drawbacks of an Indian life, poverty has in recent years been added. It is not an exaggeration to say that of the Anglo-Indian officials who have got families dependent on them, at least seven out of ten go through their expatriation "knowing the burden of heavy, tedious penury," till their pensions (which die with them) come; then they retire as strangers, to husband their means in some country town or village in England, where, for the sake of their children, they hope to find a grammar school and an apothecary.

A glance at the Indian life of Francis would be incomplete if we did not refer very briefly to the little that is told us regarding the result of his sojourn here on his home domestic welfare.

Early in life, when twenty-one years of age, he had married a Miss Macrabie, a well-educated, attractive girl of his own age, with some of the accomplishments which embellish life. It was a love-match, opposed, for prudential reasons, by the fathers of both; but Francis's ardent temperament could not brook much delay, and his self-reliant nature impelled him to disregard the parental prohibition, and to persuade the lady to marry him without the father's sanction, and when the means of supporting a wife were but slender. The marriage was a very happy one; they seemed much attached to each other. In some of the letters of Francis to her before the Indian episode, there is apparent a sincere solicitude about her and the children, and a winning and delicate thoughtfulness on his part regarding them.

When she is away from him for a few weeks at the seaside or elsewhere, he writes to her—"My sweetest Betsy, I hope you think of me, and that you really wish to be with me again, &c.—Yours for ever, P. F." Again,—“Indeed, I am very serious when I say I think your absence long, and the prospect of three weeks more appears almost an age. However, if you and the children are benefited by it, I shall be satisfied.—Yours, my dearest love, always, and with the greatest truth, P. F.” Sometimes he writes to her, “My dearest honesty.” He always remembers the little ones; asks her to “kiss my children,” and to give him “all the news” of them. The following is one of many similar passages:

“Words cannot express my impatience to have you in my arms. At seven on Monday I expect you. Will the machine bring you to the door, or where shall I order James to wait for you? To say the truth, my dear girl, I have been dining

with honest Fitz and Co., and am not in my perfect mind, but you see that even while I forget myself I still remember you. It is true I am endowed with a most capricious humour, but I am always wise enough to know that I am possessed of the best girl in the world, and that I never could be happy without her. Adieu."*

Soon after he got the Indian appointment, he tells a lady—"You already know that Mrs. Francis is not to accompany me to India; it is her own choice and resolution, and severely felt by us both. What are five little girls and a boy to do, deprived both of mother and father?"

Few of his letters from India to his wife have been preserved; in one of them he alludes to their early struggles,—“Fortune has taken extraordinary care of me, and I am much her humble servant. She was certainly in my debt, if it be considered how many years you and I lived upon little or nothing.” These, however, were perhaps the happiest years of Philip Francis’s life. Mrs. Francis’s communications to her husband in India were mainly in the form of a journal, which was sent to him at regular intervals. It relates altogether to domestic matters, the progress of their little children, her own household and social affairs,

* There is plenty of evidence to show that, during his pre-Indian career, Francis was far from temperate. While the Junius Letters were absorbing attention, Francis, on his own showing, was leading a jovial wine-bibbing life, and this is almost the only circumstance which, to our mind, can be said to argue against his identity with the great pseudonymous writer. It is difficult to fancy that one who had so many reasons to keep his head cool and his tongue quiet should ever voluntarily run the risk involved in the old proverb *in vino veritas*.

et cetera. She was not qualified, we are told, "to be a sharer in her husband's plots, nor a partner in his fierce ambition, nor to partake in his public or literary pursuits." The journal is described as the production of a tenderly attached wife, which is "touching in its homely way, as it shows the gradual effect of distance and the evil influences engendered by long absence on domestic love, which had been so deeply rooted as theirs; until she, so absolutely confiding at first in her fondness, is forced to say at last, 'I was but too sure separation for seven years would make a great alteration in your affection, and indeed I am sorry to say it has—a very great one indeed.'" When we read this, and recall what Francis himself said in the House of Commons afterwards,—“I passed six years in perpetual misery and contest in Bengal, at the hazard of my life, then a wretched voyage of ten months, and two and twenty years of labour in the same cause, unsupported and alone, without thanks and reward, and now without hope; I have sacrificed my happiness and my repose, and forfeited every prospect of personal advantage,”—we may incline to be wise after the event, and think that, on the whole, the Indian appointment was dearly bought, though his nomination to it won him so many congratulations, and has needlessly exercised the ingenuity of critics from that day to this.

HICKY'S GAZETTE.

It remains but to say a little regarding the public press in Calcutta as it existed in the time of Francis. We have come across no older local newspaper than one

which dates from the last year of Francis's stay in India. This was Hicky's *Bengal Gazette*, which started on Saturday, January 29th, 1780. It was a weekly print of two sheets, about twelve inches by eight, three columns of printed matter on each side, about half of which was devoted to advertisements. Mr. J. A. Hicky, the proprietor, calls himself the first, and late printer, to the Honorable Company. In returning thanks for the first list of subscribers he states, that "should he be so fortunate in his endeavours as to bring so useful an undertaking as a newspaper to perfection, he will think himself amply rewarded, as it may in a very little time prove an antibilious specific, from which he hopes his subscribers will receive more natural benefit than from Tincture of Bark, Castor Oil, or Columba root." He was a very illiterate man, judging by his editorial notices, which are written for the most part in a "high-falutin" style. The correspondence from local and distant contributors, and occasional extracts from Europe news, make up the greater portion of the small weekly budget. There is a copy of this newspaper in Calcutta in a tolerable state of preservation from its commencement down to the end of 1781, and there is a still better copy in the British Museum, from March 1780 to March 1782. The paper is a curiosity in these days, and helps one to get a glimpse of certain phases of the social lives of our predecessors, which could not perhaps be readily got elsewhere. Had it only continued as it began, it might have led a tolerably harmless existence, but it soon began to cater to the lowest tastes, and admitted contributions which, while affecting to teach and uphold public morality, (but in reality with a motive very much

the reverse), vulgarly paraded subjects whose details are better kept out of view. Thus many dreary chapters (each ending with a "to be continued") are devoted to the autobiography of what is called "a late very extraordinary man," but which is simply the details of the alleged progress in vice of a typical young scoundrel who had not one redeeming feature. Running through several numbers also is a florid essay entitled "Thoughts on the Times, but chiefly on the profligacy of our women and its causes." This is unctuously addressed to "every parent, husband, and modest woman in the three Kingdoms." One part treats of "the folly and bad tendency of a fashionable life," another of "the evils that arise from French refinement," a third denounces the employment of obstetric physicians (less technical language, however, is used) as tending "to destroy the peace of families and endanger virtue." The dullness of these diatribes is profound; as literary compositions they are below contempt.

The cloven foot in them is apparent from the companionship provided for them, *viz.*, small paragraphs and rhyming contributions, reeking with jocular indecency and obscenity that no English newspaper could venture to quote instances of in these days. And when we read what was admitted, we can only guess what was proffered and rejected, from a Pharisaical notice like this among the answers to correspondents, "Lothario's letter and poetry is received, but is not fit for insertion, nor will anything ever be inserted in the *Bengal Gazette* that can possibly give offence to the ladies." If the *Bengal Gazette* had contented itself with being characterized merely by want of decency and sense, it might,

in that tolerant age, have died a natural, instead of a violent death. But its proprietor soon, apparently, discovered that a certain section of the public always craves for personal items (a discovery which in our own times has so popularized what are known as 'Society Journals'); accordingly the weekly pabulum for his subscribers becomes well seasoned with personalities, all no doubt intended to be more or less funny. Private individuals who had incurred the displeasure of the Editor or contributors are held up to derision in the Poet's corner; ladies in society are mentioned under their initials; their graces, and attractions, and in some instances even their matrimonial prospects are dealt freely (and favourably) with; poetasters are enlisted in their behalf, and their charms are duly sung in limping verses. They are watched at the public balls, or festive gatherings at the Harmonic Tavern, and the success with which certain gentlemen seem to ingratiate themselves into their favour, is frankly commented on, with congratulation or disapproval, according as the gentlemen may happen to be on friendly or on hostile terms with the *Bengal Gazette*. Personality of this kind is apt to descend into intolerable license. The slight boundary was soon passed in this case, and many who were conspicuous in social or official life, are assailed in terms indicative of personal rancour, while the more prominent amongst them are given up to public odium and contempt, veiled under the most obvious nicknames. Thus the Governor-General, when not Mr. H——s, is "the Great Mogul," or "the Tyger of War;" the Chief Justice is "Judge Jeffreys," more frequently "Poolbundy;" an official in the Salt Board is Peter Nimmuck; an official in the old Fort is

Mr. Poorana Killa ; a Mr. Milton is " Mr. Paradise Lost ;" Mr. Justice Chambers, who had been Vinerian Professor at Oxford and had the reputation of being easily influenced, is Viner Pliant ; Mr. Wheler, the member of Council, is " Ned Wheelabout," and so on. Hastings and Impey, however, were pre-eminently the target for Mr. Hicky's missiles, and unforgivingly did they pay him out when the time came to strike. It is noteworthy that a lampoon of the time, of which we give an extract, indicates that, whatever may have since been urged in explanation of Impey's part in the transaction, it was certainly alleged by some contemporaries that Hastings endeavoured to get over the friction between the Government and Supreme Court by smoothing Impey with the Presidency of the Sudder Adawlut, carrying an extravagant extra salary,*—*viz.*, The C. J. is supposed to be triumphantly addressing the Sealer of the Supreme Court thus, on the disgust and discontent of the Company's servants at the recent appointment :

But that which to me is the pleasantest part,
No one of the servants dare point out the smart ;

* Francis in his place in Council opposed and strongly minuted against the control of the Sudder Adawlut being vested in the Chief Justice as proposed by Hastings. It is a coincidence worth noting that one of the best known passages in the Essay on Warren Hastings in which Macaulay sums up his denouncement of the arrangement, *viz.*, " the Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous," is an adoption of a sentiment, and almost of the language in which it was conveyed, of Philip Francis, who, writing as Junius (in the last famous letter to the Duke of Grafton, February 1770), says of another transaction : " Your Grace is afraid to carry on the prosecution. Mr. Hine keeps quiet possession of his purchase, and Governor Burgoyne, relieved from the apprehension of refunding the money, sits down for the remainder of his life *infamous and contented*."

Nor do I much wonder, for H——s has said
No remonstrance from them that may come shall be read,
And should they our door with petitions assail,
We'll send all the mutinous scoundrels to jail.
However, to keep them from forging of lyes,
Mr. H——s the feeling, the just and the wise,
Has appointed Ad—l—ts, whose payments at large,
My dear little Archey, are under my charge.
What Company's servant, tho' bred up in College,
To manage my post has competent knowledge?
What though the ten thousand friend W—n may give,
And which condescending I monthly receive.

&c., &c.

It is a curious circumstance that, though Francis was a year in Calcutta with this paper, he, almost alone amongst the leaders of society, never falls under its ribaldry.

It is pointed out in his Memoirs that he rarely put on record a defeat of his own, and it is shown as a conspicuous instance of this that, in his daily journal for June 1777, where many personal and official matters are chronicled, he passes by the nineteenth, the day on which the attempt was made to oust Hastings from the Governor-Generalship, and no mention is made of an episode in which Francis, Clavering and Co. were so signally discomfited.

A notable instance of reticence regarding a defeat of Francis may be found in Hicky's *Gazette*. The duel with Hastings occurred on Thursday the 17th August 1780. The next number of the *Gazette* is for the week commencing on the following Saturday, the 19th. The copy of this number in the British Museum is quite unmutilated (the copy in Calcutta is imperfect); yet there is no allusion whatever in it to the duel which

occurred only two days previously between the two highest personages in the country. What a struggle it must have cost a hungry editor to forego a *piece de resistance* like this, may be guessed from the fact that, in the very same number, he is glad to include in his dietary the following miserable substitute :

“ A few days ago a dispute arose between two young gentlemen not many miles from Serampore about a lady of a sooty complexion. The friends of both were under some apprehension that a duel would have been the consequence, but it happily ended in a reciprocal Bastinado.”

In all probability Francis's pronounced hostility both to Hastings and Impey was in itself enough to endear him to the *Bengal Gazette*, but there was perhaps a further reason for his singular immunity. He himself, as proved by his pseudonymous writings in England, could be, when he liked, master of the whole gamut of vulgar abuse. He knew the pain that it inflicted, and he shrank from it in his own person, as the surgeon dreads the knife, and the drummer the lash ;—so it is more than probable that he, who, his biographer says, had all his life been a controller of the secret influence of the press, contrived to secure the mute forbearance of the scurrilous Hicky. With reference to this point, one suggestive fact is certain, that, when the sun of Francis's power was just setting in Calcutta, and only a few days before he left it for ever, the Governor-General aimed a blow at Hicky's paper, so penal in its character as to be well calculated to crush it for ever, as it must immediately have deprived the *Bengal Gazette* of all its up-country subscribers. The

last entry but one in Francis's Indian diary is this: "Nov. 2, 1780.—Governor moves that Mr. Rider shall be allowed the full salary of that office from his arrival till he succeeds. Agreed: yet nothing can be more improper. *Mais qu'importe?* When the ship is sinking, what does it signify how soon we eat up the provisions? The moment I shall have made my exit, enter desolation." Hastings writes to a friend on the tenth of the same month a very remarkable letter, in which occur these sentences:

"Mr. Francis has announced his intention to leave us. His departure may be considered as the close of one complete period of my political life, and the beginning of a new one. . . . I shall have no competitor to oppose my designs, to encourage disobedience to my authority, to excite and foment popular odium against me. In a word, I shall have power, and I will employ it."

Four days later the following Order of Council was issued, which was precipitated possibly by an "imaginary conversation" given in the *Gazette* immediately preceding, which very plainly hinted that the right way to get a favour granted by the Governor was to go to work at it by canvassing Mrs. Hastings:

"*Fort Wm.*, 14th Nov. 1780.—Public notice is hereby given that as a Weekly Newspaper called the *Bengal Gazette* or *Calcutta General Advertiser*, printed by J. A. Hicky, has lately been found to contain several improper paragraphs tending to vilify private characters and to disturb the peace of the Settlement, it is no longer permitted to be circulated through the channel of the General Post Office."

Mr. Hicky was wroth at this measure, which caused

him a loss, he said, of four hundred rupees monthly. Nevertheless he was nothing daunted. He will let them see, he says, that he is not to be intimidated by such trifles. Writing in the first transports of his indignation his punctuation becomes involved, for he goes on—“Before he will bow cringe or fawn to any of his oppressors, was the whole sale of his paper stopped he would compose ballads, and sell them through the streets of Calcutta as Homer did.” The *Bengal Gazette* being thus in trouble, a rival was started by a Mr. Read and a Mr. Messink of the Theatre. This venture was named the *Monitorial Gazette*, but the unkindest cut of all was, that the type for its production was got by purchase from the venerable missionary Kiernander. This was too suitable an opportunity for reproof for Mr. Hicky to pass over; accordingly he appeals to the aged pastor, as “that man whose Eve of Life is fast verging to the shadow of Death. Whose silver Head bows down loaded with the Blossoms of the Grave, and whom the Sepulchre is already yawning to close upon.” He attacks him with the weapons which he thinks most appropriate to the circumstances, as directed against a clergyman, and batters him with texts of scripture, the burden of his remonstrance being, that the plant and type were sent out for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts and not to be used for taking the bread out of the mouths of a “true-born Englishman and his little family.” This rival lived but a few months. Its death was the signal for a pæan from the other side, in which more than the usual raillery and indecency did duty for triumphant humour.

As a means of keeping up an interest in his paper

and himself, the Editor startles his subscribers with this announcement one morning in April 1781 :

“Mr. Hicky thinks it a duty incumbent on him to inform his friends in particular and the public in general that an attempt was made to assassinate him last Thursday morning, between the hours of one and two o'clock, by two armed Europeans assisted by a Moorman.”

Having thus aroused curiosity, he details the circumstances in next week's number, making rather a cock-and-bull story of it, and wishing his readers to understand that he has become so pestilent to Government as a public censor, that they resorted to assassination in order to get rid of him. Then follows what he calls:—

“Reflections in consequence of the late attempt made to assassinate the printer of the Original *Bengal Gazette*.

“Mr. Hicky verily believes that fate decreed that he should come out to India to be a Scourge to Tyrannical Villains, and upstart Schemers and Embezzlers of the Company's property, Stainers of the British flag and Disgracers of the English name ; and notwithstanding the repeated attempts which have been made for his destruction, Mr. Hicky is determined to go on and persevere with redoubled confidence in his plan, unawed by the frowns of arbitrary Tyrants in Power, &c., &c.

But evil days were now close at hand :—One day in June an armed band* consisting, he avers, of “several

* Lest the reader should hastily be inclined to regard Mr. Hicky's statement on this head as altogether imaginary, we recall a few sentences from Macaulay's account of the high-handed proceedings of the Supreme Court at this time, *viz* : “No man knew what was next to be expected from this strange tribunal. It had already collected round itself an army of the worst part of the native population, informers and false witnesses, and common barrators, and above all a banditti of bailiff's followers, compared with whom the retainers of

Europeans, some sepoys, and between three or four hundred peons," came to arrest him under an order from the Chief Justice at the suit of the Governor. His gate having been battered in with a sledge hammer, he says, he sallied out on them with his arms, and, refusing to be forcibly taken away, undertook to attend the Judge in Court on being shown a legal authority for his arrest. The Court having adjourned before he got there, that same day he was lodged in jail, and the next morning before the Supreme Court "two indictments" were read out to him on the prosecution of Warren Hastings, Esq. Bail for forty thousand rupees for his appearance to each of them was demanded; he offered all that he could muster, namely, five thousand, which was refused, and he was accordingly remanded to jail to prepare his defence as best he could. This is Hicky's own account given publicly in his paper in a letter addressed by him to the Clerk of the Court, pointing out that excessive bail is unconstitutional, and involves, especially in the case of a poor man, grave injustice. The *Gazette* also draws attention to the fact that the bail demanded of Woodfall, the printer of Junius' letter to the King,

the worst English Sponginghouses in the worst times might be considered as upright and tender hearted. Many natives were seized and flung into the common gaol merely as a precaution till their cause should come to trial. Every class of the population, English and Native, with the exception of the ravenous pettifoggers who fattened on the misery and terror of an immense community, cried out loudly against this fearful oppression. But the judges were immovable. If a bailiff was resisted, they ordered the soldiers to be called out. If a servant of the Company, in conformity with the orders of the Government, withstood the miserable catch-poles who, with Impey's writs in their hands, exceeded the insolence and rapacity of gang-robbers, he was flung into prison for a contempt," &c., &c.

was not equal to Rs. 20,000. Making allowance for Hicky's bombast and possible exaggeration, still the circumstances attending on and following the arrest do certainly present an ugly look, and suggest a display of arbitrary power coupled with vindictiveness, which we fancy Francis would not have been slow to denounce if in Calcutta at the time. The whole thing lends force to the allegation that Impey was ready on occasions to put the machinery of the Supreme Court into gear, and even to strain it, when the result would gratify Hastings. The object of forcing Hicky to go to jail was no doubt to extinguish his offensive paper; but in this it failed.

Although the man who was Proprietor, Editor, and Printer was imprisoned from June, the *Bengal Gazette* still managed to struggle on till the following March, or till, as an entry in the flyleaf of the volume in the British Museum says, "the Day the Types were seized by Order." During its latter days it does not mend its manners in the least. Hicky, even when in jail, seems to be the presiding genius; the last few numbers deal copiously in personalities. Under the heads "Bon Ton Intelligence," "A Congress held at Sooksagur," "A Grand Vocal Concert and Masquerade," many officials and members of society (male and female) are derided under transparent nicknames, or under their initials or the veil of certain suggestive characters assigned to them.

The very last number contains this appeal to the public:

"A scene of continued tyranny and oppression for near two years having reduced Mr. Hicky very much in his circum-

stances, involved him more in debt and injured his business very considerably, though he is still immured in a Jail where he has been these nine long months separated from his family and friends, at the suit of Warren Hastings, Esq., and where he still expects to remain as the said W. H. has brought no less than six fresh actions against him this term.

"But Mr. Hicky has borne these afflictions as becometh a man and a Christian, and still will bear them with resignation, &c., &c., &c."

Then follows the rate at which advertisements, &c., &c., will continue to be inserted.

Before the next number could be printed, however, a most efficient and summary method was adopted for strangling the *Bengal Gazette*, and it appeared no more. The *India Gazette* reigned in its stead. This paper must have been issued for some time concurrently with the *Bengal Gazette*, as the latter once or twice notices its existence, and as, on February 16th, 1782, it had reached its sixty-sixth number. A copy of it for 1782 (except for January and half of February) is in the British Museum. Curiously enough, there is preserved amongst the Impey manuscripts in the British Museum a document which carries us one step further in Hicky's career; this is a letter written by himself in not undignified terms to Elijah Impey. It is directed from Calcutta jail and dated 17th January 1783. In it he complains of a fellow-prisoner named Lieutenant Gould for "assaulting his ears with the most gross and ungentlemanlike abuse." On reading it, it is impossible not to feel pity for his sad plight, or sympathy for a man who, whatever other qualities he may have had, manifested much of the doggedness which characterizes John Bull.

After his complaint the letter goes on thus: "I have now been confined in this jail upwards of nineteen long months, and nine long months of that time have been deprived of the means of earning one rupee for the support of my family, entirely owing to the seizure of the implements and tools of my profession; and not being able to pay the rent of a small brickhouse for my children to live in, they have been, until the Christmas holidays, immured in the jail with myself. You Sir, who have many fine children of your own (God bless them) can not be at a loss in forming an idea what the feelings of a tender father must be who daily beholds his little innocent children pining away under the contaminated air of a filthy jail, *who has the inclination but not the power to relieve them.* Yet great and afflicting as those hardships really have been and still will continue to be, I have never complained of them, nor do I complain of them now; my only motive for this short description being to prove to your Lordship that these afflictions are full sufficient for me to bear without having them wantonly aggravated by a man to whom I never gave the least offence." The poor fellow winds up by saying that he will do very well if Mr. Gould is removed. This document is thus indorsed by Impey*—"Hicky's letter, gave Mr. Church, the

* Among the Impey MSS. in this same year, there is preserved a letter from Sir Wm. Jones. It has no date, but as it was in all probability the first which he wrote in India, we copy it here:

"DEAR SIR,—I find my sea dress so unpleasant on shore that I cannot wait with patience for the equipment which the tailor promises me, and will therefore avail myself of your kind offer and request a white waistcoat, &c., &c., for to-day. If I had had clothes I would

Sheriff, an account of it, and desired him to redress any grievances he might labour under." What became of Mr. Hicky eventually we know not. As his name does not occur in that melancholy book, the Bengal Obituary, we are in hopes that he managed to return to that country of which it was his boast to say he was a free-born son.

certainly have paid my respects to you this morning and would have introduced my friend Captain Williamson, a man of solid worth and an incomparable officer.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

W. JONES."

NOTE.

The fact of a large number of unpublished letters from Warren Hastings to his wife being in existence and available to the public, was first made known to readers in India by Mr. Beveridge in 1877 in his valuable articles on Warren Hastings in the *Calcutta Review*. These letters, with a vast amount of other papers relating to Hastings which have yet to be explored and utilized by the historian, were acquired by purchase by the British Museum only in 1872. It is with the letters only that we are at present concerned; these are considered so worthy of special care that they are not shown to the applicant for them in the large general reading-room, but in a smaller one in connection with that containing selected manuscripts.

They are bound in a thin quarto volume, and an attempt has been made to arrange them in chronological order, which has not been very successful, owing to many of the earlier letters being dated with the day of the week only.

In the extracts which we give from them we have endeavoured to rectify this defect.

The letters may be divided into three series: the first comprises those in original written from Calcutta in 1780, and are endorsed "Letters from my excellent Husband when I was at Hugly and Chinsurur" (*sic*); during this absence of Mrs. Hastings the duel with Francis occurred. The next are not in original, but are thus endorsed in very faint ink—"This paper contains a faithful copy of the letters conveyed in quills to Mrs. Hastings while Mr. H. was at Chunar: the originals are in Mrs. Hastings's possession together with the quills in which they are enveloped." The third series relate to Mrs. Hastings's voyage to England, and his own doings afterwards until he prepared to follow her. Almost all of the latter are of extraordinary length, and one of them especially, that from Lucknow, is full of interesting official details and reflections on the principles which he says always guided his public acts; it would well repay the study of any biographer in the future who may undertake the life of Warren Hastings, a subject which has not yet been done justice to.

In the excerpts that follow we have, as a general rule, given the shorter notes of the first series in full, from the rest we have only attempted to extract such portions as may have a local interest and significance for us, and which may tend to elucidate personal character and feeling, and help to afford a nearer view of the inner life of one who belongs to history.

It may be useful to explain how these letters in all probability got separated from those, not superior in interest, which were long ago printed and published. We may learn this from what Mr Gleig says in his preface to the memoirs of the life of Hastings. Warren Hastings died in 1818: soon after that the whole of the family papers were put into the hands of Mr. Southey, with the proposal that he should become the biographer of the late Governor-General of Bengal. Having kept the papers a good while, Mr. Southey returned them with the avowal that he could not undertake so complicated a task. After a long interval a similar proposal was made to Mr. Impey, and to him the papers were sent; he kept them and labored at them for six years, but when he died not a word of the memoir had been written; and again the voluminous and deterrent documents found their way back to Daylesford, where they lay in absolute confusion until 1835, when Mr. Gleig got them and was occupied with them for six years. With all these moves and changes it would be strange if some of the family papers did not get lost or separated: that the biographer felt this may be seen from this passage in his introduction—"The letters entrusted to me are not always consecutive, and it has unfortunately happened that precisely at points where most of all it was essential that I should find materials for my biography in the handwriting of the subject of it, such materials are wanting."

Accordingly, in the letters from Hastings to his wife which Gleig gives as being "full of interest," there are many allusions which are scarcely intelligible from want of letters that must have preceded them, and whose absence must have greatly perplexed the biographer. Thus in the long letter from Benares written on his return from Lucknow and given in Gleig (24th September 1784) Hastings enumerates for his wife the letters he had already sent her since they parted and those that he means to send her still; yet only one of the former is in Gleig, the three others being now in the British Museum, and of the seven which Hastings wrote in accordance with his expressed intention of reporting further progress, four only are in Gleig,

the three others that fit in being in the Museum collection. Another instance of the unsatisfactory incompleteness which Gleig's work almost of necessity labored under may be touched on here. In two of the letters given in the memoirs, expressions occur the import of which can only be guessed at by the reader, but which the letters that have recently come to light fully explain as being referable to, what may be alluded to as, a domestic incident in the life of Warren Hastings. There were no children born to Mrs. Hastings's second marriage, but she left India with hope of offspring; and much of her husband's anxiety about her voyage, and his eagerness to hear from her, proceeded from this cause. His letters, after the receipt of hers from St. Helena, are much taken up with this topic. We have not thought it fair to extract for publication more on this point than was necessary to convey the fact, in explanation of the writer's elation, hopes and fears, acting up in this respect, we hope, to the spirit of his own feelings when he says, "I must not expose to writing the fond secrets of my breast which should be sacredly reserved for you alone."

Macaulay, who contributed his essay on Warren Hastings as a review of the memoirs by Gleig, did not, it may be presumed, see any of Hastings's private letters save those given there; he thus alludes to them—"We may remark that the letters of Hastings to his wife are exceedingly characteristic. They are tender and full of indications of esteem and confidence; but at the same time a little more ceremonious than is usual in so intimate a relation." . . . "He seems to have loved her with that love which is peculiar to men of strong minds—to men whose affection is not easily won or widely diffused."

EXTRACTS FROM SOME
Letters of Warren Hastings to his Wife.
(Hitherto unpublished.)

Opposite Nia Sorai, 11 o'clock.

MY BELOVED MARIAN,

I have found out a work for the employment of my thoughts without detaching them from my Marian. I am not used to write to Queens, and never feel my own defects so much as when I presume to express the sentiments and language of one so much superior in the native excellency of both as my Queen is. Something too will be wanting in the formalities of address. The first I submit to your correction, and for the last you will consult Mr. McPherson. When you have brought it to its proper form, write it at your leisure and send it under a good package to me that it may go by the *Lively*. I have just thought that if I should not have time to get your cover embroidered, it may as well be done by Major Scott before he presents it. But I believe I can contrive it. We are stopped here by the wind, the tide, and winding of the river. I am affraid (*sic*) you have made but little way, as the wind is still in an opposite direction to your course; and it is but little comfort to me that you move but slowly from

me. Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Motté. May every blessing attend you, my dearest Marian.

My heart is very heavy, no wonder. The bearer may bring a line from you ; only let it say *I am well*, if you are well.

Yours ever, ever,

W. H.

Monday evening.

I intend to make a second trial of the *Manego* (*sic*) for the cure of my joints, which continue shamefully stiff and cramped.

I find that Naylor's distemper is that for which Japan rice is a specific. I shall be obliged to you, therefore, if you will either send me a little, or tell me where I can get it. I have seen nobody and heard nothing. But I have a letter from Madras, which mentions the arrival of the Company's Ships *York*, *London*, *Portland*, and *Bridgwater*. The only news of consequence is, that it is determined that I am to remain as long as I chose, but with the same associate. My compliments to Mrs. Ross and Bibby Motté.

(In due sequence, the three letters referring to the duel, given elsewhere, would come in here.)

Calcutta, 19th August, Saturday evening.

MY DEAR MARIAN,

I have nothing new to write to you but what you will find in the enclosed letter. I now wish your return. Indeed I have all along wished it, though

for reasons which I have mentioned and for others which I have not, I opposed my own inclinations. Sir John Day is arrived. I desire you to make my compliment to Mr. Ross, and express to him my concern to hear that he is ill. Adieu my beloved. I now grow impatient to see you.

Your most affectionate,

W. H.

P.S.—Gull is come. I have quartered him with your Taylors (*sic*).

Wednesday evening.

(He complains of having been out of spirits and health, but tells her he is now better.)

“My sickness is no more than a cold, but it is teasing, and is much to me who am not accustomed to severe complaints and hate to have any. Yours alone, my Marian, are too much for me to bear.

“Scott certainly goes and with special dispatches from me, which will oblige me to make the most of my time to prepare them. For this purpose I think of locking myself up for two or three days next week at Allipoor.”

Calcutta, Thursday evening.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,

I wrote an answer to your letter this morning and said in it too rashly that I would make you another visit on Saturday; but waiting to answer Mr. Motté's I have had time to recollect that I cannot go. I have, therefore, destroyed my letter. I have no boat; I hate to borrow. I have a thousand things to do and

I am sadly out of spirits, having been all day tormented with a headache. I am glad that you resolve to accept no more invitations. Mrs. Ross is too good not to approve your reasons, and if you visit nobody, nobody will be displeased . . . I will bespeak your two coffees.

Thursday night.

MY MARIAN,

You are really angry, almost cross, but I forgive you because you give me news of the amendment of your health, too good to allow me to be angry too, and because I am too much pleased with the thoughts of seeing you to-morrow to allow me to be angry with any one.

(Here come in directions for posting horses, &c.)

"My plan is this: I go from Council into my chariot at two. I shall be at Barinagur before three. There my pinnace waits for me. Sir John accompanies me. What time I shall reach the carriage I cannot tell; perhaps at six, perhaps at twelve. But be it at what hour it will I must go on, and I beg of you to contrive that I may not disturb the family when I enter Mr. Motté's house. How that is to be managed God and you best know. I am sure I shall break your rest more by not coming at all than by coming late." My Marian, I saw an alligator yesterday with a mouth as large as a budgerow and was told that it was of a sort which is very common, but this not so large. I shall never consent to your going again to Beercool. Adieu my beloved; a sound and sweet sleep be your portion for this night. I will be your nurse to-morrow night.

W. H.

Calcutta, Friday night.

MY DEAREST MARIAN,

I have received your angry letter, but thank you for it notwithstanding; a pity indeed! I wrote to you last night, and I sent away your Beauty to you this morning. Poor fellow! it will be a kindness to him as well as to yourself, and to me too, if you will be content to walk him till you are both a little stronger. To-morrow I will send you your gun. I am just returned from a visit to Mrs. Scott. Scott is arrived also, and your daughter, a beautiful child. Mr. Irwin breakfasted with me, and appeared in such spirits that I ventured to make enquiry about his wife, which I told him was on your account, and I believe you will rejoice to hear that she has been three days visibly mending, and, by his account, out of danger. I have migrated to my own house; but the Lyon roars so noisily, that, suspecting that he might disturb my rest, I am returned to our bed for the night. *Noisily* is not the proper term. The sound is like the scraping of fifty great kettles. I am well. As I am persuaded that your health depends on yourself, I do beseech you to be well too. Adieu.

Yours ever,

W. H.

Calcutta, 17th December, Sunday.

MY MARIAN,

I have received your second letter. Have you had mine? I now send you the gun which I promised. I think you will be pleased with it, because it

is fine. As to its intrinsic qualities I know nothing of them. If you use it, let me beg of you to let somebody charge it who understands it, and *not to go into the sun*. I repeat these as my earnest requests.

. I saw Mr. Wheler and Miss D. married* last night. How it agreed with them I know not, but it has given me a cold and sore-throat. God bless you. Would it not be kind, civil at least, if you were to write a short letter to her, expressing your satisfaction, &c., and regret that you were not present? I did this for you, and she said it was a pity.

I have sent you the first volume of Colman's Terence, and recommend it to you for an equally entertaining and improving study.

Will you give me as much of your white fur as will decorate a dressed suit for New Year's Day, and will you tell me where I shall get it? I desire you to acquaint Mrs. Motté that I intend to make a figure—and no inconsiderable one—in the waistcoat which she did me the honor to give me.

Calcutta, 22nd December, Friday evening,

MY BELOVED MARIAN,

I never received a letter that gave me so much pleasure. I have not a word to say in answer but that I am happy, even in the expectation of seeing you in four days hence, and that if you disappoint me, I will not add the consequence.

* Mr. Wheler, the Senior Member of Council, married, as his second wife, a Miss Durnford, whom he left a widow in October 1784.

I ought to bid you stay till after the first of January ; but if I do, I will be shot. I have something to write, but I have forgot it. Adieu my beloved. Compliments to Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Sand, Mrs. Samson, and dear Mrs. Motté. How I envy her. Adieu.

Yours ever ever, more than can be written,

W. H.

P.S.—Tell when you set off, and perhaps I may meet you if I have a chance of it.

Saturday evening.

I rode this morning to Gheretty, where I arrived a little after eight; and am just returned. Lady Coote made many enquiries after you, and said she hoped you would stop at Gheretty. The morning was pleasant, and though I rode near two miles beyond Pulta, and accomplished the journey in two hours, I walked as many at Gheretty and felt no more fatigue than if it had been bed and airing. Are not you glad of this ?

There are a few more letters in this series, but they are chiefly taken up with the expressions of his longing to see her, and are written in a caressing, not to say uxorious strain. They are full of little trifling: in a postscript to one of them he says, "I have written much nonsense, but it shall go to puzzle you. I believe people are most apt to be foolish when they are pleased."

From the next series of letters (from Chunar), which are only copies, no extracts have been made; they are chiefly

about the campaign then going on (1781), and give an account of certain actions, &c. Mrs. Hastings seems to have been staying during some of the time at Bhaugulpore with Sir Elijah and Lady Impey; towards her they are as endearing as ever. A passage in one of them has been quoted in the article in the *Calcutta Review* before alluded to—"Oh that I could see my sweet Marian for one hour!" The ending of the last of them is, "Adieu my beloved, my most amiable, my best Marian."

Mrs. Hastings sailed for England in the *Atlas*. Macaulay tells how famous was the magnificence with which the Governor-General had the State cabin of the *Indiaman* fitted up for her. He also arranged that her friend, Mrs. Motté, should travel with her. Among the passengers were a Captain Power, Mr. Cleveland, and Mr. Phipps; a Mr. Doveton seems to have been deputed to attend the *Atlas* to the Sandheads with the view of bringing back news of her so far. It seems highly probable also that Phipps was despatched as a fellow-voyager with a similar object as far as St. Helena, *i.e.*, to bring back to the anxious husband personal tidings of Mrs. Hastings, for in one of the letters given by Gleig, dated Benares, 1st October 1784, Hastings says to her, "Last night, about nine o'clock, Major Sands brought me the news of Phipps's arrival at Calcutta, and may God bless them both for it." . . . "Captain Phipps writes that he had your orders to deliver your packet to me with his own hand, and he is coming with it. I have written to accelerate his coming by relays of bearers from two or three stages beyond Patna."

Culpee, Sunday evening, 11th January 1784.

MY BELOVED WIFE,

I trust to the chance of Mrs. Sands reaching the Cape before you leave it for the safe delivery of this letter; but I have little to write, and scarce a motive for writing, but to gratify my own feelings. I left you yesterday morning. I followed your ship with my eyes till I could no longer see it, and I passed a most wretched day with a heart swol'n with affliction, and a head raging with pain. I have been three tides making this place, where I met my budgerow, and in it a severe renewal of my sorrow. The instant sight of the cabbⁱⁿ (*sic*), every object in it, and beyond it brought my dear Marian to my imagination, with the deadly reflexion that she was then more than 200 miles removed from me, and still receding to a distance which seems, in my estimation, infinite and irretrievable.* In the heavy interval which I have passed, I have had but too much leisure to contemplate the wretchedness of my situation and to regret (forgive me my dearest Marian, I cannot help it) that I ever consented to your leaving me. It appears to me like a precipitate act of the grossest folly; for what have I to look forward to but an age of separation, and if ever we are to meet again, to carry home to you a burthen of infirmities, and a mind soured perhaps with long, long and unabated vexation. Nor is it for myself alone I feel, though I have been possibly more occupied than I ought to have been by the contemplation and sensation of my own

* This passage has already appeared as a quotation in one of Mr. Beveridge's articles.

suffering. Yours have been, and I am sure are at this time greater than my own, and I fear for their effects on your health. I shall dread the sight of Mr. Doveton. Yet oh God of heaven! grant me good tidings by him. Indeed, my Marian, I think that we have ill-judged. The reflexion has often for an instant occurred to me that we were wrong, but I constantly repressed it. I urged everything that could fix the resolution beyond the power of recall, and felt a conscious pride in the sacrifice I was preparing to make. It is now past.

I said that I should trust to the chance of Mrs. Sands delivering this letter to you at the Cape. She is now in the Danish ship, once the *Fortitude*, lying at this place, and expects to leave the river on Thursday next; possibly she may be later. I will send another letter to her from town. I shall sail again with this night's tide, and if I find myself within reach of Calcutta in the next, I intend to finish my voyage to-morrow in the *feelchehra*. Possibly my apprehensions may be less gloomy when I have quitted this weary scene; but of one thing I am certain that no time, nor habits, will remove the pressure of your image from my heart nor from my spirits, nor would I remove it if I could, though it prove a perpetual torment to me. Yesterday as I lay upon my bed, and but half asleep, I felt a sensation like the fingers of your hand gently moving over my face and neck, and could have sworn that I heard your voice. O that I could be sure of such an illusion as often as I lay down! And the reality seems to me an illusion. Yesterday morning I held in my arms all that my heart holds dear, and

now she is separated from me as if she had no longer existence. O my Marian! I am wretched; and I shall make you so when you read this. Yet I know not why, I must let it go; nor can I add anything to alleviate which I have written; but that I love you more by far than life, for I would not live but in the hope of being once more united to you. O God grant it! and grant my deserving my blessed Marian fortitude to bear what I myself bear so ill, conduct her in health and safety to the termination of her voyage, and once more restore her to me with everything that can render our meeting completely happy. Amen, amen, amen.

Yours ever, ever affectionate,

W. HASTINGS.

(The next is written from Calcutta on the day after he reached it (12th January). In it occur these passages.)

“I am not yet reconciled to our separation, and it seems to me the greatest of all follies that I should have taken so much trouble to make myself miserable and you unhappy, who were the object of it. I can now conceive many expedients by which the purpose of your voyage might have been as effectually answered and what may you not have suffered even in your health from this. But I will complain no more. Since my return I have had so much employment for my mind that it has been much relieved: yet the instant that I am left to myself, and my ivory cot affords me no comfort, all my distresses rush back upon my thoughts and present everything in the most gloomy prospect. . .

I talk to you, but I receive no answer; nor can you hear me till I shall have forgotten what I have written. I miss the sweet music of your voice which none but myself have ever heard, and the looks of heaven which I am sure have never been cast but on me alone. I strive by the violence of imagination to see and hear you; but I cannot yet effect it. Yet you are not a moment from my remembrance, nor would I for the world that you should lose your place there, though you are a torment to me. I do not expect Doveton back these ten days, and with what terror shall I meet him, yet how impatiently do I wait to see him; may he bring me good tidings of you, and I will be comforted for all the past. From the state in which he leaves you I shall form my judgment and with confidence of the remainder of your voyage. Remainder, good God; what a length is yet to come and how much more before I can begin mine, that is, to convey me to you! But enough, enough.

(The next announces the arrival of Mr. Doveton on the night of the 14th, who tells him that the next news will be by the return of the Pilot "in sixteen or seventeen days.")

" I have begun to set my house in order, and intend to give everything to the principal charge of Francis.* I have ordered an advertisement to be made for the sale of Allipoor and Rishera, and shall clear myself as speedily as I can of other incumbrances. I shall go to Allipoor to-morrow (Friday) and pass the remainder of the week there, because it will be agreeable to Lady

* Dr. Francis, his own medical attendant.

D'Oyly. : When she leaves me, I believe I shall quit it for ever.

"I am in hourly expectation of the determination of the Board on a point of very great consequence to my credit in the close of my public service. I have made an offer of going to Lucknow for the purpose of making an arrangement of our concerns in that Government, the state of which you knew when you were with me. If I go I shall have a world of difficulties to encounter and hazard to my reputation, but I know that if anything can relieve the affairs of that country, my presence will (I can say this to you, and you will not think it presumption); possibly I may close this by telling you that I do not go at all. I have done all that I could to gain this point, but shall be glad in my heart if I am defeated in it; for I wish it only on public grounds, every consideration of private interest strongly opposing it. I daily expect letters overland written after the receipt of mine by the *Surprise* packet in which I declared my resolution of resigning my office, and desired that my successor might be nominated: what may be the event of this declaration I cannot foresee; but whatever it be, my resolution is fixed and unalterable, and it will be so concluded when it is known that you are gone before me.

"I have fulfilled every obligation which I owed to the service, and done almost more than any other man, against such inducements as I have had to restrain me, would have done. But, my Marian, do not entertain hopes of improvement in our fortune. If your love for me is, as I am sure it is, superior to every other wish, you must be content to receive your husband again without

other expectations—poor in cash, but rich in credit (at least he hopes so), and in affection unexampled. He is infinitely more concerned about his constitution than his wealth, trusting to the justice of his country for at least a competency, and to the good sense of his Marian for a sufficiency in whatever they may have for a subsistence.

“Since I wrote the preceding part of this letter, I have seen Mr. Wheler; he has promised his assent to my proposed visit to Lucknow, having declared the same in terms in a written minute to the Board, so that I have considered it as done past recall. Scott will have the copies of what has passed in Council upon the occasion if you wish to see them. There is nothing in them, but their conclusion, in which you can be interested.”

[26th January 1784. Is endorsed—“Received 29th July.”]

(Speaks of his intended journey to Lucknow; by boat to Patna and to the banks of the Soan, and thence (by land) and with a military escort.)

“I am not greatly afraid of what my friends in the Council may do in my absence, because I think they have not the courage to recall or thwart me and render themselves answerable for the consequence. . . .

“I have advertised the sale of all my houses and grounds: Allipoor in three lots, the old house, the new house, and the paddock. I have parted with all my mares except four, which have colts, and shall make other retrenchments in my expenses. . . . But be it (his health) good or bad, I will live to see you in

England, and no consideration that the kings or Parliaments of the earth can offer me shall prevail upon me to exceed the time which I have allotted to the period of service; and how, my Marian, will you receive a healthless and pennyless husband? Will your heart reproach him with precipitancy and improvidence, or will it lay both to the account of an affection which could disregard wealth and every blessing upon earth if they could only be obtained by a separation from the object of it? I have already yielded too much, too much to the opinions of others in consenting to, aye and in urging your departure, too much to the public, which will not thank me, nor know the value of the sacrifice in remaining without you. . . .

"I am ever, my dearest and most beloved of all women, your most faithful and most affectionate husband,

WARREN HASTINGS."

31st January; closed 6th February.

(Acknowledges a letter from her by the Pilot; dwells on his sorrow at her loss and his regrets that he did not try some less radical expedient for the benefit of her health. He bemoans the death of Cleveland,* and the other afflictions which the voyage must have brought to her.)

* Augustus Cleveland, Collector and Judge of Bhaugulpore; he died on board the *Atlas*, on 12th of January 1784, aged 29. His remains preserved in spirit were brought back to Calcutta in the Pilot sloop which attended the *Atlas*, and were interred on 30th January in South Park Street Cemetery, where his tomb may still be seen; the slab of white marble on its front bears a long inscription, now becoming scarcely legible, enumerating his valuable services and his personal qualities.

"And what were my reflexions while I passed from the ship to my pinnace. My imagination presented you before me as I held you in my arms but a few moments past gazing with fondness and with despair on all the wealth that my soul ever sought to amass. I still felt your sweet lips and the warm pressure of your last embrace, and my heart told me that I had lost you for ever. I taxed myself with indifference to your happiness and my own, and was stupified with astonishment at the labor which I had with so persevering an industry taken to destroy both. I had bestowed a large portion of my time on the means of arranging it. I had used contrivances to overcome some difficulties which oppose it, and I had parted with a large portion of my fortune to accomplish it; and having conducted you to the borders of the ocean and seen you irrevocably departed, I was returning with the contemplation of the complete success which had attended so many exertions and with a heart full of execration which had no object but myself for having made them.

"I return to my dear Marian, and shall borrow many an abrupt and solitary interval to indulge myself in this semblance of conversation with her; but how faint the resemblance. I experience indeed a momentary illusion, but it instantly disappears and shows me through the void all the delights of that entertainment whose image I seek and which my fancy cannot recover, the beloved face, the animated and varied expression of features, the look of benevolence unspeakable, the sweet music of her tongue, and a thousand imperceptible graces that embellished her words and gave them the power of impression exceeding the strongest effects

of the understanding. Your letter presents none of these attractions, yet it contains your words and conveys your thoughts, and I had rather brood over the melancholy passions excited by it than be a sharer in the most pleasing entertainments that nature or art could afford me.

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"I have left Allipoor for ever" (but subsequently he seems to have returned to it as it was only 'bought in'). "I have sold Rishera for double the sum that was paid for it.

"I go (to Oude) on a bold adventure, from a divided and hostile council to a scene of difficulties unsurmountable, but by very powerful exertions, to a country wasted by famine and threatened with an invading enemy; to a Government loosened by a twelve months' distraction, its wealth exhausted, and its revenue dissipated. I go without a fixed idea of the instruments which I am to employ or the materials on which I am to act; with great expectation entertained by others but very moderate of my own, and my superiors at home laboring to thwart, and if they can, determined to remove me, and all this as well known to the Indian world as to our own. Add to all the foregoing a mind unequal to its former strength and a constitution very much impaired. Yet I go with confidence, and should go with a cheerful heart, but for a strange sensation of removing still further from my Marian, though it is the time, not distance of place, that I ought to measure,

"Mr. Wheler said that he would agree to it whenever the Nabob's invitation arrived, and Mr. Stables in his

coarse manner objected, because he said he doubted whether the Governor could be lawfully absent, and he expected me to be shortly dismissed from my office. These were not his words, but the sense was implied in them. New arrangements were shortly expected, he said, from England, and let them come, most joyfully should I receive and submit to them. . . .

"Thomson* tells me that you carried with you copies of Munny Begum's letter and of mine to the Court of Directors written in her behalf, and Davy says you have the letters from the king and his minister with your titles; I therefore do not send them.

"Tiretta's lottery drawn and the prize has fallen to himself. In the enumeration of articles of news I must not forget to inform you, my good Marian, that the Church scheme which you had so much at heart goes on most prosperously, and I expect the foundation to be laid in less than two months. The body will be a square of 70 feet, and will be decorated with a handsome steeple.†

"My heart is filled with sentiments and emotions which I cannot write, but nothing new which you may not infer from those of your own. I never cease to think of you and with a tenderness which no words can describe. I too severely feel that you form a part of my existence. I remember when the cares and fatigues of the day made no impression on my spirits, because I

* The Company's Advocate who succeeded Mr. Laurence.

† The church alluded to here is the present St. John's, the first stone of which was laid on 6th April 1784: it was modelled after the Church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, in London, built by Wren. Lieut. Agg, of the Engineers, superintended its structure.

looked to the comforts which were to follow the close of them and which never failed to efface them. Do you, my sweet Marian, recollect with what pleasure I always returned to you after a morning of fatigue—how peevishly I have sometimes resented your absence if you disappointed me of your company at dinner—how often during the course of it I have quitted my company to enjoy a momentary interval of your delightful conversation. And can I now lose you for eighteen long months without impatience, without anguish? Indeed I cruelly feel it. I miss you in every instant and incident of my life, and everything seems to wear a dead stillness around me; I come home as to a solitude; I see a crowd in my house and at my table, but not the look of welcome which used to make my home a delight to me; no Marian to infuse into my heart the fulness of content, and make me pleased with everybody and with everything about me. Even in my dreams I have lost you. This is not all, but I must not expose to writing the fond secrets of my breast which should be most sacredly reserved for you alone. I am unhappy, and shall be so, nor do I wish to be otherwise till I am again in possession of you.

“It was this day resolved in Council, unanimously and heartily, to erect a monument to the memory of Mr. Cleveland at Bhaugulpoor.”*

* Bishop Heber says in his Journal (1824):—“Mr. Cleveland's monument is in the form of a Hindoo Mut, in a pretty situation on a green hill, and the natives still meet once a year in considerable numbers and have a handsome pooja in honor of his memory.” He also gives a translation of the inscription on it.

7th February.

The *Neptune*, which will carry this with public despatches to Bussora, will wait there for a returning packet and possibly for the reply to this. . . . Write only by land conveyances, none by sea will reach me.* I am fixed in my resolution to follow you by the end of December. Endorsed—"Received on the evening of my arrival in London, which was the 28th July."

(The next, written "off Nya Serai," says, that he left for Lucknow on the evening of the 17th February. Dr. Balfour went with him; Dr. Francis did not.)

Nuddea, 23rd February.

I have found out a method to see and converse with you whenever I sleep; and I have had your company every night for these four nights past, but you do not always wear the looks of kindness which I am sure you always will wear if ever again I see you in substance.

* In those days, when England might have been at war any moment with a maritime power, nearly all important letters were sent in duplicate, one copy by long sea, another by the route indicated here. Hastings's letters, except the portions relating to very private matters, were copied by native clerks. How long it took for the news of the outbreak of the European war to reach India may be seen from this passage in Justice Hyde's journal.—"We knew *via* Suez, on 6th July 1778, that war had been declared between England and France at London on 18th March and in Paris on 30th March. On July 10th the Company's forces took possession of Chandernagore."

24th February.

Describes the progress of his journey :

"While I was preparing to land I received a parcel of letters which I took with me into my palankeen, and the first subject of amusement which they presented to me was a private letter from Mr. Wheler and Stables communicating the enclosed intelligence. This was a fine encouragement on the commencement of my journey to prosecute it to the length of 800 miles. It occupied my thoughts during the greatest part of the night, but (thank God) without spoiling my appetite for breakfast.

"On a full examination of it I do believe it to be a forgery, and if it is one, it was aimed at my present commission, though I know not how such a design could have originated, as this certainly did, at Madras. It is not possible for the Parliament to have passed such unpopular and important Acts so early as September, for they were not in effect assembled. Neither is it possible for the news of it to have passed from England to Bombay making a zigzag to St. Helena in three months and-a-half, as impossible is it that they should have got it at Tranquebar from Bombay in twenty-two days. Besides, what budget have I given to Major Scott, I believe it to have been fabricated in the shop of Ld. M——y.*

"I should give one-half of my life for the certainty of beginning the other half with you to-morrow. But I would not wish for the immediate possession even of such a blessing, at the purchase of such a mortification as to be thrust out of

* Lord Macartney, Governor of Madras.

my seat by such fellows as *Ld. M——y*, Mr. Francis, and General Richard Smith,

“Your God-daughter is a very fine laughing girl.”

(In the next he sends her apparently a copy of some poetry inspired by his passion for her, composed in great part between Calcutta and Bhaugulpore; he asks her to keep and copy it.)

“And if it should prove the last of your volume, it will complete an assemblage of which there are few examples of so many poetical attempts, God knows whether good or bad, produced from the strength of a mind heated by love alone, without the least inspiration of natural genius, and without a sentiment in the whole collection that exceeded the truth, and few that equalled the feelings that gave birth to them.

“Find out means to let me know that you have received this, for I would not have it fall into other hands for the world, and should be grieved that you missed it.”

(The next in this series is dated from Buxar, 8th March 1784; the one following it is from Lucknow; it is very long, consisting of six sheets of gilt edged quarto paper, each written on the four sides, dated 13th August 1784; received by Mrs. H., April 18th, 1785.)

“I am not pleased with Scott's going into Parliament, and less with his annexing to it the plan of securing his seat for myself. I reserve to myself the privilege of chusing my own mode of life, and shall certainly not prefer one which shall exact from me the sacrifice of my ease and health and at the same time place me in a

condition unsuited to my talents. Another year in India will disqualify me to leave it, by the want of means to pay my passage.

"I have resolved to carry Sands home with me, and David Anderson, whom I prevented from returning to England at the time that I undertook my present commission (*i.e.*, the visit to Oudh).

"These are my two great agents. Sands manages all my expenses, and with such care and economy that I shall be a gainer, instead of losing, as I did by my last expedition, above a lac and-a-half of rupees.

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"I have been privately told that the friends of Richard Johnson are among my worst enemies in England. He is a sad fellow, if this is true. Be on your guard both with him and Middleton.

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"How often have you heard me declare in the most resolute terms that I never would be seen by you under the disgusting circumstances of a state of sickness; yet the last sixteen months that we passed together were a period of continued illness or of a habit laboring under the effects of illness. In all that long interval you were never from me, and where was my resolution?

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"Major Toone has often told me how much he was shocked at my appearance when he first saw me after his return to Bengal, and yet I was then thought, and thought myself, to be well recovered.

"You had been the close and hourly spectator of all the changes which I had passed through, my bosom associate

at a time in which you ought to have been removed to a distance from me, and what was worse, in daily consultation with my physicians.

"It is true that I am indebted to my first illness for such a proof of your affection as is almost without example, nor in the whole course, or during the consequences of it, have I ever perceived any alteration in that tenderness which I before experienced and which constituted the great and only blessing of my life. Yet I almost regret that you did not leave me earlier, and in the many solitary moments in which my thoughts dwell on the remembrance of those which I have passed with you without the mixture of other subjects (for you are never absent from my recollection). I cannot conquer the apprehension that having seen me so long under circumstances so unfavorable, and these too the last and of course such as must ever accompany your remembrance of me, the delicacy of your affection may suffer, if it have not already suffered, some diminution. Were I present with you, my constant attentions and the evidences which my love would produce every hour and every instant of its reality, would prevent that effect on a heart so generous as yours. But what have I now to support my interests in it during so long a separation. You will remember many instances of unguarded levity, petulency, and that kind of indolence which wears the appearance of indifference: and I much fear that there will be more ready to obtrude themselves on your recollections than those instances of my behaviour which might excite your kinder remembrance of me. I could run over a long catalogue of offences with which my conscience has often reproached me, and every trivial

incident which could bear that construction, and which escaped my notice at the time in which it happened, now appears with a black dye before me. It is not so in my remembrance of your behaviour which I look back upon with love, respect, and admiration, and wonder how I could suffer whole hours (but never days, there I must do myself justice) to pass without seeing you when you were but a few steps removed from me. Yet my sweet Marian, remember with what delight you have known me frequently quit the scene of business and run up to your apartment for the sake of deriving a few moments of relief from the looks, the smiles, and the sweet voice of my beloved.

“Among the many causes of uneasiness which I suffer in my present situation, there are two which I can only mention to you, because to others I might expose myself to the ridicule of giving myself too much consequence.

“It is possible that the mistaken zeal of my friends may prompt them to solicit for me the grant of honors or a pension which I may be compelled to reject. You are already pretty well acquainted with my sentiments upon both these points. I should be sorry to be reduced to the necessity of doing what may be deemed by others presumption; but as I am content to remain in the humble sphere in which I was born, I have a right to refuse whatever shall place me in an improper comparison with others, to whom I do not allow an equality with me. These reflexions have been thus renewed by an extract sent me, I forget by whom, of a newspaper paragraph which I will enclose in this.

“My friends may proclaim my moderation, lest they

mistake in asserting that I shall think my *services rewarded by the settlement of a fifth or a sixth part of the sum of Lord Clive's jagheer for life, or by any settlement that shall terminate with my life.* If any such provision shall be made for me, or any title given me that shall place me on a level with his Lordship of Madras, even your influence, my Marian, shall not prevail upon me to accept of either."

N.B.—In the letter the newspaper 'cutting is enclosed—"This jagheer," it says, "is £30,000 a year—a sum so enormous that it never did or could enter into the head of any friend of Mr. Hastings to bring forward so extravagant or so barefaced a proposition to the consideration of a general court; but the fact is, that, in conversations, and conversations only, some very respectable and independent proprietors have observed that the falling in of (the late) Lord Clive's jagheer this year might give the East India Company a favorable opportunity of rewarding the services of Mr. Hastings by settling upon him, when he quits India, a fifth or a sixth part of the amount of it annually for his life, supposing it should appear, as it is generally understood, that his fortune is very inadequate to his station."

The next is written from Alipore, Calcutta, 20th November 1784.

It is followed by one dated "Alipore, Sunday, 5th December 1784, closed the 8th at night." It is in answer to Marian's letter from St. Helena,* and dwells mainly on his delight on learning from it, that when she left there on the 15th of May, it was "in perfect health and in the full assurance of being in

* He had previously answered the St. Helena letter in a jubilant tone from Benares in the postscript of his October letter thence, and also in a November letter from Calcutta (see Gleig), but in the latter he is quite silent about domestic matters, as though he expected that a letter sent by a subsequent opportunity would in all probability reach England first.

a state which might in its event make me most truly the happiest of all mankind."

"I too, my Marian, have often reproached myself, and sometimes ungenerously murmured at you, for our separation. It was, I own, *my* act. But do not give me credit for it, I was provoked and intimidated to it. I was told by everyone that it was absolutely necessary; somebody, I forget who, I believe it was Sir Elijah, put the dreadful case to me that should you stay and fall a sacrifice to my weakness, how would I reproach myself as the cause of your death. You too once said, feelingly, speaking of some lady, who died, 'Ah! she staid a year too long.' These reflexions stung me and fastened on my resolution. Yet am I now glad that it was so. [I now persuade myself that it has been the cause of saving your life Perhaps, too, it has been the preservation of my own, for I am not sure that I should have left Calcutta had you staid in it.] The words thus [] marked were written by impulse and without reflecting that the event to which it relates is now past the course of fate. It has happened or is impossible. But I will let the words stand for a happy omen. Am I not superstitious?"

He alludes to his having been ill and to her nursing him on a former occasion, and adds (referring to an illness he had after Marian's departure)—

"I knew that if it were possible for me to be blessed with your presence, I should find you as anxiously watchful for my safety, and feel the same effect of your kindness that I had done. I regretted the want of it, and

at the same time blamed the indiscretion that had ever allowed you in breach of my resolution and established maxim of years to approach me in the hour of sickness. For this I a thousand times reproach myself, and think I know how to prevent the like weakness hereafter. Yet would I give the world to attend you, had you the same occasion, for even sickness has not the power of making you unlovely, and I am sure it has ever heightened my love with the sight of your suffering, and the dread of worse.

"I am vexed that nobody will talk of you to me. It was the case even when you were with me. No one ever mentioned your name to me, except in the common form of civility. I must except Mrs. Samson; she would praise you to me for an hour together, and had she been fond of talking, it was the sure way to engross all the conversation to herself, for I never interrupted her but to encourage her to lengthen the subject.

"My mind is naturally gloomy and yours sprightliness itself, which has some time changed the quality of mine." As an ancient poet, speaking of his Marian, says

'And sprightliness whose influence none can feel,
But catch the infection, and enliven'd grow.'

(After alluding to the storms, &c., which she tells him of in her St. Helena letter, he adds—

"What might not have been the consequence of so many complicated assaults on my poor Marian's tender frame, especially the last; how fatal to our hopes, and even to our existence, for I am convinced that mine is bound to yours, and I hope it is. But I ought not to complain,

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since it has proved the strength of your constitution in that particular about which I am now most anxious.

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“But the event is past conjecture, hopes, and wishes. I will arm myself for the worst, I will let the best operate as it may, that I shall be most unphilosophically elated with it.

“You conjure me not to set my heart on it. Indeed but I do, and so peremptorily, that it will be almost broken if I am disappointed; but I ought not to say so, considering what may have happened when you are reading this.*

“Oh my Marian! what a surprise of pleasure is it to me to read my own maxim in the following quotation of one of yours—‘Besides’ (I must quote the whole because I am proud of it), ‘besides you have that self-satisfaction, and it has always been your characteristic that you on all occasions have acted as a man of virtue and honor ought to do, whatever consequences may ensue. Surely that is a bliss, &c.’ If I add the con-

* That these hopes were doomed to disappointment may be seen from the opening sentences of one of the letters in Gleig, dated 26th December 1784, Calcutta—“I have received your letter of 3rd August informing me of your safe arrival in England. I received it on my return from the play. I could not go to bed, but sat reading it till past two, and afterwards lay long after counting three without being able to close my eyes. Whether I was happy or unhappy in reading it I cannot tell you. I fear my disappointment on one subject equalled my joy for your safety—the close of your perils and the promise that you would soon be as well as you ever had been at any period of your life. I have since thought only on the good; and I thank God for it.”

text my eyes will overflow ; they do almost, and I shall not see to write it correctly.

I may not know it before the proper time of my departure, as the event cannot have much exceeded the end of August. To reason upon probabilities on such a subject may be useful to myself, but must be totally uninteresting to you, who know what has passed and may in one event (which God forbid, for yet something is left even in the happiest state for a reverse) renew your afflictions. I am not happy, my Marian, while my heart swells with the hope of supreme happiness ; I hope too much to be easy.

“I have this morning (the 8th) received a letter from the Prince addressed to you, with a present of a *rezy* and a shawl-handkerchief. These I will send you by the *Surprise*. They are according to the etiquette ; so accept them as they are intended, and don't examine them by their qualities, for they are of ordinary fineness. I am pleased with this mark of his delicacy and attention, for I am sure it proceeded from himself. I am not a little pleased that you should receive this evidence of the notoriety of the Governor-General's affection for his Marian. Had you been merely his wife, the Prince would no more have thought of paying this compliment to you than of writing to the Queen of Sheba.

“And the letter will please you ; Scott is translating it. I will enclose the translation with it in this letter.

“I have yet an hour's work to put all that I have written to you in three long letters into their proper packages with their enclosures, which are many. This will only enclose the two letters from the Prince and Munny

Begum, with a little one from Capt. Scott accompanying them. I could not refuse him, and what he writes is, I am sure, the tribute of a good heart."

(The last is dated Calcutta, 29th December 1784. In it he writes his determination to sail in the *Berrington* in the following month.)

"Mr. Pitt's bill, and the injurious reflexions which he has cast upon me, are the grounds of this resolution; not as they excite my resentment, for I have not suffered a thought of myself to influence me, but as they are certain indications of his acquiescence in my return according to the terms which I have constantly stated as those which should determine it. One obstacle yet remains, and that I shall immediately put to the trial. You know the promise which I have made to the Nabob Vizier. That I must fulfil, and you will probably know the result before you receive this. I have said nothing to Scott* about Mr. Pitt's bill, because I should hurt his feelings, and I know that he was not aware of its malignity; yet I must say to you, but to you only, that his support of it astonishes me, for an act more injurious to his fellow-servants, to my character and authority, to the Company, to the proprietors especially who alone have a right to my services on the principle of gratitude, and to the national honor, could not have been devised, though fifty Burkes, Foxes, and Francises had clubbed to invent one. I am well, but keep myself so by attention which would be

* There were two officers of this name—brothers, we believe: Major Scott was in England at this time, Captain (Jonathan) Scott was in India.

misery to another. But what care I for society. My days pass in incessant writing, reading, hearing, and talking, and even close with weariness and little headaches which sometimes grow to great ones. If I am doomed to remain another year, and survive it, I must carry witnesses of my identity, or return like Ulysses an old man and a beggar to $\frac{\text{my}}{\text{his}}$ (*sic*) Penelope, and with only one scar, which can not be seen, to convince you that I am your husband. Don't practice Mrs. Blair's advice to Mr. Cooke upon me.

Adieu my most beloved,
W. H."

Madame Grand.



THE incident in the Calcutta life of Philip Francis, which maintains a notoriety second only to that of his duel with Warren Hastings, is his appearance before the Supreme Court as defendant in a suit successfully instituted against him by G. F. Grand.

The circumstances which led to a Member of the Government being forced to occupy so unenviable a position were first brought directly to the notice of Indian readers by Sir John Kaye, nearly forty years ago, in a very bitter article on Francis, in the second volume of the "Calcutta Review."

Kaye derived his information altogether from the account written by the plaintiff many years after the event in the "Narrative of the Life of a Gentleman long resident in India," from which he gave an extract detailing some of the more prominent facts constituting the wrong which necessitated a recourse to law. Mr. Herman Merivale, who completed and edited the Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, published in 1867, when dealing with the Calcutta scenes in this domestic drama, is obliged to rely entirely on the extract quoted in the 'Review,' and alluding to the 'Narrative,' says,—“I have never seen this very scarce production.” English writers and others who have in recent years touched on this

subject have followed the account reproduced in the *Memoirs*, and seem to have adopted the view held both by the editor of the latter and the Calcutta reviewer, that, however desirable it is, as a general rule, to avoid such subjects, there are occasions when they justly fall within the province of the biographer. It will not be difficult, for instance, to show that the incident in question was "not merely a domestic episode in the life of Francis," but one, the consequences of which tended to embitter his resentment against Impey—an incentive to action on the part of so good a hater as Francis, which bore fruit a thousand fold a few years afterwards.

As regards the lady concerned in the Calcutta proceedings, French writers naturally take an interest in the career of one, who emerged from obscurity to occupy a very conspicuous position in the highest Parisian society, as the Princess of Benevento, several years afterwards. Conjecture had, of course, long been busy as to the antecedents of a lady so suddenly exalted, and stories vague and shadowy and remote from truth were in circulation about them. However, long before her death, even curiosity about her seems to have subsided, and for the generation succeeding, her name ceased to offer a topic of commentary. But, on the publication of the *Memoirs* of Sir Philip Francis fifty years after his death, circumstances were brought into prominence which revived an interest that had long slept; and English* and French

* A note in the "Westminster Review," Vol. XL, says:—"That not even scandal—not even scandal judicially attested is immortal, is curiously exemplified by the fact that Lady Brownlow, in her recently published *Reminiscences*, showed total unacquaintance with this frail dame's Indian antecedents and adventures, and spoke of her as Mrs. Grant, an American lady." The note then goes on to itself repeat

reviewers, in dealing with the *Memoirs*, recalled a forgotten *cause célèbre*, and confessed that till they appeared, little was known of the Indian antecedents of a lady, who is thus alluded to by one of them: "Parmi les contemporaines de Madame Récamier il en fut une qui, tres-belle aussi, avait vainement eu pour premier adorateur un des hommes les plus spirituels de l'Angleterre, Sir Philip Francis, à qui sont attribuées les fameuses *Lettres de Junius*; et pour époux M. de Talleyrand, réputé le plus fin des diplomates européens."*

The same writer says, that the lady arrived in Paris from India after a number of adventures—"suffisant pour rivaliser avec la fiancée du roi de Garbe."† The comparison is a harsh one, but the fragmentary form in which anything relating to Madame Grand has come before the general reader, would leave room for much misrepresentation, as would the gossip, resting often on very slender authority, which tradition has associated with her name. It is remarkable that even the author of the *Memoirs* of Sir Elijah Impey says:—"I do not remember to have once heard my father relate the circumstances of

some of the inaccuracies still current, regarding those antecedents. Lady Brownlow, as Lady Emma Cust, was, in 1814, the guest of Lord and Lady Castlereagh in Paris, we believe. She dined at Talleyrand's, and made the acquaintance of the Princess, and what she *does* say of her in the *Reminiscences of a Septuagenarian*, published in 1868, is: "Her antecedents would not bear very close enquiry; she was, I believe, either English or Scotch by birth, and had been in India as Mrs. Grant."

* M. Amedée Pichot, in *la Revue Britannique*: We are indebted to this gentleman for much curious information collected concerning Madame de Talleyrand, which we shall have the pleasure to acknowledge again.

† Readers of Boccaccio will appreciate the allusion.

the trial, nor do I find a single allusion in his papers* to the cause of Le Grand (*sic*) *versus* Francis, which produced so great a sensation in Calcutta at the time."

It is proposed, therefore, to now re-tell, in a more connected form than has yet been attempted, the story of this celebrated cause, and to bring together the circumstances surrounding and arising out of it. With this in view recourse will be had to a source not hitherto made use of,—*viz.*, the original record of the trial itself as preserved among the archives of the Calcutta High Court.

It will be convenient, in the first place, to see who and what the plaintiff was (as after the lapse of so many years some misconception exists even on this point), and from this quarter to get a look into Anglo-Indian society in the last century, by tracing him through his career, both before and after the painful domestic episode, which has rescued his name from oblivion.

Of Madame Grand herself but little can be told up to the time when she left India. After that there is a long portion of her life, during which even tradition is almost, and probably ever will be, silent; but from the time when her name becomes connected with that of a great historical character, materials are not wanting to follow her career. An outline of this, gathered from French and other sources, will be given to complete the sketch before we take leave of her.

Mr. George François Grand was not "established in business at Chandernagore," as the biographer of Francis

* The present writer took occasion to verify this in a search through the Impey MSS. in the British Museum.

and other writers assume ; but he was a member of the Indian Civil Service duly appointed in England, and had previously been in the Company's Military Service. It will be best as we go on to let him, as a general rule, tell his own story, by placing before the reader extracts from his quaintly written 'Narrative'—a source from which we shall have occasion to make copious drafts.

And first a word or two about this book. There is a copy* of it in the British Museum, on the fly-leaf of which, written apparently in a senile hand, is this note signed Jno. Row :

"The annexed Narrative was the first book printed in the English language at the Cape of Good Hope, and was given to me by Mr. Smith."

The book is a thin quarto of seventy-five pages, and an Appendix of xxxi. Its full title is—

"NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE

OF

A GENTLEMAN LONG RESIDENT IN INDIA,

COMPREHENDING

A period the most eventful in the history of that country, with regard to the revolutions occasioned by European inter-

* The India Office library contained, for many years, a copy of this scarce publication, which disappeared a few years ago under accidental circumstances not necessary to be detailed. This was, most probably, the copy made use of by Kaye, but he extracted from it only enough (and this on one or two special points) to arouse a curiosity to see more, as the writer had evidently resided in India during stirring times. Kaye shows what misrepresentations as regards the after career of Mr. Grand might have been avoided (notably by Macfarlane) if this little-known Narrative had been consulted. The present writer looked for it in vain about ten years ago in the British Museum, but lit on it there most unexpectedly, in 1878, a copy having been obtained by purchase in July 1874.

ference, and interspersed with interesting anecdotes and traits, characteristic of those eminent persons who distinguished themselves at that juncture.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1814."



An 'advertisement' on the first page tells the reader that—

"I had long determined upon writing a narrative of my life. It was suggested to me by friends who felt for the vicissitudes which I had experienced. I began it therefore in 1801, and continued it from time to time, till, in 1808, I have brought it to a close. The reason of the delay in its publication has been detailed by Notification inserted in the 'Cape Gazette.' I thank those who have now afforded me the opportunity of giving it to the world without subjecting me to a pecuniary loss."

Where opportunities exist for comparing portions of the Narrative with contemporary or collateral authorities, it will be found to be reasonably accurate, some allowance being made for one who is stating his own case, and who is writing of events long gone by, and at an age when memory must have lost much of its tenacity. When we come to speak of the latter portion of his book, however, we shall have to notice one or two rather disingenuous suppressions.

As was not uncommon, the Narrative is in the form of a letter to a friend, and thus opens in the old fashioned stereotyped way :

"Born of a virtuous and noble family (my mother's name being le Clerc de Virly, which Virly was a seignorial patrimony

in Normandy, long the property and residence of her ancestors till the despotism of Louis XIV, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, drove the Seigneur de Virly to take refuge with his family in England, leaving his fair possessions and wealth to the spoil of a tyrannical king.) Educated at Lausanne (in the environs of which delightful city and country the Lordship of Ecublanc, situated on the banks of the lake of Geneva, between Lausanne and Morges, had long been the seat of the Grands) in the house and under the superintendence of the best parents, assisted by a private tutor, a clergyman living in the house, and with whom I used to attend the lectures of the first professors of science in that celebrated University, I could not otherwise be formed, when I opened my career in the world, but with a disposition inclined to honor, virtue, and fraught with every social tie."

His father having a large family accepted the offer of an old mercantile friend in London, Mr. Robert Jones of Clement's Lane, Lombard Street (afterwards an East India Director and M. P. for Huntingdon), to receive his son as apprentice for seven years, gratis, with the view of his succeeding at the end of that time, to a regular business estimated to bring in about £5,000 a year.

The next extract will show how Mr. Jones received the youth, who arrived in London "in charge of a voiturier," and how young gentlemen were taught to become British merchants a hundred years ago:—

"He welcomed me most roughly ; he asked me indeed how my father and mother were, and if I had brought him any Gruyère cheese, which, the voiturier answering for me in the affirmative, seemed to work a happy change. He smiled and bade me approach him; called for the footman, and, observing his spare beds were removed to the country, committed me to the care of him, who was directed to afford me half his bed

to sleep on. The next morning, after breakfasting with Mr. Jones, I was introduced into the accounting house, and my first duty prescribed to see it cleaned, the fire well lighted, the desks brushed, the chairs, &c., &c., well placed, and told I should be favoured to run about with bills for acceptance, as soon as I became acquainted a little with the streets of London to be able to find my way in them, until when I was ordered to accompany the footman, who on such errands threw off his livery jacket, to assume an old brown coat cast off by his master, and he was enjoined to point out to me the principal resorts where this duty called him, after my pigtail had been changed for a cropped head of hair, in order, as Mr. Jones wittily remarked, the people might not take me for a French monkey imported on English grounds.

“And now, my friend, view the contrast which so sudden a change created; picture to yourself a youth dressed in embroidered and laced clothes, curled head and chapeau bras, solitaire and sword by his side, accompanied and introduced by his tutor into the first assemblies, both public and private, taught by the attention of those frequenting them almost to consider himself a man, and behold the transition of the same youth in a plain English frock, round hat, and hair cut close, trudging after a footman in all weathers through the streets of London!

“The disgust was natural. I seized the first moment of well grounded discontent to absent myself.”

Finally, through the interest of an aunt, he got a nomination to a cadetship in Bengal, and sailed in January 1766 in the *Lord Camden*, in which he found himself “accommodated with eleven writers, each with a standing bed in the great cabin, not one of which gentlemen, excepting Mr. John Makepeace Thackeray, of Hadley, is now (1802) living.”

They anchored in Madras in June, where he waited on Mr. Palk, who from being chaplain had succeeded Lord Pigot in the Government. In Calcutta he was well received by Clive, who regretted that he could not entrust one so young with a commission, but who sent him up to join the second Brigade which stood on the roll for field service, with an injunction to its commanding officer to let him act as ensign as soon as he seemed fit. Before very long he got a commission as Ensign signed by Clive.

In 1768 he became a lieutenant, in which rank he served till 1773 (without apparently seeing any active field service), when, owing to broken health, he was "ordered by the Faculty to make a trip to Europe." To follow this prescription involved in those days resignation of the service—a step which he most reluctantly took, and returned to England. Prior to embarkation he remained three months at Calcutta with General Anthony Polier, when he saw a good deal of Warren Hastings, then the Governor. He gives a curious glimpse into the social life of the Presidency during the sojourn.

Eventually he obtained a writership on the list of 1776, "which station was accepted accompanied with the assurance that I should be so recommended to the Government of India as to be deemed eligible to such situations as Factors were placed in." He arrived in Calcutta in June 1776, and having been entrusted at Madras with official despatches from Colonel Maclean to the Governor-General, he "was received by Mr. Hastings with that affability and benevolence which were so characteristic in that great man, and directly was taught to consider myself an inmate of the family and one partaking in a certain degree of his confidence,

having the honor of being admitted to his bureau to transcribe his official despatches and secret papers."

But let us pass on to where the Narrative introduces us to the lady whose beauty, and the strange fortune to which it conducted her, made her at one time a celebrity even amongst the highest in Europe :

"While I remained in the family of Mr. Hastings I was in the habitude, with my friends Majors Palmer and Gall, to make occasional excursions at the end of the week on the river. Our rendezvous generally was either at the lamented Mr. Croft's plantation of Sooksagur, in which he had introduced the growth of the sugarcane, or at Ghyretty house, the residence of M. Chevalier, the Governor of the French Settlement of Chandernagore. At this gentleman's mansion there reigned the truest hospitality and gaiety. His admiration and personal friendship for Mr. H. insured the most welcome reception to those who were patronized by this excellent man. In one of these trips from the Presidency I formed an attachment to Miss Noël Catherine Werlée, the daughter of Monsieur Werlée, Capitaine du Port and Chevalier de Saint Louis, a respectable old man whose services had deservedly merited this mark of distinction from his sovereign. We were not long in expressing to each other our reciprocal inclinations, and our engagement in matrimonial alliance took place, which we agreed should be solemnized so soon as I could obtain a situation which might enable me to commence housekeeping.

"The considerate Mr. Barwell, becoming acquainted with our mutual wishes, and pleasingly, as he said, desirous to alleviate the sufferings of a young couple ardent to be united, opened of himself the subject to me, and, with that liberality of mind which he truly possessed, authorized me to impart to Mr. Hastings that whatever he could devise for my welfare should meet with his hearty concurrence. The Paymastership

to the Garrisons was the first office which became vacant, and to this I should have been appointed had not Mr. H. sacredly engaged his promise for that station to Mr. Kneller. By the removal, however, of Mr. Coates at the same period to the commercial residency of Chittagong, these worthy friends obtained from the Board of Trade for me, the office of Secretary to the Salt Committee, and Head Assistant and Examiner in their Secretary's Office, then the present Mr. Charles Grant, the Director.

"These situations, producing an income of thirteen hundred rupees per month, I felt at full liberty to claim from the young lady and her worthy parent, the performance of their promise. The 10th of July 1777 was accordingly fixed for the auspicious day, and as Miss Werlée was of the Catholic persuasion, it became necessary for us to be married both in the Romish and the Protestant Church. To these we conformed. On the morning of that day, at one A.M. (*sic*) the Popish Priest legalized our union in the church at Chandernagore, and at eight the same morning at Hughely house, where my old Benares friend Thomas Motteé, Esq., dwelt. The Revd. Dr. William Johnson, by special license * from the Governor-General, pronounced, I had fondly hoped, our indissoluble tie in this world so long as our respective career of life lasted.

"I might well have entertained a reliance of this nature, for never did an union commence with more brightening

* The marriage may be seen thus recorded, by the Chaplain who officiated, in the register now existing at St. John's Church, Calcutta:

"July 1777.

"Mr. Francis Grand, writer in the Hon'ble Company's Service, and Miss Varlé, of Chandernagore.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, *Chaplain*."

We are indebted to the courtesy of M. de Lessard and of Monsieur l'Abbé Barthet for the knowledge that the original record of this marriage does not now exist at Chandernagore; the changeful times through which the French Settlement passed since then will account for this.

prospects ; on our parts it was pure and disinterested, and blessed with the sincerest attachment. This continued, I may aver, to the cruel moment which separated us never to meet again. Those who frequented my house verified the same. When called upon for their evidence before the Tribunal of Justice in order to identify the person who had committed the irreparable injury, and who with the boldest effrontery had, as will be seen, denied in writing his trespass, it was evident how they sympathized in my unfortunate lot. To the question repeated by the Bench of Judges to each witness, their answer was uniform : ' You were accustomed, sir, to visit at Mr. Grand's house ; did you ever observe any mark of disunion between them ? ' ' On the contrary, my Lords, the happiest domestic union, and we remarked that the most minute and reciprocal attentions prevailed until this fatal event. ' "

When Mademoiselle Werlée became Mrs. Grand,* she was about three months short of fifteen years of age, having been born at the Danish Settlement of Tranquebar on the Coromandel Coast, on the 21st of November 1762. Her mother's name is given as Laurence Allancy, of what nationality does not appear.

It is customary, especially amongst French writers, to speak of Mrs. Grand as an ' Indian,' or even as a ' creole.' Talleyrand himself writes of her as " Une Indienne bien belle," and Napoleon at St. Helena referred to her as " Anglaise ou Indienne ;" these allusions to her Indian origin seem intended to convey the impression

* Her husband being an Englishman (by adoption), it was as " Mrs." Grand that she was spoken of when in Calcutta. As such he always mentions her. The French form "*Madame*," by which she is now most generally alluded to, dates from the period of her European notoriety.

that she was not directly sprung from unmixed European stock. But her enduring comeliness, which charmed long after middle life, is opposed to this, as indeed is the physical character of her beauty which contemporaries have handed down. In all probability it would be as inaccurate to designate her as an "East Indian" (in our acceptation of the word), in whose case, as a rule, "when youth is gone all is gone," as it would be so to describe the offspring of European parents because born in Calcutta to-day.

All authorities agree in testifying to the extreme beauty of Mrs. Grand: in face, form, figure, and gracefulness of carriage she seems to have presented a combination quite unrivalled. But beyond this she was dowered with that rare and special beauty, which perhaps ranks highest in the scale of female attractions, and commands (as ever) universal admiration—a glorious head of hair; one enthusiastic French writer alludes to this feature of hers as "*la plus belle chevelure blonde* qui ait peut-être jamais existé.*"

We shall have occasion further on to refer to the matured beauty of her later bloom, but the following is from the description of her in the morning of her life, given by Francis to his second wife. All that this lady tells on this subject, as said to come from Francis, must be taken with the greatest reservation; but on this point her testimony is in harmony with that from independent sources: "Mrs. Grand was at that time the most beautiful woman in Calcutta. She was tall, most ele-

* Her birthplace being Tranquebar, may she not have sprung from the fair-haired Danes, on one side at least?

gantly formed, the stature of a nymph, a complexion of unequalled delicacy, and auburn hair of the most luxuriant profusion; fine blue eyes, with black eye-lashes and brows gave her countenance a most piquant singularity." The writer in the "Calcutta Review," before quoted, says that "her picture painted by Zoffani* now (1844) adorns the walls of Mr. Marshman's residence at Serampore;" and with a discrimination which perhaps is somewhat *ex post facto*, he adds,—“there is more of feminine softness than of strength of character in her fair countenance;—the sensual prevails everywhere over the intellectual.”

A painting of her by Gérard may still be seen in the Musée at Versailles. This we shall refer to again.

Such was the lady who was singled out in the social life of Calcutta for the marked attentions of Philip Francis.

To him also nature had been prodigal of her gifts. In addition to his rare mental endowments he was remarkable for an exterior described as ‘strikingly handsome.’ His contemporaries speak of his tall, erect, well-proportioned figure; his classical features; his small delicately-moulded ears and soft shapely hands, &c. Lady Francis (a very devoted witness, however) records, that so noticeably good-looking was he as a young man, that when in Paris in 1766 he was alluded to as ‘le bel Anglais.’

His manner towards ladies is said to have been characterized by an air of easy politeness and attention

* Unless this picture was painted in Europe and afterwards found its way to India, its being the work of Zoffani is more than doubtful, as he did not arrive in India till 1783, more than two years after Mrs. Grand left it.

marked with deferential admiration. A good idea of this may be gathered from the letters scattered through his Memoirs, notably from those to the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, to Lady Thanet, and others. "Many of his letters to women," says his biographer, "have that mixture of playfulness, humour, and sentiment which is said to be particularly captivating to them. He had also that peculiar attraction which they are sometimes apt to find in one who is feared by men, and reputed haughty and unyielding among them, but who shows himself tractable and submissive to the other sex and eager to obtain their favour."

At the period to which the circumstances about to be related refer, Mr. Francis was eight and thirty years of age. His personal and other qualifications for ingratiating himself would not be worth mentioning; but that, in recalling the early incidents in Mrs. Grand's life, it would be unfair not to take into account some of those elements of success in what is called 'gallantry,' to which as a child-wife she was exposed; and such qualifications, it must be remembered, would have rather an ally than the reverse, in the disparity of years which existed in the special occasion for their employment with which we are concerned. For it is 'a tale often told' that a girl's self-love in the first instance is flattered and gratified at being selected in society as the object of the preference and attention of a gifted and experienced man of the world; and such a man's getting into further favor is facilitated, "here in India" especially, by high official position, owing to the peculiar constitution of Anglo-Indian society.

In the diary which Francis kept in India, and in

which official and social matters are mixed up with sententious brevity, we find, under date November 23rd, 1778—"Ball at my house; Hastings, &c., &c." There is evidence existing, as we shall see further on, that young Mrs. Grand was at this very ball, and received marked attention from the host, which probably accelerated matters towards the climax, for next day, November 24th, the entry is "*Omnia vincit amor*; job for Wood, the salt agent."

On the 8th of the next month, after a few lines about public business, the diary notes this pithy sentence: "At night the diable à quatre at the house of G. F. Grand, Esq."

Mr. Grand tells us that he lived with his "recent-acquired consort at a garden house,* a short distance from town." His recollection of the general course of the events of this night may, in the first place, be given in his own words, summarized in part. The details, necessary for the due understanding of what actually occurred, had better be left to unfold themselves in the evidence given at the subsequent trial by some of the principal witnesses:

"On the 8th December 1778, I went out of my house, about nine o'clock, the happiest, as I thought myself, of men; and between eleven and twelve o'clock returned the same night to it as miserable as any being could well feel. I left it prepossessed with a sense that I was blessed with the most beautiful as well as the most virtuous of wives, ourselves honored and respected, moving in the first circles, and having every prospect of speedy advancement. Scarcely had I sat

* We regret that we have been hitherto unable to get any further clue to the locality or site of this house.

down to supper at my benefactor, Mr. Barwell's* society, who required of his friends to join him every fortnight at this convivial meeting, than I was suddenly struck with the deepest anguish and pain. A servant, who was in the habit of attending Mrs. Grand, came and whispered to me that Mr. Francis was caught in my house, and secured by my jemadar (an upper servant exercising a certain authority over other servants). I rose up from table, ran to the terrace, where grief, by a flood of tears, relieved itself for a moment. I there sent for a friend out, who I requested to accompany me; but the rank of the party and the known attachment which, I was well aware, he held to him, however he execrated his guilty action, pleaded his excuse with me."

He then appears to have set out for his own house alone, and called in his way on his friend Major Palmer, (Hastings' secretary) with the view of borrowing his sword and securing his attendance, his intention being to release Francis, see him out of the premises, and there and then 'measure' himself with him "until one of us fell." This programme having been agreed to by Palmer they proceeded to put it in execution.

But on reaching Grand's house they were astonished to find not Francis, but Mr. Shee† (afterwards Sir

* See a foot-note further on in reference to the scene of the supper.

† This gentleman appears to have been as much in Francis's official confidence as in his private. In another part of Grand's Narrative he tells, that when the dispute between Hastings and Clavering as to who was legally Governor-General was referred to the Judges, each member of the Government was represented at the conference of the Judges by deputy, Mr. Shee being present for Francis. The Judges were convened at Impey's house, and sat till four in the morning. Grand as an eye-witness gives an interesting account of this crisis, but, with a lapse of memory, he says he was married at the time (20th

George Shee) bound to a chair in a lower apartment, begging of the servants to let him go, while Mr. Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth) and a Mr. Archdekin were alleged to be standing by joining in Mr. Shee's entreaty. The jemadar's explanation was that he had secured Mr. Francis "to meet the vengeance of his master," until Mr. Shee and some other gentlemen had, in answer to a whistle from Mr. Francis, scaled the wall and rushed in; that a scuffle with the object of rescue had taken place, during which Mr. Francis managed to escape. Whereupon it would seem that the jemadar, deeming it prudent to retain some tangible proof of his prowess, for the satisfaction of his master, had substituted for the escaped prisoner the most prominent of his liberators.

Mr. Grand questioned the intruders, but got, he says, only evasive and unsatisfactory answers in their exculpation. He then ordered their release, and without seeing his wife returned himself to Major Palmer's house for the rest of the night, where—

"Seated on a chair borne down with the deepest grief, I anxiously awaited the morning to require from the undoer of my happiness the satisfaction which the laws of honor prescribe as a poor relief to the injury committed. I wrote to

June 1777). His marriage occurred three weeks later. Grand elsewhere says, that Francis, on another occasion of historical interest, was represented by Messrs. Ducarell and Shore, who pledged themselves on his part that there would be no factious opposition to the Governor-General on Mr. Barwell's vacating his seat in Council. He here gives rather an incoherent account of the circumstances that led up to the duel following the alleged broken pledges of Francis; here also the narrator's memory is treacherous, because he says that Hastings had at this time (1780) been "deprived of his old colleague Sir Eyre Coote by death." Coote did not die till early in 1783.

Mr. Francis that, void of every spark of principle and honor as I deemed him, still I trusted he would not deny me the meeting which I summoned him to immediately with any friend whom he might choose to bring. His reply was laconic and easy. It was couched in these terms : That, conscious of having done me no injury, and that I labored under a complete mistake, he begged leave to decline the proposed invitation, and that he had the honor to remain my most obedient, &c., &c.

"I now returned home, sent for Mrs. Grand's sister and brother-in-law from Chandernagore, occupied the lower apartments of my house, whilst Mrs. Grand remained in the upper ; and on the Sunday following, everything was arranged for Mrs. Grand's returning with them to live under their mansion and protection, myself contributing what was requisite for her support independent of the monthly allowance which I chose to allot to her own disposal.

"An interview was entreated, and could not be denied. It lasted three hours, interrupted with the most poignant lamentations. I heard an unvarnished relation of the baseness of the arts employed for the seduction of a stranger, and attained only to her sixteenth year. I pitied her from my heart. I sincerely forgave her, and with a sorrow approaching to distraction, we parted."

If what is here stated be true regarding the reception the challenge met with as represented in the very slipshod sentence alleged to be the 'terms' of Francis's answer, it is difficult to avoid viewing the latter's attitude not only with the strongest reprehension, but with contempt. On the other hand it will be conceded, that to refuse the satisfaction which, according to a social code then in vigorous existence, it was dishonorable and unmanly to shrink from, must have done more violence to a man's natural impulses than to give it.

Francis, we know, was ready enough himself to seek personal satisfaction for any affront, and did so on at least two occasions afterwards; therefore, before charging him with the poltroonery which the above allegation would seem to justify, we are driven to look for some other possible explanation for his declining a hostile meeting in this case.

If there be even a grain of fact in the bushel of romance which Lady Francis (in her Miscellaneous Recollections) has recorded in connection with this episode, it may very probably be found in a circumstance strongly dwelt on,—namely, the prolonged implacability of young Mrs. Grand to her tempter's ardent entreaties. When the whole 'wretched business,' as Francis was wont to call it retrospectively, had long been passed and gone, he always maintained that he had not then been a 'successful lover' and he left it to be inferred that the extent of his transgression on the night in question was limited (legally we suppose) to something far short of criminal trespass, and amounted but to intrusion. We shall see that one of the Judges who heard the evidence found that there was not only no proof but no strong presumption to the contrary.

His illicit object being, therefore, unattained, and being now likely to be put securely beyond his reach, he may possibly have reasoned that the best thing now to be done was, in the lady's interest, to firmly disclaim consciousness of having injured (in the meaning *he* evidently attached to the phrase), and so, as a last chance, to leave an opening for a possible hushing up, while the circumstances were confined to comparatively few, and to avoid by any further action of his the tarnishing of

the lady's name by the wide dissemination of the midnight scandal, which would be the inevitable result of a duel about her.

If any calculation like this actuated him in holding back from Mr. Grand's morning invitation, he must have been rudely undeceived, when he found very soon after, that his answer was simply looked on as adding insult to injury, and as the justification in the husband's eyes for that recourse to law, which ensured such a publicity to the whole affair, as to put it beyond doubt that the nocturnal visit had fatally compromised a helpless woman.

On determining to carry his domestic grievance to a Court of law, Mr. Grand seems not to have found it very easy to put his project for relief into execution, owing to a difficulty which surely was never felt before or since, *viz.*, the want of a lawyer,—“most of the complaisant Advocates of the Supreme Court having either been retained by him (Francis) or intimidated from acting.” Passing by this reflection on a profession ever remarkable for its independence, we will merely point out that the hindrance did not last long, and that his case was taken up by one of the most respectable members* of the Attorney profession, and so promptly that although the Christmas holidays intervened, the necessary legal formalities were gone through and a preliminary hearing was obtained within a month of the date of the injury.

Mr. Grand, however, does not mention in his Narrative that he authorized his lawyer to ask for the most pro-

* Mr. R. Uvedale was for many years afterwards Clerk of the Crown and Sealer of the Supreme Court.

digious damages which were probably ever alleged in a similar case in a Court of Justice.

The following is an extract from the plaint, &c., copied by permission from the records of the Old Supreme Court of Calcutta : *

“Pleas at Fort William before Sir Elijah Impey, Knight, and his companions, Justices of our Sovereign Lord the King, of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal, of the Fourth Term, in the year of our Lord Christ one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight.

“G. F. Grand, Esq., by Ralph Uvedale, his attorney, complains against Philip Francis, Esq., that he, on the 8th day of December 1778, with force and arms, on Noël Catharine, the wife of the said G. F. Grand, made an assault, &c., &c., whereby he the said G. F. Grand was deprived of, and lost the help, solace, affection, comfort, and counsel of his said wife.

“And also that he, the said Philip Francis, on divers other days and times between the said 8th day of December and the 21st day of the same month of December,† with force and arms, did &c., &c., and other enormities to the said George Francis Grand, against the peace of our said Lord the King, to the damage of the said G. F. Grand of fifteen hundred thousand sicca rupees, and thereupon he brings his suit.”

* The writer was some years ago indebted to Mr. Justice Pontifex for interesting himself in getting him access to the old records in connection with this case and to the courteous Registrar of the Original Side of the High Court for facilitating the same. He has also to express his obligation to Members of the Bar for permission to resort to Mr. Justice Hyde's MSS. notes, which he believes were brought to his knowledge by Mr. Justice Pontifex.

† This part of the plaint would seem to be inconsistent with Mr. Grand's own account of the arrangements made on the day succeeding the 8th of December.

Plea.—"And the said Philip Francis, by Samuel Tolfrey and North Naylor, comes and defends the force and injury when, &c., &c., and saith that he is in nowise guilty of the trespass above charged on him, and of this he puts himself upon the Court.

"And now on this 7th day of January 1779, to which day was given as well to plaintiff as to defendant to inform the Court of the premises, came the said parties by their said attorneys, and the said Justices then heard the respective allegations of the parties as justice required, and examined the truth thereof, and duly considered the evidence produced on both sides, &c., &c."

The laying of the damages at the enormous amount quoted is very suggestive of there being a prevalent idea that, even after Lord Clive's reforms, a Member of the Government of India was not dependent on his official salary as a means of acquiring wealth—an idea which we believe to be wholly unfounded in the case of Francis, if gains in the slightest degree incompatible with official probity were contemplated. Elsewhere we have alluded to the extravagant rumours in connection with his card-winnings; possibly the plaintiff, or his legal advisers, may have had an eye on that fancied hoard. However this may be, fifteen hundred thousand sicca rupees were represented by, say, sixteen lacs of the rupees now current,* and then probably equivalent at a favorable exchange to £160,000 (pounds sterling).

From the time of his arrival in India up to date, Francis's high official salary had barely amounted to a

* The sicca was one-fifteenth ($\frac{1}{15}$ th) more valuable than the current rupee.

quarter of this sum ; and to pay the amount which the plaintiff asked as a salve to his lacerated feelings, would have swallowed up the whole of the defendant's legitimate allowances, even were he permitted to retain his Indian appointment for sixteen years instead of six.

Though but little delay occurred in putting the legal machinery in motion, still the final hearing of the suit was deferred owing to the absence of a principal witness "on whose evidence every hope of crimination rested," according to Mr. Grand. But we had better take the facts relating to this from an unexceptionable source, *viz.*, from the notes of one of the Judges conducting the trial, Mr. Justice Hyde.

" 1st Term.

Monday, 18th January 1779.

Present :

SIR E. IMPEY, SIR ROBERT CHAMBERS, and MR. JUSTICE
HYDE.

George Francis Grand, Esq., versus Philip Francis, Esq.

" Mr. Newman.—This cause, which is of a particular nature, is for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife. We are obliged to apply for the indulgence of the Court to put off the trial of this cause, and save our notice of trial for a few days, as the Court may think fit, for the absence of a material witness. We have used our utmost endeavours to subpoena Mr. Shee, who is a very material witness and has gone away to Chandernagore, as we suspect, purposely to avoid giving evidence in this cause, and secretes himself so carefully

in Chandernagore that we have not been able to serve him with the subpoena. Mr. Shee being in the service of the Company we propose making an application to the Governor-General, on which we hope he will be obliged to come down.

“IMPEY, C. J.—The Court have nothing to do with any application to the Governor-General and Council. When the Court see that a witness is kept out of the way, to be sure they will let you save the notice of trial, and perhaps, if it is necessary, they will let you put the trial off from time to time till the witness appears.

“We cannot help taking notice of the names of the parties, and that one of them, the defendant, is a Member of the Council. When in such a cause we see a witness kept away, we can but suspect it is by his influence.

“When we see influence and power exerted to prevent appearance of a witness, it is but just to delay the trial to get at his testimony if possible.

“In England, if a witness, being subpoenaed, does not appear, the party for whom he is subpoenaed may proceed against him by action, or he may be punished by fine and imprisonment on an attachment for the contempt. I had a considerable share in advising on our Charter*

* This allusion was evidently a favorite weakness of Impey's, as a year before this we find Justice Hyde thus unbosoming himself in his note-book, *apropos* of a difference of opinion between him and two of his brethren: “This is another effect of that doctrine of October or November 1777, that although the Charter allows six months for every party aggrieved to present his petition of appeal, yet Impey and Chambers, by this doctrine, take off several months from that time if the six months happen to expire in a vacation, for all the time from

with the Attorney-General Mr. Thurlow, now Lord Chancellor, and being aware that in this country influence and power to prevent witnesses from attending was likely to be exerted, I particularly advised that the coercion of their appearance might be greater than in England. If you have the Charter in Court, I believe you will find on reading it, that the Court is empowered to punish the absence of witnesses, not only by fine and imprisonment, but by punishment not extending to life or limb, which includes whipping, pillory, and the like corporal punishments.

“It is necessary for the dignity and power of this Court that no witness should be kept away.”

The case was again before the Court on the 21st and 22nd January, and on each occasion postponed owing to Mr. Shée's non-appearance.

Eventually this difficulty having been got over, we find in the above Judge's notes the date on which the actual trial commenced :—

“1st Sittings.

Monday, February 8th, 1779.

Present :

SIR E. IMPEY, SIR R. CHAMBERS, and MR. JUSTICE HYDE.

George Francis Grand, Esq., versus Philip Francis, Esq.

“An action for criminal conversation with the wife of the plaintiff.

the last day of the preceding term is taken from the six months allowed by the Charter. Let Impey, who is continually talking of adhering to the Charter, and boasting in Court almost every day of the great share he had in forming it, justify if he can his counteracting it in this instance.”

"The damages alleged to be fifteen hundred thousand sicca rupees.

"The plaintiff is a writer in the Company's service.

"The defendant is the second of the four Counsellors of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal."

Mr. Newman was Counsel for the plaintiff, and Mr. Tilghman for the defendant.*

We will now give at some length extracts from the evidence of the chief witnesses examined, which will not only show the extraordinary facts connected with the escapade at Mr. Grand's house on that December night, but will give us a glance at the manner and customs of the day.

Meerun Kitmutgar (or table servant) examined.—
The day of the disturbance was on the day when plain-

* Mr. Newman was, we believe, for a time the Company's Advocate. Among the other old Calcutta names which crop up in this suit are those of Sir John Hadley D'Oyley, Sheriff, Wm. Smoult and James Darnford, Clerks of Depositions, R. Litchfield, Prothonotary. Richard Tilghman, who defended Francis, was his Philadelphian cousin, and (after the death of Macrabie) dearest friend. He studied law in England, and it was conjectured by Mr. Parkes that he supplied legal lore to Junius. His name is, however, well known in the Junius controversy, as a quotation in a letter of his (September 1773) from Philadelphia supplies evidence as connecting Francis with a copy of certain verses written in the Junian hand. He came to India from America at Francis's invitation to practise at the Bar in Calcutta, for which purpose he first got called to the Irish Bar. He arrived in Calcutta in November 1777, and returned to England with Francis and again came back to India. Francis watched over his interests from England, and wrote to him in 1785: "If you keep your health I have no doubt of your success. If not, come away directly. Better live anywhere than die in Bengal." Tilghman did, however, die in Calcutta in 1787.

tiff went to sup with Mr. Gallan;* it was between ten and eleven o'clock at night. I was in my own house in the compound, sitting, when the iya (*sic*) came down and told me that her mistress wanted a candle, and that, on her returning, she had found the door locked. I went out of my own house and saw a bamboo ladder; it was against the outside wall, on the inner side of it. I thought it a strange thing, and went to acquaint the jemadar of it.

Counsel.—Describe the ladder.

Witness.—It is made of a whole bamboo split in two, and when it is closed it is like one bamboo; it has moveable steps to it inside, and has iron points to it. The jemadar was also surprised to see the ladder. While we were talking, a gentleman came out of the house, whom I recognized as Mr. Francis, the Counsellor, who lived behind the play-house. He is tall. I knew him, because Mr. Grand was often at meals at Mr. Francis's, and I attended him there. When Mr. Francis came out he said, "Give me that thing" (the ladder). "I will give you money. I'll make you great men." He spoke to the jemadar and all the servants. He also said, "Don't you know that I am Mr. Francis?"

* Mr. Grand's memory was evidently at fault here. Other witnesses say it was at Mr. LeGallan's house that Grand was supping. Very probably LeGallais was the name meant: there was a well-known confectioner and tavern-keeper of the latter name then in Calcutta. He retired from business and left India in December 1780, apparently in prosperous circumstances, as the following advertisement of the period shows:—"H. LeGallais, Esq., formerly master of the tavern and hotel in Calcutta, but since a considerable wine merchant, has taken the whole of the great cabin of the other Danish Indiaman, Captain Kroger."

C.—What language did Mr. Francis speak ?

W.—The same as I do, in broken Moors. Not so well as you (to the interpreter). The jemadar took hold of Mr. Francis's hand and said, "My master is not here, what do *you* do here?" While the jemadar was carrying Mr. Francis into the house, Mrs. Grand said something to him, which I did not understand. After Mr. Francis was taken into the lower part of the house I went to acquaint Mr. Grand.

C.—Between the time of the ayah's coming down to tell you of her having been up with a candle and had found the door locked, to the time of your seeing the gentleman coming out of the house, what time elapsed ?

W.—One or two Hindustani ghurries* it might be.

C.—When did you see defendant come out ?

W.—Between ten and eleven o'clock.

IMPEY, C.J.—Did defendant go quietly with the jemadar, or make resistance ?

Witness.—He made no resistance.

Rambux Jemadar examined.

Counsel (for the plaintiff).—About what time of night was it when you first received the information from Meerun ?

Witness.—About ten o'clock or eleven; it will be past eleven o'clock.

C.—Do you remember the day of the week ?

W.—A Tuesday.

C.—What did you do on the discovery of the ladder ?

W.—I took it away.

* A ghurrie is a period of time equivalent to about 20 minutes.

C.—Why did you take it away ?

W.—I did not know whose ladder it was, therefore I took it away.

C.—Have you seen the ladder here to-day ?

W.—I have, that is the same ladder.

C.—Was anything done by you after removing the ladder ?

W.—I was standing at the same place near the necessary house, waiting to see whether the person who brought the ladder would come there or not.

C.—Did you see any person come ?

W.—Yes, I saw a gentleman.

C.—Who was that gentleman ?

W.—It was Mr. Francis.

C.—What Mr. Francis ?

W.—Mr. Francis the Counsellor (*sic*).

C.—That was about eleven o'clock at night, how could you distinguish that it was Mr. Francis ?

W.—I knew him by his face and shape.

C.—Was it sufficiently light to distinguish his face ?

W.—I went near his face and looked. When he was at a little distance I did not know ; when I was near I knew him.

C.—Did you know before any conversation passed between you and him ?

W.—Yes, but before the conversation I did not know him very well.

C.—What led you particularly to know him after the conversation you had with him ?

W.—By his figure, his face, and his color.

C.—By anything else ?

W.—That gentleman was in black.

C.—You say defendant came to the place where the ladder was; from whence did he come?

W.—He came downstairs and then stood at the place where the abdar's chest was.

C.—How do you know that he did so?

W.—There was a great alarm at the house.

(Here follow several questions about the topography of the house.)

C.—When the defendant came downstairs what passed between you and him?

W.—I went up to that gentleman and said to him, "What business have you here?" He said, "Give me my thing." He asked for the ladder, he had no other thing of his at that house but the ladder; therefore he must mean that: he came out and was looking, and as he had not found the ladder there he could not go. Then he said, "Give me my thing."

C.—Give us an account of what passed between you when he looked about and asked for his thing?

W.—The first words he said to me when I went up to him were, "Give me my thing?" I then answered, "I have not that thing with me; I then took hold of his hand: then he took out gold mohurs and offered to give them me: I refused them; he said, "Take that (offering both his hands to me), I will make you great men, and I will give you a hundred gold mohurs more."

C.—Had you done anything, previous to the offer being made, to prevent his going away?

W.—I stood on the side where the ladder was; he wanted to go that way, and I prevented him.

C.—Why did you lay hold of defendant's hand?

W.—Because I found that gentleman in the house.

Certainly, if I had let him go my master would take my life away. After the offer of the money, he further said, "Do you not know me?" I answered, "Yes, I do; you are Mr. Francis." He said, "I am the Burra Sahib; I am Mr. Francis." When I first took hold of his hand, he twisted it a little. I then said, "Is there nobody here? seize him." Meerun and Bowanny (hurkara)* seized him and brought him down from the steps which lead from the abdar's† chest in the compound. I then sent Meerun to acquaint Mr. Grand. When I was going to take the gentleman to the lower part of the house, he whistled four or five times: as I led him from the east side to the western, he whistled five to seven times. When I carried him opposite to the door, some conversation passed with my mistress.

C.—Where was your mistress?

W.—She came and desired me to let him go: she came near me and told me so. I had then hold of Mr. Francis. I said I have sent people to acquaint my master: I will not attend to you.

C.—What did you then do with the defendant?

W.—I desired my mistress to go upstairs, and said to her I will not obey you. I then led the gentleman towards the northern door. I gave him a chair to sit down.

C.—After the defendant was seated in the chair what was done?

W.—I made him sit down in the chair, and then I put my hands on the arms of the chair to keep him there.

* *Hurkara* is the Hindustani for messenger.

† The *abdar* is the servant in charge of wine, liquor, &c., whose chief function it is to keep them cool for drinking.

Witness next describes the arrival of Messrs. Shee and Ducarell on the scene, who scaled the wall and came in, "using force" and "making a noise." "They broke open the door of the house where my master used to write; this was in the lower part of the hall where Mr. Francis was. As soon as Mr. Francis heard this noise, he got up from his seat. I then endeavoured to keep him in his seat; he was going to that part where the gentlemen came; in that room it was dark. Those gentlemen shoved me and pushed me; I am not certain whether Mr. Francis fell, but I am certain I fell on the chair. When I kept both my hands on the chair nobody was with me, the servants were at the door. When I fell on the chair I called to those servants who were at the door. When I fell, Mr. Francis escaped out of my hands, and then I called to the servants. When I recovered myself I got up, it was dark; I seized a gentleman, a Mr. Shee; I did not then know whether it was Mr. Francis or not at first; afterwards I found Mr. Francis had escaped. The bearer and the scise (*sic*), when they returned, came to the place where I was, and laid hold of Mr. Ducarell. I took hold of Mr. Shee and carried him up. The bearer and scise took Mr. Ducarell out. Mr. Keeble was standing on his own house looking, and asked, "What is the matter?" The bearer and scise said to Mr. Keeble, "These gentlemen came into the house when my master was out."

C.—Did Mr. Francis say anything of what would happen in case Mr. Grand came home while he was there?

W.—When he wanted to go I refused to let him go; I said, "My master will hang me if I let you go." Mr. Francis said, "Sooner than he shall kill you, I shall die."

Witness continues.—Mr. Keeble then came near the wall. Whether there was a heap of dirt or a chair on the wall I don't know; Mr. Keeble was standing on the outside talking to Mr. Ducarell. Mr. Keeble said, "Give me that gentleman?" (meaning Mr. Ducarell). The bearer and scise refused to comply with Mr. Keeble's demands. I was at a little distance from Mr. Ducarell with Mr. Shee; Mr. Ducarell was in the hands of the bearer and scise. I said to Mr. Keeble, "If you desire it, take Mr. Ducarell away." I did not know at first whether it was Mr. Ducarell or not; afterwards I found it was him. Mr. Ducarell had already given his hand to Mr. Keeble; the bearers prevented him. When I saw it was Mr. Ducarell, I put my hand and helped him up; afterwards Mr. Keeble again desired me to give up Mr. Shee. I said, "First be answerable for him." I refused, I said "I would not." Four or five times Mr. Keeble desired me to deliver Mr. Shee, and that he would be answerable. I refused.

After this Mr. Grand and Mr. Palmer came in. I desired the bearers to open the door. Mr. Grand came and told me to let Mr. Shee go. I did so.

C.—Did you get any money?

W.—Yes, three gold mohurs from Mr. Shee. He gave them that I might let him go, and he promised to give me more.

C.—What hat is that you have got in your hand?

W.—I found it in the house. I don't know to whom it belonged.

C. (*On cross-examination*).—You say Madame Grand desired you to let Mr. Francis go. What language did she speak?

W.—She spoke Hindustani. She said, “Jemadar, choredo, choredo.”

C.—This was a dark night, was it not ?

W.—The moon was coming out ; it was not quite up.

C.—How can you tell what money the gentleman offered you ?

W.—By the jingling I knew them to be gold mohurs.

C.—Tell me the difference between the jingling of gold mohurs and rupees ?

W.—Undoubtedly there is a difference.

C.—What difference ?

W.—Gold mohurs have a light sound, rupees a dull sound.

By CHIEF JUSTICE IMPEY.—Was the whistling before or after Meerun went to call his master ?

W.—After Meerun was gone.

C. J.—Was there any conversation between Mr. Shee and Mr. Francis while you had hold of Mr. Francis ?

W.—No.

C. J.—Was there between Mr. Ducarell and Mr. Francis ?

W.—No ; there was only running about. I did not hear any conversation while I was there, and when I got up, Mr. Francis was gone away. I heard no conversation.

By MR. JUSTICE HYDE. Where was the hat found ?

W.—In the hall below, where I had the fall.

Anna Lagoorda examined.—About half an hour past nine o'clock Mr. Grand left Mrs. Grand at home, and went abroad. I desired my mistress to undress, to which she replied, “Mr. Grand will return home about eleven o'clock ; until that time I will sit up.” She then desired me to sit by her. I then asked leave to go and fetch

some betel-nut. As I was going to fetch it, Mrs. Grand ran after me saying,—“Nonajee, fetch a whole candle.” I was then upstairs going to another room. I accordingly went down to bring a candle. When I returned with it, I found the door of the room from whence I went out locked. I attempted to open it, but could not. I imagined Mrs. Grand was angry with me. I was a quarter of an hour getting the candle.

Counsel.—When you found you could not open the door, did you make a noise?

Witness.—I did call “Madam, Madam,” two or three times. I imagined she was angry and in her dressing-room (which opened off bedroom), and therefore could not hear me. I then came down, and saw the kitmutgar, whom I told. When I saw the gentleman seized by the servants, I ran up and told my mistress. The door was then open upstairs. Mrs. Grand went into the verandah and looked downwards. Mr. Grand went out to supper every Tuesday night. Mrs. Grand on such occasions sometimes read, and sometimes played with me, and went to bed at eleven o’clock.

C.—The night preceding these troubles had your mistress been out?

W.—Yes, she went to a ball.

C.—Do you know at what time Mrs. Grand came home from the ball?

W.—About four in the morning on the Tuesday. (After some questions as to the furniture in the bedroom, *i. e.*, whether there were only beds and so on, the witness is asked by the CHIEF JUSTICE).—After you found the door locked and went down again, where did you stay when you heard the gentleman seized in the compound?

W.—There is a horse stable, where three or four women lived; I was with them.

Mr. Gerard Gustavus Ducarell examined.*—Was at Mr. Grand's house on the 8th December.

C.—On what occasion did you go there?

W.—I was called by Mr. Shee: I was asleep in my bed; Mr. Shee came to my bedside, awaked me, and desired me to get up immediately, as Mr. Francis was like—

* Ducarell apparently was not the style of auxiliary (physically speaking) whom a judicious man would select to stand by him in an expected 'encounter' against superior numbers. According to Francis he cannot have been far removed from a dwarf. He accompanied Francis on a visit to Paris in 1784, and is thus alluded to in a letter to Mrs. Francis: "Ducarell has found his uncle and aunt, or rather they have found him. He was forced to get on a chair to put his arm round his uncle's neck; and he has worn my blue box to rags to keep his feet from dangling in the chaise. And so 'Ma chère moitié' je vous embrasse." His name occurs several times in Francis's letters from England to India. In one to Shee, he says, "Ducarell lives a hundred miles off in perfect obscurity."

Blackwood for 1868 is responsible for this anecdote about him. Francis received a letter from him from Bath, expressing doubts as to the soundness of the views that both had held as to the immortality or otherwise of the soul of man, and desiring to know whether Francis still retained his former opinions.

The following is said to be Francis's unceremonious answer: "You d——d old fool. Have not you and I exhausted every argument that could be used over and over again in India on the subject referred to in your letter? and were we not invariably and logically led to the same conclusion? Now, however, I do entertain some doubts in regard to the soundness of our conclusion, and I will tell you why.

"I went yesterday to see Mother Bainbrigg hanged. She died without a struggle. I said to myself as I beheld her swing, You monster, there must be something more than this in store for you. Possibly, therefore, we may be wrong after all; the soul may be immortal."

ly to be murdered ; that there was no time to lose : upon which I got out of bed immediately, and without putting on any clothes more than I lay in went out into my own hall, where he asked me if there was anybody else in the house—if there was, to call him. I answered, Mr. Shore was, and knocked at his door and desired him to get up. Mr. Shee asked me if I could get at any sword or weapon ; I don't recollect making him any answer. Mr. Shee told me that Mr. Francis was seized in Mr. Grand's house : we both pushed at the gate to endeavour to get in, but found we could not open. Mr. Shee then went a little way from the gate to a long ditch without the wall, crossed the ditch, got up on the wall, and called to me to follow him, which I did and got upon the wall likewise ; after which we jumped down into the compound and went in at a door leading into the lower hall. As soon as I got into the lower hall, I saw a person sitting in a chair either at the further end of the hall or in the little passage that leads out of it on the opposite side ; some other person was standing near him. Almost at the same instant that I entered the hall he started up from his chair and ran towards the door that I had come in at ; in his way he struck against something with a good deal of violence ; after that I saw no more of him, for almost immediately some of the servants came up and seized me, telling me I had caused the person to run away, and that they were determined to seize me. I struggled with them a little, but found it to no purpose, except that of getting from the hall to the outer door, where I saw that Mr. Shee was likewise seized. I expostulated with the people to let me go, but to no manner of purpose, until Mr. Keeble called out

from the verandah of his house adjoining to know what was the reason of the disturbance.

C.—You say when you came in at the door leading to the house, you saw a person sitting in a chair, and some other people; could you distinguish who it was?

W.—I could not.

George Shee examined.—In answer to questions states, that fearing evil consequences and failing to dissuade Mr. Francis (who told him of his intention) from going to Mr. Grand's house, he determined to prevent any evil that might ensue: that he followed Francis towards plaintiff's house and walked about in the street and sometimes to a distance, going to and fro: saw a man come out and heard whistling: saw Mrs. Grand in the verandah above stairs, and discovered from her that there was a disturbance in the hall; she mentioned no name. Tried to get in by himself, first by persuading the Jemadar to open the compound gate; then endeavoured by himself to force the gate, but failed; then it occurred to him to go over to Mr. Ducarell's house. Having ultimately got in, he (Mr. Shee) rushed upon the Jemadar and "threw him on the ground;" after being exhausted by his tussle with the Jemadar, he was himself in turn seized and thrown down by a peon.

"I think it necessary here," he adds, "to declare in contradiction to what has been said, that neither the plaintiff or Captain Palmer ever used abusive language to me personally." There were several gentlemen present all the time plaintiff was there—Mr. Shore, Mr. Ducarell, Captain Palmer, and Mr. Keeble. Nothing material passed in the house afterwards that he can

recollect. He first heard of Francis's intention to go to Mr. Grand's house that night at six o'clock from conversation with Francis.

Counsel.—For what purpose did defendant mention he was going ?

Witness.—To see Mrs. Grand.

C.—Was any name mentioned; was Mrs. Grand's name mentioned ?

W.—It was.

C.—If you can challenge your memory, will you acquaint the Court what was mentioned, what more than Mrs. Grand's name ?

W.—I believe it was that he (defendant) would go and see Mrs. Grand on Tuesday.

C.—Did you understand from defendant that Mrs. Grand had any knowledge of his intention ?

W.—No, I did not.

C.—Do you know why Tuesday night was fixed on ?

W.—I believe it was because plaintiff was going to the Club.

C.—At what time did defendant come to your house ?

W.—About ten o'clock.

C.—Who was with defendant when he came ?

W.—Nobody.

C.—How did he come ?

W.—He walked.

C.—Was his usual sowary* with him ?

W.—No.

C.—For what purpose did defendant come to your house ?

* From this question one may infer that a Member of Council in those days went out attended by a mounted orderly.

W.—To change his dress.

C.—In what dress did he come ?

W.—His usual dress.

C.—What did he put on ?

W.—Black clothes.

C.—Do you mean a complete suit of black clothes ?

W.—I cannot exactly tell ; he put a black coat on.

C.—Do you know whose clothes they were ?

W.—Defendant's.

C.—How came they to be in your house ?

W.—He sent them there.

C.—About what time ?

W.—I do not recollect.

C.—Was it usual for him to keep any suits of clothes at your house ?

W.—No, sir.

C.—Can you say how many days these clothes were at your house before this ?

W.—Several days before.

C.—Did defendant tell you why he did so ?

W.—The purpose of sending the clothes was, I understand for defendant to wear them when he went to see Mrs. Grand.

C.—Do you know why defendant put on black clothes that night ?

W.—I believe it was because a man in black clothes is less exposed to view at night, less liable to be seen.

As regard the ladder used on the night in question this witness testifies that it was made at Francis's particular request in Shee's own yard, several days before, "by a black carpenter;" and was taken away from witness's house on the night by defendant himself to

Grand's house. In answer to further queries it is elicited that Francis must have been an hour inside altogether; that he (witness) gave three gold mohurs to the Jemadar, and that Francis had no gold with him that witness saw, and only about 15 or 20 rupees in silver.

Counsel.—Is it very usual for gentlemen in general to carry money about them in this country?

Witness.—I don't know that it is, sir.

C.—Do you, yourself, sir?

W.—Very often.

C.—Have you any now, sir, about you?

W.—I have not, sir.

C.—Do you know Mrs. Grand?

W.—Very well, sir.

C.—Do you know about the time she came to the settlement, after her marriage?

W.—About a year or two ago.

C.—Do you know where she now is?

W.—I was told she is at Chandernagore.

C.—Did you see her on your way down?

W.—I did not.

C.—Does Madame Grand speak English?

W.—No.

Witness visited at her house and saw her often at balls, &c.: knew that for ten or twelve months back defendant took particular notice of her; has known him hand her to table even when ladies were present whose husbands were of higher rank.

C.—In the month of November last, defendant gave a ball at which plaintiff and Mrs. Grand were present.

W.—Yes, sir.

C.—You of course were present; were there any ladies of higher rank than Mrs. Grand there?

W.—There were many.

C.—Do you recollect any particular marks of attention paid by defendant to Mrs. Grand?

W.—He danced a country dance with her.

C.—Did he dance with any other ladies?

W.—I don't recollect.

C.—Do you recollect whether they sat at the same table together at supper?

W.—I do not.

Examined by CHIEF JUSTICE IMPEY.—I hear you were a good deal about defendant. Did you, sir, from your living with Mr. Francis, observe any particular attention paid by defendant to Mrs. Grand?

W.—A very great partiality.

C. J.—Who gave directions to make the ladder?

W.—I gave directions.

C. J.—You were apprehensive from defendant's going to Mrs. Grand's house; do you not think that it would have been better avoided by not letting him shift at your house?

W.—I could not prevent him.

C. J.—Why did you give the assistance for the ladder?

W.—Mr. Francis requested me, and I could not refuse him any request I did not think dishonorable.

C. J.—When a person is going to the house of a man's wife in his absence, to see his wife at that hour of the night, and you apprehend that if he (the husband) comes home, dangerous consequences would happen, do you think it honorable to give that person assistance?

W. I did not think it lending assistance; it has been propagated in Calcutta that I have sent messages from

defendant to Mrs. Grand. I now take this opportunity of declaring upon my oath that I never, directly or indirectly, carried any message, verbal or written, from defendant to Mrs. Grand, or Mrs. Grand to defendant.

C. J.—I shall ask no more questions, as I see we shall not agree upon the point of honour, for I confined honour to morality.

Robert Sanderson examined.—Has known the plaintiff and his wife since their marriage: they lived in his house with him for ten months.

Counsel.—You have then, sir, had occasion to observe how they lived together, whether in a happy state or otherwise?

Witness.—As much as I ever knew a married couple, during the time they were in my house.

C.—Are you acquainted with Mr. Grand's rank in life?

W.—I know he is a Company's servant, and has an office in the Board of Trade.

C.—You have heard what has been given in evidence in this action. Have you since that seen Mr. Grand?

W.—I have.

C.—In what condition was he?

W.—As miserable as a man could be.

C.—Of what period of time are you now speaking?

W.—Of the first time that I saw him after this cruel affair.

C.—Do you know what has occasioned their separation?

W.—This affair, which has been given in evidence.

C.—You say you saw Mr. Grand after this transaction happened; to what do you impute his miserable state?

W.—From the behaviour of Mr. Francis on this occasion.

Cross-examined.—You say you apprehend Mr. Grand's miserable state to be owing to Mr. Francis's behaviour to Mr. Grand's wife; explain, do you mean any that passed under your own eye or his supposed behaviour?

W.—From his supposed behaviour.*

Francis was not much given to recording his defeats.

* Having gone through the sworn testimony of the eye-witnesses to this night's work, the readers, who wish to see a wonderful instance of woman's credulity, should turn to the account which Lady Francis has given as her version of the story; much of it has been reproduced in the second volume of Francis's Memoirs, to which we must refer the curious. For the benefit of those not within reach of the book, we may briefly mention a few of the circumstances that they will be "surprised to hear," viz., that poor Mrs. Grand was married to "a dirty old sordid Frenchman," who treated her very badly, and who looked out for some means of paying off his heavy card losses. That Francis's sorrow for this ill-matched beauty melted into love, which was fanned into such passionate despair by the steady rejection of his overtures, that he fell into a fever, which lasted exactly six months. Pity now so moved the lady that she consented to one stolen interview. Where "in all the broken sighs his sick heart lent him," Francis was in vain pleading his suit, when he was rudely set upon by a band of armed "ruffians" (purposely placed ready by Grand, who had got wind of the intended meeting), who, having first cunningly got possession of the lover's sword (fortunately for themselves), held him down in a chair, while the outraged husband called for a pistol to take the prisoner's life. Meantime the hapless lady, from the window of the room into which they had locked her, called out in fluent English, "For God's sake come; they are murdering him." The *Deus ex machina*, who obeyed this summons, was the faithful little Ducarell, who "very resolutely rushed into the house" and sword in hand fell upon "the gang." Francis, on seeing his friend, "threw off those about him, who were glad to take refuge in flight, and the two adventurers made an orderly retreat."

The admiring and devoted wife who left this pyramid of sentimental fiction on record, professed to have got the materials from Francis himself. Truly there is a charity that believeth all things, and thinketh no evil.

Yet he did make a note of this one in his diary,—*viz.*,
“March 6th: Judgment against me in the Supreme Court.”

Turning again to the notes of the industriously accurate Justice Hyde, we find what amount the judgment was for, *viz.*:—

“In the 2nd Term, 1779, on Saturday, March 6th :
Judgment was pronounced for the plaintiff. Damages fifty thousand sicca rupees.”

Then his Lordship adds, probably with some satisfaction,—“50,000 Sicca rupees are equal to five thousand one hundred and nine pounds, two shillings and eleven pence sterling, reckoning according to the weight and fineness of the silver.”*

“Mr. Justice Chambers was of opinion, it was not proved the defendant had committed adultery; and therefore there ought to be judgment for the defendant.”

Unfortunately, we are not able to give *verbatim* the judgment of the majority of the Court, as the volume in which Justice Hyde says that he has recorded this and the evidence and arguments is not now forthcoming; but a copy of the dissenting Judge's opinion is in existence, having been printed by Hicky, in his newspaper, two months after Francis left India, and apparently with the object of making light of the charge, as the damages are airily mentioned as a “moderate sum,” in comparison, we presume, with what might have been if Francis's persecutors had had their way, *viz.* :—

“*Sir Robert Chambers's opinion or protest in the cause of
Grand versus Francis.*”

“I am fully of opinion that the charge in the plaint is not proved :

* We must confess to a difficulty in following this computation.

1st.—Because it appears to me that there is no proof, either positive or circumstantial, that Mrs. Grand knew of, or previously consented to, his (Mr. Francis's) coming for any purpose, much less for the purpose of adultery.

2nd.—Because there is no proof, either direct or founded on violent presumption, that they were actually together, much less was there any proof that they committed any crime together.

3rd.—Because the evidence appears to me to fall short of what is ordinarily considered as proof of any fact, and especially of any crime.

4th.—Because it falls exceedingly short of what our Common Law considers as proof of adultery.

And lastly, because I have never read or heard of any action for *crim. con.*, in which a verdict has been given for the plaintiff on such presumptions of guilt."

To this opinion Mr. Hicky adds the following *Notabene* :—

"Sir Robert Chambers held the distinguished post of Vinerian Professor at Oxford, when he was appointed a Judge at the Supreme Court ; and Sir Elijah Impey was Council (*sic*) on the side of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor in that memorable *crim. con.* affair.* Hudibras observes :

What shall we say when Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt like you and me."

* It is a curious coincidence that Junius attacks Lord Mansfield (November 1770) for laying down a doctrine in the above case contrary to that which, eight years afterwards, the Calcutta Judges applied against Francis, *viz.*,—"You were daring enough to tell the jury that, in fixing the damages, they were to pay no regard to the quality or fortune of the parties; that it was an action between *A* and *B*; that they were to consider the offence in a moral light only; and give no greater damages to a peer of the realm than to the meanest mechanic."

In the face of the above very decided opinion of Justice Chambers there seems very little foundation for the story (repeated by Kaye), that he weakly named thirty thousand rupees as a compromise between the one hundred thousand said to be suggested by Hyde, and the fifty thousand by Impey.

Nor does there seem to be any foundation for the other time-honored story (also repeated by Kaye) in connection with this judgment,—*viz.*, the alleged interruption of the Chief Justice, while he was delivering judgment, by Mr. Justice Hyde, with the eager suggestion or reminder of “siccās, siccās, Brother Impey,” with the view of making the damages as high at the awarded figure as possible. Mr. Merivale says, that he could find no confirmation of the old joke: it was probably invented to point the moral as to the reputed virtuous indignation of Hyde against all “gallantry in the chamber.” The story seems to have been first promulgated in a book of Personal Recollections by John Nicholls, M. P., published in 1822. The author was in the House of Commons with Francis, and had known Impey and Hyde before they went to India. He mentions the Francis-Grand episode, giving such an inaccurate account of it that it is clear he is merely retailing hearsay gossip: for instance, he speaks of Mrs. *Le Grand*; and of Mr. Francis descending from the lady’s apartment “by a rope ladder *after* an alarm had been raised,” &c., &c. The evidence derived from such a source is very questionable; but the story is not supportable from any point of view. Without attaching too much importance to the improbability of a Puisne Judge on such an occasion addressing the Chief Justice as “Bro-

ther," instead of "My Lord," we have but to see that the damages were laid in the plaint in siccas, and were, as a matter of course, awarded in the same coin.*

* Indeed, it would seem that even, though, 'siccas' were not specified in the plaint, the judgment would have contemplated them in the word 'Rupees.' This would appear to be the inference from the following case reported in Hyde's own notes,—*viz.* : "An action for assault and imprisonment. An assault was proved, but no very great injury ; therefore the Court thought three hundred rupees sufficient damages.

"In the plaint the damages were alleged 'eighty thousand rupees'" (how unconscionable litigants seem to have been in appraising their damages in the last century), "without saying what sort of rupees. Impey said, if this is so wholly uncertain as to have no meaning at all because it is not said current, Arcot, sonaut, sicca or some other particular sort of rupees, then defendant may take advantage of it in arrest of judgment. HYDE: I incline to think 'rupees' named without any distinction must mean sicca rupees, because those are the proper coin of this country. I proposed to let the Advocate for the plaintiff choose what kind of rupees we should name for the damages, as he judged would be best for his client if a motion in arrest of judgment should be made, and IMPEY assented to it. The Advocate named sicca rupees, and we gave judgment accordingly." Though it has no reference to the epoch with which the Judges were then dealing, we may note here that a few years later, 1793, it was enacted that, "from the first day of the Bengali year 1200 (10th April 1794), no person should be permitted to recover in the Courts any sum of money, under a bond or other writing, by which any species of Rupees excepting the Sicca Rupees of the 19th Sun is stipulated to be paid." In Hunter's Annals of Rural Bengal, from which we are quoting, will be found the only historical exposition as to the coinage in Bengal in the last Century. We must refer those to it who wish to appreciate the frequent distinctive mention by our predecessors of varieties of Rupees, or to understand the causes which led to a marvellous complication of the Currency, and learn its disastrous results, and how its reform was effected. Readers will there find a subject ordinarily dry and difficult, made not only easily intelligible, but exceedingly interesting.

Francis was also mulcted in the plaintiff's costs of the suit amounting to sicca rupees 947-8.

Mr. Grand omits to say in his Narrative that, having secured Francis's rupees, he next proceeded to settle accounts with Shee, whose friendly offices "to save his noble patron" on two occasions Mr. Grand was evidently not disposed either to forget or forgive.

The law was the weapon which he again had recourse to. To see what the nature of the action was, we must for the last time rely on the quaint fidelity of Justice Hyde's note:—

"3rd Term.

Thursday, June 24th, 1779.

Present :

SIR E. IMPEY, MR. JUSTICE CHAMBERS, and MR. JUSTICE
HYDE.

[Hyde came first ; Impey second ; the Court sat at 9-45 ; Chambers came about 10-15.]

G. F. Grand versus George Shee.

"An action of trespass, for breaking and entering the house of the plaintiff on the eighth day of December 1778. The plaint states first breaking and entering the house."

Mr. Grand did not make much by this, as the verdict was "one rupee damages and one rupee costs."

In Francis's diary there is the briefest allusion to this wind-up of the legal proceedings arising out of his evil-doing, and, with the proverbial feeling of the transgressor to the man he has injured, he adds this comment :
"A la fin ce scélérat est écrasé."

This may be the most fitting opportunity for briefly endeavouring to trace the personal feelings of Francis

towards the Judges who tried this case, with the object of seeing what ground there may be for the charge that he afterwards allowed influences, presumably arising out of the verdict, to actuate not only his private, but his public conduct in regard to those men.

As regards Chambers, the defendant in the late suit would have been less than human, if he had not ever afterwards thought of him as a "wise and upright Judge, an excellent young man."

Without in the smallest degree insinuating that Chambers's dissent from the verdict was influenced by considerations independent of those springing from an honest weighing of the evidence, it may be pointed out that long before (as well as after) the trial, he and Francis were the closest official allies, if indeed not something more.

So far back as November 1777 we find Francis's noting as follows in his journal: "Show Chambers my recommendation of him to Lord North. He pledges himself to me in return."

A month later, when the overtures for a coalition between Hastings and Francis fail owing to the latter's flat refusal to the plan of accommodation proposed, he puts an N. B. in his diary: "Justice Chambers entirely approves my resolution." On another occasion, when, during a private visit to Hastings, the latter "professes the warmest resentment against the Supreme Court," Francis communicates this to Chambers.

In the November following the trial he chronicles that he stands godfather to Chambers's son.

Francis has been described as a good hater, but he could also be a good friend, ever active and aggressive in

behalf of his friendship as well as of his enmity. This is abundantly shown in his letters to India after his return to England, where his intrigues to supplant Impey by Chambers were incessant; and the inference from those letters is irresistible, that Francis's action in this respect was dictated by no public spirit, but by a desire to gratify private feelings. He had barely been at home for two months when he writes for the second time to Chambers (whom henceforth he habitually addresses as "dear friend") :

"Notwithstanding anything Impey may tell you to the contrary, be assured from *me* that, except Mr. Dunning, the Supreme Court have not a friend or approver even in Westminster Hall. The Chancellor will either give up or certainly not defend Impey. He is a condemned man. There is no power that either can or is inclined to save him from public disgrace at the best. The friends of Hastings have tried every artifice to make it be believed that you were implicated by accepting a post of profit in the Police ; but I have cleared you completely up to the end of last year, and it stands rather better than if you had (*sic*, had not ?) been so charged With respect to *your* interests you may rest assured that I will be alert in my attention to them. But you must be aiding and assisting them yourself. Hyde is despised in the same way in which Impey is execrated. *You* must stand clear and wide of both."

Again, soon after Impey's return to England, Francis writes to Sir R. Chambers, after reminding him that "I have always confided in your friendship." "As soon as Mr. Hastings is disposed of one way or another, I have reason to believe that the impeachment of the other (Impey) will be attempted, and with some better prospect of success." He then gloatingly adds : "To

the best of my judgment he will be hard run, and I hear he is very uneasy about it. . . . Let the event of the prosecution be ever so favorable to him, a minute and public inquiry into all his conduct cannot but be very afflicting to him."

To his fidus Achates, Shee, he writes about the same time (December 1786) in a similar strain :

"The prosecution of your friend, Mr. Hastings, will be revived with a renewal of vigour as soon as Parliament meets. He has had a pleasant summer of it.

"An attempt will also be made to impeach Sir Elijah Impey, in whose fate I know you are interested.

"Let the event to their persons be what it may, the charges will gibbet their characters to all eternity."

And lastly, when Sir Robert Chambers is at length confirmed as Chief Justice, Francis writes out to congratulate him on an advancement : "So long and so dearly earned, and so well-deserved ;" and after thanking God that he has got it, he finally assures him : "I look back to old times, and remember old friends with a tender, affectionate interest, considering them as objects in which I have long had a property."

After this digression we go back to the sequence of events.

That the nocturnal expedition at whose *finale* so many members of society assisted soon became public property—goes without saying ; and that it made a great noise in Calcutta may be gathered from these two entries in Francis's journal :

"*December 12th, 1778.*—Handsome behaviour of Wheler against the clamours of this cursed place."

"*December 13th.*—H. and B. (Hastings and Barwell)

mean enough to send that business home to the Court of Directors.”*

It was not apparently for about three months after the trial that Mrs. Grand consented to pass into the “protection” of Francis. It is not improbable that he went to Chandernagore to seek her, and that the following entries point to the renewal of their intimacy, with its result :

“June 26th, 1779.—At Chandernagore: *ut vidi, ut perii.*”

* Francis, in his private letter too, at this time expresses his annoyances at the Governor-General’s frequently bringing the scandal before the Council ; he felt, and probably with some reason, that this sudden censoriousness came badly from the husband of Mrs. Imhoff. As usual he took care that Lord North should get early intimation of the affair from himself. Hicky, ever on the alert to vilify Hastings and (passively or indirectly at least) to befriend Francis, has the following ‘anecdote’ with reference to the above in his Gazette for 1781 :

“An intimate friend of Mr. B—w—ll’s, expressing to him one day his surprise that he should second Mr. H—in that extraordinary and illiberal censure which appeared on the proceedings of the C—t on the conduct of Mr. F—s respecting Mrs. G—, replied with great ironical humour: “By G—d I did not wish it, but I could not help it. I envy F— beyond measure, but I must go along with H—in these matters. The latter part of the confession may be of some little apology for Mr. B— on the score of necessity, but what possible excuse can be found for his colleague in offering so warmly to censure a vice which his whole life had uniformly passed in the practice of, unless, indeed, we suppose it to be the second act of his penitence, as we may reckon the first the honourable alliance he had previously entered into. When this gentleman was proposed some years ago in Leadenhall Street to be sent out high in his office, his abilities, among other qualifications, were mentioned. Abilities, replied Lord Olive with a mixture of contempt and indignation,—‘I knew him some time in India, and never heard of any abilities he possessed, except for seducing the wives of his friends.’”

"June 27th, 1779.—At Chandernagore: curious explanation with La Merlière, *à ce qui me pardit on ne demande pas mieux, &c.*"

Francis seems to have deferred to respect for appearances so far, as not to have received the lady into his house in Calcutta. There is little doubt that he established her at Hooghly, and his journal shows that he made frequent trips there during the last half of the year 1779, while his thoughts were much occupied on matters amatory, viz. :

"September 9th.—Go up to Hughley, where I propose to stay till we hear decisively from England."

"September 17th.—O ! Cara Phillide, *rendi me il cor.*"

"September 29th.—*Quæ spiravit amores.*"

"October 16th.—At Hughley."

"October 17th, Sunday.—Ditto : *Ridet hoc, inquam Venus ipsa, rident simplices nymphae.*"

"November 15th.—Return at night to Hughley. *Quoquo vestigia tendit, componit furtim subsequiturque decor.*"

"November 20th.—Hughley. *Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis publica cura.*"

"November 24th.—Return at night to Hughley ; *ferus et Cupido semper ardentes acuens sagittas.*"

This is the last entry in his journal that refers to the Hooghly attraction ; there is no further allusion to Mrs. Grand in his Indian diary, unless the asterisks in the following stand for her name.

"February 17th, 1780.—This day Mr. Barwell sends to desire leave to pay his respects to * * * ; offers of a passage to England, &c."

Barwell sailed from Calcutta in the *Swallow* on the

3rd of March 1780, having two days previously gone to Francis's house, as the diary records, "to take leave with a fine palavering speech."

If the entry of the 17th refers to a proposal of Barwell's that Mrs. Grand should be a passenger in the *Swallow* under his auspices, Francis, holding the ideas of Barwell which he did, regarded it probably with as much composure as he would a proposal to pen a wolf and a lamb into the same fold. In any case, Mrs. Grand did not leave India for several months later; there can be little doubt that the following paragraph from Hicky's "Bengal Gazette," December 9th, 1780, refers to her: "Samuel Tolfrey, Esq." (whose name we have seen as that of one of Francis's attorney in the trial) "has embarked for Europe with a fortune of three lakhs of rupees: he intends proceeding from Celon (*sic*) or Coringa in the Dutch ship that carries home Mrs. G——d."

Now Francis himself, according to a letter of Warren Hastings, left India on 3rd December 1780, having first "engaged a passage in a Dutch ship, which he has left for one in the *Fox*," and this is explained by the very last entry in the Indian diary so often alluded to: "7th November.—Discover at last that it is impossible to go in the Dutch ship, so resolve to take my passage in the *Fox*,* Captain Blackburn."

The probability is strongly against there being two Dutch passenger ships starting from Calcutta in those times within a few days of each other, the likelihood being that the ship alluded to in Hicky, and that in

* According to the "Shipping Intelligence" of the month, Francis's fellow-passengers in the *Fox* were Mr. Harwood, Mr. Tilman (*sic*), Mr. and Mrs. Lackam, and Mrs. Evins.

which Francis had first engaged a passage, were the same; if so, Francis at first clearly contemplated accompanying Mrs. Grand on her voyage to Europe.

We have thought it worth while to attempt to clear up this point, as some writers have more than hinted that even in India Francis was not the only "protector" into whose hands Mrs. Grand fell—a surmise for which there does not seem to be the least foundation.*

The story having thus taken Mrs. Grand out of India, we had now better return to the Narrative, to get a general idea of Mr. Grand's after-doings as a Bengal Civilian in the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century. Immediately after the trial, *viz.*, in April 1779, his "health being sensibly affected," he "was advised by those friends who deeply felt for him, to change the air;" and a berth was secured for him in Patna, by an exchange of appointments with Mr. J. H. Taylor, Head Commercial Assistant to the Factory there.

In 1781 he appears to have been in Benares during Hastings's visit there, and to have joined in the night-escape to Chunar after the tumult, as he gives the names of several of those who comprised Hastings's suite on the night of 21st August.

The following extract seems to show that Francis's sicca rupees went eventually towards founding an enter-

* M. Pichot, though evidently a painstaking writer who endeavours to be accurate, thus gives currency to this allegation when noticing the 'Memoirs of Philip Francis:' "Aussi Francis, condamné, voulut-il en avoir pour son argent, et il vécut pendant une année avec Mme. Grand jusqu'à ce qu'elle se laissa enlever par un autre protecteur qui l'emmena en Europe."

prise in Tirhoot, which has since grown into a magnificent 'industry' :

"In 1782 I was transferred by Mr. Hastings from Head Assistant to a commercial factory (in which the duties consisted of prizing (*sic*) cloths, seeing saltpetre weighed and loaded, attending to the accounts, &c.) to the government of two considerable provinces, involving the settlement and collection of revenues and maintenance of justice; the provinces were Tirhoot and Hajeepore.

"I took possession of a country yielding a revenue of above seven laacks of rupees, but which had suffered from the depredation committed by those who were compelled to abandon the charge to me, and had besides been in revolt owing to the intrigues of the Rajah of Benares, Cheyt Sing, whose baneful influence had spread so far, and would have spread further, had he not been checked in time by Mr. Hastings's wise and spirited measures.

"I recovered a large balance due from the farmers to Government, quieted and appeased without bloodshed every disturbance, brought back the disobedient to a just sense of their errors, augmented the revenue, *introduced the manufacturing of indigo after the European manner,** encouraged the establishment of indigo works and plantations, erected three at my own expense, and thus possessed at that moment a fortune of £15,000 sterling, looked forward to a proportionate augmentation by continuing in my station and extending my manufactories, which, with my houses, lands, furniture, tent equipage, horses, boats, stood then upon a valuation of £10,000 more."

Lord Cornwallis arrived in September 1786, and Mr. Grand went to Calcutta to pay his respects to his new

* The italics are ours.

chief and to make reports and suggestions "as," he complacently observes, "one of the ablest revenue servants and one of the most intelligent regarding the customs and usages prevailing in the provinces of Behar."

A measure soon followed, which seems to have taken Mr. Grand quite by surprise, and to have been inexplicable to him, though to us, perhaps, the reason is plain enough, seeing that it was ordered by the Governor-General who first established purity and justice as the pillars of our rule in India, and who put a stop to the insalutary combination of executive authority with commercial pursuits.

He thus pathetically refers to the hard fate that overtook him :—

"On the 26th August 1787 I was in full possession of my appointment, and my fortune was in that progressive state as described in 1785. I was in the enjoyment of every comfort, elegance, and luxury of life. I was beloved and respected by those living with me: my assistants Messrs. David van der Heyden (since M. P. for Westloe), Mr. Henry Colebrooke (since Member, Supreme Council), together with Mr. Steel, my surgeon, and Mr. Purvis, my private secretary (since retired to England with a considerable fortune derived from the indigo manufactories); and I will say, because I challenge the contrary to be proved, almost venerated by the natives of every description under my government, whose tears on hearing of my removal accompanied me from the place of my residence to the bank of the Ganges, where the limits of the district ceased—a distance of twenty-five miles. On the 27th of August 1787, by one stroke of his Lordship's pen, was Mr. Robert Bathurst nominated Collector of Tirhoot and Hajepore, and thus every hope and fair-built prospect existing on the preceding day completely blasted. Thus the blow was struck, and from that

date I fell perhaps never more to rise. View the portrait and feel!!!”

In 1788, without solicitation on his part, he was appointed Judge and Magistrate of Patna, an office which he describes “as a gold chain honorable, but burthensome* and totally bereft of every emolument.” He was shortly afterwards directed to give up and dispose of his indigo concerns in Tirhoot; against this he remonstrated, and finally proving contumacious, and charges as to his conduct as Judge of Patna having been laid, he seems to have been removed from the service.

He did not however leave India then, but remained there a few years longer, trying apparently to get reinstated. His name turns up occasionally in old Calcutta newspapers. Thus, in December 1793, we find him serving on the Grand Jury: in November 1794 he is one of the commissioners for a scheme of a general lottery. Finally he sailed for England in 1799, and after a short stay at the Cape reached Dover in March 1800. From the Court of Directors too he failed to get the redress which he had so calculated on, that

* Mr. Grand did not appear to be much in favor of English legal procedure here (unless perhaps when he himself was the plaintiff), at least one may suspect so from his recording the following with much approbation: “The great Lord Mansfield was known to say that had the institutes of Menu, the Indian Lawgiver, framed and perfected into a Code 1500 years before the nativity of our Saviour (which laws Mr. Hastings engaged the celebrated Mr. Halhed to devote his time to the acquisition of the Sanscrit language, with the view of rendering himself able to translate them into English), been known and been familiar to him which they were after the publication took place, his Lordship would never have given his sanction for the introduction of English laws in India.”

he had accepted pecuniary advances from friends, to reimburse whom he was obliged to sell all that he had, and to transfer his annuity for their benefit. As we shall have occasion later on to refer to the agency by which Mr. Grand was extricated from his difficulties, we will give *verbatim* what he has chosen to tell us on this subject himself:

“After suffering privations and hardships which fell heavy at my time of life, I was relieved by the generosity of a friend, who had a lively remembrance of attachment, and obligation for the conduct which I had observed during prosperity. With what was left me out of this sum, being two-fifths of its amount, I departed for the Continent, my tried friends in England approving of the same, and repeating their assurance they would not be unmindful to bring forward my claims and a reconsideration of my case, when they saw a proper opportunity to exert themselves in behalf of their injured friend.

“By this same liberal friend was I offered a handsome pension to live at ease and to enjoy for the remainder of my days where the local (*sic*) was most agreeable; and even I was enjoined by the warmest friends of my youth and career in life, through whom this bounty was tendered, *viz.*, Sir Elijah Impey and Mr. Wombwell, to accept of it, and quit the paths of ambition and the future trouble which might again arise and befall me from public situations.

“I rejected this munificence intended, not from pride, but from a consideration I had other ties which demanded I should not sink into perfect repose whilst active faculties permitted (me) to discharge with credit stations to which I might be elevated. With these sentiments I assented readily to the proposition subsequently made to me from the Batavian Government to repair to the Cape of Good Hope in a high station, with the promise of a higher, and the eventual assur-

ance of those friends to whose interest in my behalf I felt sincerely grateful, that both rank and fortune were once more within my reach, and that nothing would be spared to throw me into the state during my sojournment abroad of the truly pleasing one—*otium cum dignitate*; with these prospects and the fullest reliance of performance did I embark vested with my new honors after the treaty of Amiens in a time of profound peace, and with the strongest hope of its continuance, for my destination. The unfortunate war which soon burst out after my arrival, has deprived me of those advantages to which I looked with fond delight, not so much for what concerned me personally, but for the gratification of others, and which, from the honesty of those on whose promises I implicitly trusted, I am persuaded, I should otherwise have reaped. Accustomed to vicissitudes, nay seemingly born to experience such, I behold this last with philosophic contemplation, *flecti non frangi*. I feel blessed in my second domestic attachment, and I thank Heaven daily that what I have been denied in consequence, say worldly honors and riches, it has pleased the Almighty to compensate me in unimpaired faculties and an uncommon share of health and activity far surpassing what might be expected in my years (1st of February 1808)."

The occupation of the Batavian Republic having gone (on the Cape becoming a British Colony), Mr. Grand was appointed by the new Commander, Lieutenant-General Sir David Baird, to be "Inspector of H. M.'s Woods and Lands;" but he seems soon to have lost this employment also, and then probably subsided into private life. The only reference to him personally that we have seen is in Sir James Mackintosh's Memoirs, who, on his way home from Bombay (his ship having put in at the Cape), records in his diary: *16th January*

1812.—“At the African Club, where I went to read Newspapers and Reviews, I met Mr. Grandt (*sic*), the first husband of Madame Talleyrand; he is rather a gentleman-like old man, a native of Lausanne, sent here with an office during the peace.”

It is much to be regretted that there is a wide gap in the history of Mrs. Grand, for the filling up of which no materials of any authentic value seem yet to have come to light.

One would like to know how sixteen years in the very bloom of this beautiful woman's life were passed, and would like to believe that her lot was not “to be false unto many as faithless to one,” which experience pronounces to be too frequently the fate of those with similar antecedents.

We certainly have what Lady Francis says on these points, and she professed to have open to her a source of information which probably could be most valuable; but unfortunately what this lady committed to paper concerning the Grand affair turns out to be such a compound of superficial truth and solid error, in those particulars which can be submitted to proof, that we are bound to regard the whole of it with caution, and with the suspicion that much of what Francis in his old age chose to tell his second wife on this subject, was intended to amuse or to mislead.

Still there is nothing very improbable in her account, which is, briefly this, that, on Francis's arrival in England from India, Mrs. Grand went to reside in France, where she put herself into the charge of two respectable ladies, and though largely (if not mainly)

dependent on the slender support which they could give her, she refused any assistance from Francis. That he frequently went to see her in Paris and Spa, but that she, though acknowledging her affection for him and her attachment for no one else, "resisted the temptation of renewing the improper part of her intercourse with him." That he met her suddenly one day in England at the commencement of the French Revolution, and that she tried to avoid him; having been driven from France with other emigrants, she had determined, while in England, to remain concealed from him. And that, on the whole, she conducted herself with such decorum as finally "to secure a most brilliant establishment in marriage and the protection of the respectable Josephine." We may add, as in some degree confirmatory of the above, that a foot-note in Vol. II of the *Memoirs* quotes a passage in a letter from Francis soon after his return to England to an intimate friend in India, which very probably refers to Mrs. Grand, *viz.*: "You will be glad to hear that ——— is established at Paris, creditably in the society of Madame Vanlée." We suspect that the 'n' in this last word is a misreading or misprint for 'r'; and remembering that Varlé* is given in the Calcutta Marriage Register as the spelling of the maiden name of Mrs. Grand, it seems not unreasonable to infer that the

* Curiously enough, while these pages are going through the press, a correspondent in 'Notes and Queries' asks for the origin of the name Worley, sometimes written Wyrley and Werley. He says it is of Norman derivation, and will be found twice in the authentic roll of Battle of Abbey. The family first settled at Hampstead Hall in Staffordshire; the arms are 'three bugle horns stringed.' In Doomsday the name is spelled Ouarley.

blank stands for her, and that she was living with some relative of her own on the father's side.

On the other hand, to show what sort of stories circulated in France relative to the years between Madame Grand's arrival there and her second marriage, we may quote one, not because we believe it to be in the least more susceptible of proof than many others, but because it professes to be so circumstantial as to names, places, dates, &c., &c.

A work in four volumes, published in London in 1834 (four years before his death), entitled "Life of Prince Talleyrand," is without the author's name, but is evidently a translation of a work published in French in Paris in the same year, the name of the author being given in the catalogue at the British Museum as C. M. de Villemarest. This book says correctly enough that Madame Grant (*sic*) was born at Tranquebar, and it produces what purposes to be a summary of an account given by a British Naval Officer, Lieutenant Nath. Belchier; namely, that Madame Grant succeeded in the month of August 1792 in escaping from France, having witnessed under her very windows (in Rue de Mirabeau, afterwards called Rue de Montblanc) the massacre of the porter* of the house in which she resided. In her hurry she left behind everything she possessed, and

* It will be remembered that it was on the 10th August 1792 that the massacre of the Swiss guard occurred. So infuriated were the brutal mob at the heroic devotion shown by the guard at the Tuileries that almost all their countrymen, the Swiss porters in the hotels, &c., of the city, were butchered by bands of savages, who rioted through the streets after the sacking of the palace.

landed at Dover with her maid, and about twelve louis in her pocket.

There Belchier made her acquaintance, and learned that her property had been sequestered in France. The lady had been married in India to an English gentleman, the union did not prove happy, and she left India before her divorce from her husband was pronounced. This circumstance turned out most favorably, as she was thus still a British subject, and had the right to claim her property from the Government. A gentleman named O'Dryer set off with Belchier for Paris, with full powers to act for Madame Grand in the recovery of what was left there. In this they eventually succeeded; leaving Paris again on 19th November, carrying with them her property, part of which was gold, and much money and bank bills, diamonds, pearls, and other jewels, &c. Having overcome innumerable difficulties, they delivered her fortune, back to Madame Grand, and both refused any pecuniary recompense. The account concludes by recording that Mr. Belchier calls God to witness (why is not apparent) that his only object was to thus succour a Royalist lady then very ill, and, in spite of her sufferings, of remarkable beauty. Though this work seems to have appeared in Madame Grand's lifetime, the translator in the English copy adds in the form of a foot-note, that the greater portion of the plate and objects of value thus preserved did not belong to Madame Grand, but to a French nobleman, who was thought to have preceded the Bishop of Autun in her affections, and who, during many years of distress in England, was often heard to deplore that she had dispoiled him of all the valuables he had left. The noble-

man's name is given as Viscount de Lambertye, who is said to have returned some years after to France, and being in want, was advised to apply to the then Madame de Talleyrand. His demands were stated to be granted, he thought, at the suggestion of Talleyrand. Instead of 400,000 francs he consented to accept, without any written deed, nine francs daily, which were paid from 1808 till his death in 1813.

It is curiously suggestive that another work, published in London many years before the one just quoted from, alludes in an indirect way to the story attributed to Belchier. This book is in two volumes (London, 1805), written in a spirit most hostile to Talleyrand, and says, amongst other things, that, in a petition to the Directory in 1797, Madame Grand proved herself to have been a Danish subject, and that the Minister of Police allowed her as such to return to France with a Danish pass. In a foot-note in this book, reference is made to another, "*Les intrigues de C. M. Talleyrand*," which is alleged to say that when Mr. Grand heard of his wife's flight to England, not knowing her circumstances, *i.e.*, the wealth recovered for her by Belchier, forgot that he had been injured, and sent her "an unlimited credence from Switzerland." We know, of course, that Mr. Grand was in India in 1797; but we quote the statement for what it is worth, lest if, by any chance true, we should be omitting a circumstance which redounds highly to his credit. It will be remembered that in his Narrative he alludes mysteriously to "a friend" who was substantially grateful for conduct of his when in prosperity.

Many pages would be occupied were we to attempt to

give even a summary of the fables written by French authors as to the first acquaintance of Madame Grand with Talleyrand. Their number seem to suggest how little was really known on a subject, in regard to which information, one must suppose, was eagerly sought.

In July 1797, Talleyrand became Foreign Minister, through the influence, it is said, of Madame de Staël with Barras the Director. Some authors say, that it was very soon after this that Madame Grand came under his notice; one of them, indeed, declares that he had from the Prince himself, whose secretary he was, the circumstances of their first meeting which, in one form or another, are given by several writers, namely: that Madame Grand naïvely presented herself to the Minister of External Relations, in alarm at the report which she had heard from the best authority, that Bonaparte was about to invade England, and had promised to give the Bank of England up to pillage; her visit was with the object of begging Talleyrand to get a guarantee that her property, which was all locked up there, should be saved for her. That her friends, amongst whom was M. de Montrond, had advised her to hasten to him for this purpose. The story goes that the Foreign Minister saw the joke that had been played on her, but being too polite to tell her so, quieted her with a document guaranteeing the safe delivery of her plate, jewels, &c., to any person she may name, as soon as ever Bonaparte's army had entered London! The one point worth noting in this story is, that it keeps up the idea of the lady being in possession of considerable property in the days of the Directory.

: Other accounts say that Madame Grand arrived in

Paris about this time, from London, almost without resources, being charged by some émigrés, with certain negociations which got her watched by the Police, and for protection from whom she sought an interview with Talleyrand, who was immediately captivated by her.

Even that most respectable authority, Madame de Rémusat, in her lately published Memoirs, allows a theatrical element in their first meeting. Her version is this: "Under the Directory Madame Grand wished to go to England, where her husband resided (*sic*), and she applied to M. de Talleyrand for a passport. Her beauty and her visit produced apparently such an effect upon him, that either the passport was not given, or it remained unused. Madame Grand remained in Paris; and shortly afterwards she was observed to frequent the Hotel of External Relations, and after a short time she took up her abode there."

However, as pointed out by M. Pichot, the accounts which assign 1797 as the date of the acquaintanceship are contradicted by a letter which M. Michaud (Junior) says that he himself saw, and which Talleyrand must have written early in 1796.

Whether Talleyrand met Madame Grand in England, where he was early in the Revolution, or elsewhere, it is circumstantially mentioned in the Biographie Universelle by Michaud, that she came to Paris with him from Hamburg in the first days of 1796; that Talleyrand had very little money then, and went into a modest furnished lodging. He soon had the vexation to see arrested and sent to prison his travelling companion, on suspicion of her having had intimate relations with some emigrants at Hamburg. To obtain her

release, Talleyrand was obliged to write himself to Barras the Director. The characteristic letter, for the authenticity of which M. Michaud vouches, is probably known to most readers, but for those who may not have seen it, we here give it:—

“Citoyen Directeur :

On vient d'arreter Mme. Grand comme conspiratrice. C'est la personne d'Europe la plus incapable de se mêler d'aucune affaire. C'est une Indienne, bien belle, bien paresseuse, la plus desoccupée de toutes les femmes que j'aie jamais rencontrées. Je vous demande intérêt pour elle. Je suis sûr qu'on ne lui trouvera pas l'ombre de pretexte pour ne pas terminer cette petite affaire à laquelle je serais bien fâché qu'on mit de l'éclat. Je l'aime—et je vous atteste à vous, d'homme à homme, que de sa vie elle ne s'est mêlée et n'est en état de se mêler d'aucune affaire. C'est une véritable Indienne, et vous savez à quel degré cette espèce de femme est loin de toute intrigue.

Salut et attachement,

CH. M. TALLEYRAND.”

Readers in this country will, perhaps, conclude from the above, that the astute Talleyrand had something to learn about the dove-like proclivities of veritable “Indiennes.”

This will be a good opportunity for seeing what French chroniclers of this time say of the beauty of Madame Grand, which soon became the theme of Paris society. M. Colmache was, we believe, the author of a small volume, translated into English also, called “Revelations of the Life of Prince Talleyrand.” In his position as secretary, he seems to have been admitted to the intimacy of the statesman, whose last moments also he witnessed

and wrote an account of. He tells some interesting anecdotes about Talleyrand, and disposes of some venerable ones which had long passed current as genuine. He knew Madame Grand before her second marriage, but it is curious that one who ought to have been better informed should, by way of correcting other accounts, lay down rather authoritatively that her maiden name was Dayrl, her father a Breton, and that she was born at L'Orient, but taken in early infancy to India. However, as touching her personal attractiveness, his testimony, as that of an eye-witness, should not be open to cavil. "Madame Grand," he says, at the time of her re-appearance with Talleyrand, "had the kind of beauty which is the rarest and the most admired in Europe. She was tall and slight, with that languor in her carriage peculiar to creole ladies; her eyes were well open and affectionate (caressants), her features delicate; her golden hair playing in numberless curls, set off a forehead white as a lily. She had, moreover, preserved a child-like grace in her expression and throughout her whole person; it was this which distinguished her from those Parisian ladies who might, perhaps, rival her in beauty, and made her resemble rather Madame Recamier than Mme. Tallien or Mme. de Beauharnais." Madame de Rémusat says on the same subject: "She was tall, and her figure had all the suppleness and grace so common to women born in the East. Her complexion was dazzling, her eyes of the brightest blue; and her slightly turned-up nose gave her, singularly enough, a look of Talleyrand himself. Her fair golden hair was of proverbial beauty."

If we are to believe what some French authors say on

the subject, the marriage of Madame Grand with Talleyrand was brought about as dramatically as their first meeting.

Up to 1801 Talleyrand was under the ban of excommunication pronounced against him in 1790 by Pius the Sixth, and the *liaison* of the ex-Prelate, though a public scandal might have been tolerated, were it not that his demi-official receptions as Foreign Minister were held by Madame Grand. One account relates that Fouché brought to the notice of the First Consul a scurrilous article in an English newspaper upon him, whereon Bonaparte in a rage sent for Talleyrand : "No wonder," said he, "that we are villified in England when we expose ourselves to it by the conduct of our public Ministers; the Envoys and Ambassadors for Foreign Courts are, I understand, compelled to wait upon your Mistress : this must not continue."

"Neither shall it," retorted Talleyrand, "they shall henceforth wait on my wife."

Madame de Rémusat gives a somewhat similar explanation of the marriage, but with the important exception that it was by no means a proposition of Talleyrand's. This lady, from her position at the French Court, had the best opportunities for learning the actual facts, and her version is, in all probability, the true one.

From this we learn that Madame Grand did the honors of Talleyrand's table and salon, and "with a good grace;" but that difficulties arose with the ambassadresses, some of whom would not consent to be received at the Foreign office by the lady presiding there, whereupon the latter complained, and the protests of both sides came to the ears of the First Consul, who at once sent for Talley-

rand and told him that Madame Grand must leave the house. This was not so easy to accomplish. Madame Grand, with admirable promptitude, went to Josephine and supplicated her to procure her an interview with Bonaparte, to whose presence she was admitted. Contemporary evidence tells us that at this time she was, though not in the hey-day, still in the rich maturity of her charms; she was nine and thirty, but what of that, a woman is never any older than she looks; and Napoleon, when afterwards disparagingly alluding to her at this epoch, acknowledged that "*elle etait très-belle femme.*"

At the interview with the First Consul she fell on her knees, and very probably it was the old story, woman's best weapons, tears and cajoling, triumphed once again, for the softened Bonaparte dismissed her saying, "I see only one way of managing this,—let Talleyrand marry you, and all will be arranged. You must bear his name, or you cannot appear in his house." Once bent on making a marriage Bonaparte lost no time, but at once conveyed his decision to Talleyrand, and gave him but twenty-four hours to think about it.

These hours were so well employed by the lady herself, that Talleyrand reluctantly assented, influenced, as Madame de Rémusat conjectures, by "the remains of love, the power of habit, and also perhaps by the fear of irritating a woman whom it is impossible to suppose he had not admitted to his confidence."

Josephine too is said to have been a warm advocate for the furtherance of Madame Grand's wishes. The marriage was performed very soon, but even the place where this occurred is in dispute amongst French writers, some

saying that it was in the village of Epinay by a curé, others, before one of the Mayors of Paris. Its date was 10th September 1802.

In the preceding year Talleyrand had obtained from Pius the Seventh a revocation of the excommunication passed on him by the previous Pope, and a sanction for his return to secular life.* Though he himself believed this to be authorization enough for his entry into the marriage state as a layman, the Pope did not, and highly resented the step, and, it is said, made it a condition, when he afterwards came to the French Court, that no one should present to him "cette dame." Talleyrand's own relations also were said to be much outraged, so much so, that his mother declined any longer to accept the allowance which her distinguished son made her.

The First Consul also looked askance at the lady whose marriage he had promoted; whether he did so to wound Talleyrand, whom he really never liked, but whom he could not do without, or from personal objection to herself, is not very clear. At any rate, according to Madame de Rémusat :

"He treated her coldly, even rudely; never admitted her to the distinctions of the rank to which she was raised without making a difficulty about it: and did not disguise the repugnance with which she inspired him, even while Talleyrand possessed his confidence. Talleyrand bore all this, never allowed the slightest complaint to escape him, and arranged so that his wife should appear but seldom at Court. She received

* The words in the Papal brief are: "Nous vous dégageons par la plénitude de notre puissance du lien de toutes les excommunications. Nous vous accordons le pouvoir de porter l'habit séculier, et de gérer toutes les affaires civiles."

all distinguished foreigners on certain days, and on certain other days the Government officials ; she made no visits, none were exacted from her. Provided each person bowed to her on entering and leaving his salon, Talleyrand asked no more ; he always seemed to bear with perfectly resigned courage the fatal ' *tu l'as voulu*' of Molière's comedy."

In no aspect of the case, therefore, could Talleyrand be congratulated ; bullied in the first place by Bonaparte because he was not married, and then in disgrace with the Pope, because he was.

The first Consul was remarkable for the want of even the ordinary courtesy of a gentleman to ladies, but so pronounced did his cold demeanour to this attractive woman appear to court society, that the wits of the day felt bound to seek some cause for it, not lying on the surface ; and accordingly this was one of the anecdotes accounting for his resentment, which went around.

When Madame de Talleyrand appeared first at Court after her marriage, Bonaparte, with patronizing impertinence, expressed a hope to her, that the future good conduct of the citizeness Talleyrand would cause to be forgotten the indiscretions (*légèretés*) of Madame Grand ; to which the bride naïvely rejoined, that in this respect, perhaps, she could not do better than follow the example of the Citizeness Bonaparte ! *

* Napoleon himself has given a very sufficient reason for his action regarding Madame Talleyrand, if he is to be believed. When speaking to O'Meara at St. Helena in a tone of very moral elevation (the austerity of which will perhaps sound strange to modern readers who know his own multitudinous *liasons* and moral obliquities), he said : "The triumph of Talleyrand was the triumph of immorality ; a priest married to the wife of another, and who had given a large sum to her husband for permission to retain his wife ; a man who had sold every-

It was at Neuilly that the Talleyrands lived after the marriage, and that Sir Elijah Impey visited them immediately after the Peace of Amiens; and, if there be any foundation for the sentimental scandal of Lady Francis, the Ex-Chief Justice even in his old age "suffered much extremity" from the witcheries of his hostess. But as an extraordinary statement, made in connection with this renewal of acquaintanceship between old Calcutta friends, will compel us again to refer to Mr. Grand's Narrative, we must be particular in quoting it exactly, more especially as it seems to have been accepted as true by the English and French writers who have reproduced it. In the life of Sir E. Impey, by his son, page 386, we find the following:

"Among the persons whom we met in the very mixed society of Paris, was the *Ci-devant* Mrs. Le Grand (*sic*), who had lately been married to M. de Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs.

"My father renewed his old acquaintance with her; and through the lady he became sufficiently intimate with the extraordinary diplomatist, her husband, to be one of the Englishmen most frequently invited to his table. The *soirées* and *petits-soupers* of Madame de Talleyrand at her charming Villa of Neuilly were at this period about the most select in France, being rivalled only by those of the Consulesse Josephine, the literary

thing and played the traitor to every side and everyone. I forbade Madame T. to come to my Court, chiefly because her reputation was run-down (*decriée*), and because I discovered that some Genoese merchants had paid her 400,000 francs in the hope of obtaining some commercial favors through the intervention of her husband." If true, not a bad stroke of business, it has been remarked, for one reputed to be a fool!

Madame de Staël, and the fashionable and fascinating Madame Récamier. They invited not only the *Corps-diplomatique*, but all such as were distinguished by their station or talents.

"At one of these assemblies, myself being present, this remarkable *rencontre* took place, of persons not likely even to have met beneath the same roof, under any circumstances less fortuitous. These persons were Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Sir Elijah and Lady Impey, M. and Madame de Talleyrand, Sir Philip Francis, and Mr. Le Grand!"

Mr. Impey writes as an eye-witness. In the first place we have to observe that on his own showing he was only in Paris during the visit he alludes to, for a portion of December 1801 and of January 1802. Now, as we have seen already, there was no Madame Talleyrand till September 1802, and Francis was not Sir Philip till 1806. But allowing for some little confusion of dates,*

* It is very unpalatable to have to comment unfavorably on any portion of the honest attempt which Mr. Impey made to defend his father's memory. *Impar congressus Achilli* he sat down manfully at the age of sixty-six to write for the first time in his life a ponderous book, mainly devoted to controversy. It is no disparagement of him to say that at such an age his mind lacked the necessary accuracy. We will give a single instance here of his handling of dates. Thornton, in his History of India, reflected on Chief Justice Impey's judicial oppression in the committal of a Mr. North Naylor, a Solicitor, for contempt of Court. He was confined to jail for a fortnight in March, and unfortunately died in the following August from the effects of the climate. His Counsel appeared before the Supreme Court for him: *Mr. Laurence*.—"I hope your Lordship does not mean that Mr. Naylor should answer *in vinculis*." CHIEF JUSTICE.—"Why not? Mr. Naylor will have more time to think of his conduct and prepare his answer." *Mr. Laurence*.—"It is a bad place for contemplation." Mr. Impey, instead of answering this

it would be safer to assume some strange betrayal of memory, or mixing up of circumstances, on Mr. Impey's part, than to believe that such an unfortunate meeting of conflicting elements would not have been guarded against by one, of whom Talleyrand's secretary testifies,—“she was unrivalled in the tact and *convenance* with which she received company.” Philip Francis as a septuagenarian had nothing to gain or lose by not being frank on this particular point with his second wife, who distinctly says, that he told her, that he as well as Sir E. Impey was in Paris after the peace, and that he received a message from Madame Grand telling him of her prospects, and asking him not to attempt to see her, lest M. Talleyrand might take offence; and so much did she deprecate even an accidental meeting at that critical time, that, to avoid all chance of it, she expressed her intention of making a little excursion into the country. To carry out her wishes, Francis says that he hastened his own departure from Paris, and that he never set eyes on her again. He also said that Talleyrand, whom he did meet then

charge against his father on its merits, says that he was not there at all at the time; that Hyde (the junior puisne) was the Judge called “Chief Justice;” and then he fancies he disposes of the question by showing triumphantly that his father was away at Chittagong from the 6th July 1778 to 15th March 1779 (which by the way he was not); he overlooks the fact that the contempt, committal, and death of Mr. Naylor all occurred in 1780 (when his father was present), and had nothing whatever to do with 1778. In another part of his book he goes out of his way to chronicle that “the same ship carried out the Judges and Members of Council.” The smallest enquiry on so trivial a matter would have shown him even the names of the two ships assigned to their freight,—the Judges being in one, the Councillors in the other.

and at other times, was always ungracious to him in manner, and gave no encouragement to an acquaintance-ship. There is quite enough inherent probability in all this to shake our faith in evidence to the contrary, coming even from a truthful witness who may have got confused about his reminiscences.

But, Mr. Impey's story was not new; he published his father's life in 1846, and over thirty years before that, the alleged coming together of incongruities at Neuilly had been in print, and found its way to the Cape of Good Hope, possibly to the African Club there, where it came under the observation, and aroused the indignation, of poor old Mr. Grand, and inspired this post-script to his Narrative, dated 30th April 1814, *viz.* :

“A miserable author, denominating himself the modern Plutarch, has had the impudence to assert ‘that at a dinner given by M. de Talleyrand in 1802, then the Minister in France for Foreign Affairs, there sat down to table the former Mrs. Grand with her former husband, Sir Elijah Impey, who had presided on the Bench in the action-at-law brought by him before his tribunal, and Sir P. Francis, who had committed the injury.’ I treated the remark at the juncture, when I saw the publication, with the contempt so unfounded an assertion merited, and it had accordingly escaped my memory when I was finishing the narrative of my life which I have given. I feel myself compelled to animadvert thereon, and out of justice to both parties implicated in this illiberal and false observation, to refute this calumny in all its points.

“I do, therefore, call God to witness that to my knowledge I never saw the first Mrs. Grand, neither in India nor in Europe, from that melancholy Sunday, *viz.*, the 13th December 1778—the sensation of which day I have described, and which

fixed our eternal separation. We remained from that moment like those who, having lived for a time in the height of happiness, have witnessed that happiness suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by one being cut off never in this world to meet again. Persons of this stamp never can forget the ties which had existed. We knew the delicacy of each other's sentiments, and never once thought of infringing that line of conduct which such a sense of feeling naturally prescribed.

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"I certainly went to Paris in 1802, and with the exception of the friend of my youth, Mr. Wombwell, and my lamented friend Sir Elijah Impey, saw during my sojournment in that capital none of the other persons mentioned. I lodged at the Hotel du Cercle Rue de Richelieu, an hotel for the accommodation alone of male strangers. Madame de Talleyrand was, as I understood, inhabiting Neuilly, a residence in the environs of Paris appertaining to M. de Talleyrand. It was in the height of summer, and few people of rank frequented the city. I gratified my curiosity in seeing the public buildings, &c., and after an abode of a very few days departed for Switzerland, &c., &c."

There we may leave the dramatic *rencontre* at "the charming Villa of Neuilly." But Mr. Grand's postscript suggests some considerations on another matter. His solemn statement in this, while perhaps literally true, conveys an impression the reverse of true; it certainly does so, if, when he parades their mutual delicacy and the absence of all thought of infringing what it prescribed, he wishes it to be believed that he not only did not actually see his former wife, but had no communication, direct or indirect, with her. No one reading this disingenuous postscript would suspect, for instance, that

a very prominent object in this visit to Paris (which was spent in "seeing public buildings") was the negotiating with the Talleyrands for an appointment which would provide him with a livelihood, and which above all would get him out of Europe.

From his former allusion to the offer of a handsome pension from a certain 'liberal friend' tendered through Sir E. Impey, and his acknowledging that he did see the latter during this Paris visit, it may fairly be inferred who the friend in need was, and that the go-between in the final negotiations was the wily old Chief Justice. For a knowledge of the circumstances attending on Mr. Grand's deportation from Europe to the Cape, we have again to express our indebtedness to an interesting little volume of Recollections of Talleyrand brought together by M. Amédée Pichot. Before we quote him, it may be well to premise that in the *Acte de Mariage* between Talleyrand and Madame Grand (10th September 1802), she is described as the divorced wife of G. F. Grand, by an Act pronounced in Paris in April 1798 (le 18 Germinal, An. vi)—*i.e.*, just two years before Grand arrived from India. How the divorce (presumably obtained under the law of republican France) was brought about, or whether money facilitated it, we have come across no evidence which will show. However, the fact of its having been got nearly four and-a-half years before his marriage, contradicts this statement of Madame de Rémusat, with reference to the alleged necessity for hush-money,—*viz.*: "It appears that Mr. Grand, who lived in England, although little desirous of receiving a wife from whom he had long been separated, contrived to get himself largely paid for withholding the protest

against the marriage, with which he repeatedly menaced the newly-wedded couple."

M. Pichot also has it, that the divorce was only obtained just before the marriage, and was not consented to till a large sum was paid.

We have already seen what Mr. Grand has told us himself about his going to the Cape consequent on a "proposition made to me from the Batavian Government;" he also gives a translation of the order defining the appointment, with its emoluments, to which he was nominated:

"Extract from the Consultation of an Assembly of the States governing the Batavian Republic—

"In this Assembly it was this day proposed, and after mature deliberation resolved, to nominate Mr. G. F. Grand to the station of Privy Councillor of the Government at the Cape of Good Hope. He is accordingly appointed and established in the above situation with a salary annexed thereto of 2,000 Caroli guilders annually.

"And further it was resolved to transmit copies of his nomination to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to the Directors of the East India Company, and to Mr. G. F. Grand, in order to serve for their respective guidance.

S. DASSAVAL,
Secretary."

This is dated ten days after the marriage of the Talleyrands,—*i.e.*, 20th September 1802; and some light is thrown on the spirit which guided the Assembly's "mature deliberations" by the following autograph letter sent a month later by Madame de Talleyrand herself to M. Van der Goes, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Batavian Republic:

"MONSIEUR—Je ne veux pas tarder davantage à vous remercier de votre obligeance, et de tout ce que vous avez bien voulu faire pour M. Grand à ma demande.

"L'empressement et la grâce que vous y avez mis, me prouvent, Monsieur, que l'on ne compte pas en vain sur votre amitié, et cela m'autorise à vous demander un nouveau service. C'est celui de faire enjoindre à M. Grand de s'embarquer sans délai, étant tout à fait inconvenant qu'il prolonge son séjour à Amsterdam, où il est déjà depuis un mois, *fort mal à propos*.

"Je vous serai donc tres-obligé de vouloir bien lui faire parvenir le plus tôt possible (chez M. M. R. et Th. de Smeth, à Amsterdam) l'ordre pour son embarquement, vous priant, Monsieur, de recevoir d'avance tous mes remerciements à cet égard et d'agréer l'assurance de ma plus parfaite considération.

TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD, NEE WORLEE."

She was evidently very proud of her new name, because only twelve days after her marriage (1st Vendémiaire, An. XI.), in writing to the same correspondent, she says: "You will see, sir, by the name which my union with M. de Talleyrand gives me the right to bear, how the tender and sincere affection of that amiable friend has made me the happiest of women."

As M. Pichot remarks, it was a stroke of high diplomacy as well as national economy on Talleyrand's part to get the Batavian Republic (which could refuse nothing to France since 1795) to provide for M. Grand. That Talleyrand himself was the suggester of an application to his Netherland's colleague is evident from a passage in a letter from Madame Grand to M. Van der Goes in the month preceding the marriage (3 fructidor an X = 20th August 1802), "M. de Talleyrand m'autorise à vous mander qu'il vous aura une obligation

particulière de ce que vous ferez pour moi à cette occasion." And again, when the Batavian Minister announces to her the embarkation of Grand, in the fulness of her gratitude she writes: "M. de Talleyrand is as sensible as I am of your kind offices, and charges me to repeat to you all that I have already conveyed to you of his recognition, and his desire to give you proofs of his attachment and consideration (2nd January 1803)."

But the putting to sea of Mr. Grand was not destined to quite bring to an end the bride's apprehensions about him; it was not for nothing that she wished to hasten his departure; probably no one knew better than M. de Talleyrand how long the Peace of Amiens was going to last. The rupture came: but the only concern which the renewal of war had for poor Madame de Talleyrand was in connexion with Grand's voyage: What, if it were not over? What if some dreadful British cruiser were to capture the ship transporting him, and land himself back again in Europe? Here would be a sorry trick for fate to play her, after matters had been arranged so nicely too; this would be "*fort mal à propos*" with a vengeance! To whom could she more suitably confide her new anxieties than to her tried ally, Van der Goes? That sympathizing friend was equal to the occasion, and with a gallantry that never failed, he again came to her relief, with the intelligence which calmed her fears, that Councillor Grand had arrived at the Cape.

Readers are referred by M. Pichot for the proofs of the authenticity of this curious correspondence to a history of the Diplomatic Relations of the Batavian Republic, published at the Hague, only in 1864, by Professor

Wraede, of the University of Utrecht, to whom the autograph letters were communicated by Baron Van der Goes, son of Talleyrand's friend.

As we shall have no further occasion to refer to Mr. Grand, it is only fair, before we dismiss him, to notice another incomprehensible statement disparaging to him and to Madame de Talleyrand, which appears in a foot-note in Mr. Impey's *Life of his father*, and which has been reproduced, with acceptance seemingly, in the "*Memoirs of Francis*":

"Part of the sequel of Le Grand's history I can supply: After the Peace of Paris, in 1815, he came to London; so did Madame la Princesse de Benevento. His object was to publish the particulars of the lady's life at Calcutta in revenge for his disappointment at Batavia—her's to seek redress for the publication. I saw it; it was a paltry book, printed at the Cape. They both applied to me. I advised the author to suppress his work, and the Princess not to go to law. This advice, of course, was very unpalatable to both: the lady took a legal opinion, and the gentleman took himself off. What became of him since I know not: but the libel shortly disappeared, and the matter seems to have ended as amicably as before."

All we can say about this is, that if Mr. Impey read the book, which he says he saw, he would not thus have hashed up an old blunder of MacFarlane's and called the narrative a libel. Those who have gone through the numerous extracts which we have given from it will have seen that Mr. Grand never imputed even blame to his wife, and that he alludes to her with gentleness and kindness, and to those who can read between the lines, it will be probable that he writes under a sense of obligation for favor conferred: Where then is the libel for which

redress was to be sought? He tells us himself of the philosophical way in which he took his disappointment about the official post found for him, and his words don't breathe much of the spirit of revenge against a woman, too, who did her utmost for him, for her own sake as well as for his. The man moreover, whose correct name Mr. Impey does not even know, never went to Batavia, but to the Cape of Good Hope, which, it is violently improbable, he ever left again, as, with the proverbial triumph of Hope over Experience, he dared a second marriage, and this time successfully, as we may gather from the concluding sentence in the dedicatory letter introducing his Narrative written in 1814, when he was at least sixty-six, and evidently at peace with the world and disposed to stay where he was so: "You know the sequel—Happy in my second choice of a partner I upbraided not the worldly opportunity lost. My happiness centred alone in domestic concerns. May you be blessed in the like manner, should it ever be your lot to deplore as I did the cruel separation which forced me from the first." We must leave to others the task of reconciling, if they can, this conclusion with Mr. Impey's foot-note; we cannot fancy a more difficult one.

It is said that Madame de Talleyrand's great elevation gave her but short-lived happiness, and that like most *parvenus*, she went but indifferently through the trials of prosperity. Stories are told of her affectation of royal state, in having maids of honor, pages, &c., which possibly have some truth in them, as an anecdote relates, that when courtiers came to congratulate Talleyrand on his advancement by Napoleon in 1806 to the rank of Prince of Beneventum, he stopped them with "Eh! Mon

Dieu, vous vous trompez ; ce n'est pas ici—c'est à Mme. de Talleyrand qu'il faut faire vos compliments, les femmes sont toujours bien aises d'être princesses." Talleyrand was too much of an aristocrat himself, and had too keen an appreciation of the ludicrous not to feel humiliated at Madame's pretensions ; and this added to his irritation caused by her jealousy of his relations, and their cordial detestation of her was, perhaps, a fact rendering separate establishments desirable. Possibly, too, he wished for separation on other grounds. Raikes in his Journal says, that this occurred in 1815, and that long before that time he had been the favored lover of another lady, whose daughter, a fascinating beauty (designated as the Duchess of D——), eventually presided over Talleyrand's house. Against such a formidable conjunction of adverse influences, Madame La Princesse had now but little to oppose, because at this epoch, as we learn from a contemporary, Time was making his inevitable mark, and "the elegance of her figure was injured by her becoming stout," and (alas ! that it should be to tell) "this afterwards increased, and by degrees her features lost their delicacy, and her complexion became very red." Whatever may have led to the separation, or whether it occurred under the Empire or the Restoration, one of the conditions of it was that Madame was to reside in England on the allowance of sixty thousand francs a year, and not to return to France without Talleyrand's consent. Whether the sojourn in England was long or short, we know not, but that she returned to France in the Ministry of Decazes is vouched for in the well-remembered answer of Talleyrand to the king, who slyly asked with affected interest if it was true that

Madame de Talleyrand was in France. "Rien n'est plus vrai, Sire, il fallait bien que j'eusse aussi mon vingt Mars."

The establishment which Madame Talleyrand maintained after the separation from her husband was at Auteuil, and there she entertained society and regulated her household in strict imitation, it is said, of that of Talleyrand's. All the domestic details being so conducted, and all the surroundings so arranged, as to keep in active life a memory that was very dear to her. M. Colmache says, that in those days he was often the bearer of kind messages to her from Talleyrand, if it ever became known to him that she was in the least out of health. In M. Pichot's collection of souvenirs, there is one relating to the Princess' life at Auteuil, which may be quoted, as the author vouches that he had it direct from the proprietor of the Villa Beauséjour there, which she rented. It appears that there was attached to her as companion a countess of the old régime, one of whose duties was to follow her at a respectful distance when she went out on foot: if the countess happened to come a little too near, the Princess turned and said severely, "Comtesse, vous perdez le respect." There are (to use a homely phrase) "many ups and downs in life," but we doubt that there is often seen a stranger contrast than the one which this anecdote suggests,—namely, between the position of this "Princesse" censuring a gentlewoman of high birth for coming too close to her nobility, and that of the trembling young wife of some years back, whom we saw at midnight appealing in vain to a native servant in India to release her captured lover and so to save her reputation.

In spite of the high position that Madame Grand made for herself, there is no observation more common about her than that she was a very stupid woman; so widely has this been disseminated that its belief has been established, and, perhaps, the most prominent characteristic now recalled of this half-forgotten celebrity is her proverbial silliness. Most reigning beauties, it may be observed, are credited with dullness; the impression seems to have been always general that a pretty face and a comely figure are incompatible with any other endowment. One has not to be long in the world to learn that "Mrs. So-and-So is certainly very handsome, but insipid to a painful degree, nothing whatever in her;" indeed, there would appear to be something rather soothing than otherwise in the reflection that our neighbour's beauty is counterpoised by stupidity, and that "Fortune doth never come with both hands full."

It is not improbable that something of this too hasty generalization, coupled with a little envy, helped to propagate the belief that has so long outlived Madame Grand. It may be worth while, if only as a matter of curiosity, to see how far a few circumstances in general acceptance regarding her career justify this belief.

We have already glanced at the stories connecting her prominently with negotiations on behalf of émigrés; she is also mentioned as having at one time been brought to Paris by a Mr. Bellamy—"Pour la meler à des intrigues financières." * All this may possibly have been untrue, but it would never have been said of a woman who was a fool, whatever else she might have been. Again,

* Second Edition, Biog. Univ. Art. Talleyrand, signed Capefigue.

it is inconceivable that so shrewd a man as Talleyrand would have allowed her during the four or five years prior to their marriage to conduct his receptions if, as Madame de Rémusat records, "She was so intolerably stupid that she never said the right thing;" and this at a period when Bonaparte's victories and treaties had filled Paris with ambassadors and foreigners of distinction.

Yet the same authority says rather inconsistently in another place, "I have heard it said, she was one of the most charming women of her time," which seems to suggest that Madame de Rémusat had but little personal acquaintance with her. M. Colmache, speaking from his own knowledge (avowedly so at least) of Madame Grand's demeanour at the Foreign Minister's receptions, says, "She dispensed politeness to each and all alike, contenting everyone." He allows that she evinced a certain *inexperience* in the social traditions of the world in which Talleyrand placed her, which amused the wits who frequented her society. Talleyrand fell a victim* to her after he had escaped the beauty of Madame

* M. Colmache was constantly at Valencay with Talleyrand, and in his recollections of the Prince's table-talk, which, he says, he was in the habit of noting down, he relates that the latter thus once unbosomed himself to him, showing that, under certain circumstances, a woman's very foibles can be delusive and charming: "My passion for Madame de Talleyrand was soon extinguished, because she was merely possessed of beauty. The influence of personal charms is limited; curiosity forms the great ingredient of this kind of love; but add the fascination of intellect to those attractions which habit and possession diminish each day, you will find them multiplied ten-fold; and if besides intellect and beauty, you discover in your mistress caprice, singularity, and irregularity of temper, close your eyes and seek no further—you are in love for life."

Récamier and others, and the fascinations of Madame de Staël: his secretary accounts for this "by the *naïveté* which gave so strong a tinge of originality to all which Madame Grand said or did, so unlike the slavery to forms and etiquette which must ever influence professed women of the world such as those by whom he was surrounded."

M. Michaud writes thus of Madame de Talleyrand: "Nous avons eu l'avantage de l'entendre plusieurs fois, notamment à l'époque du 31 May 1814, et nous pouvons affirmer que sa conversation sur ce grand événement n'était point celle d'une sotte." Philip Francis said of her, that "her understanding was much better than the world allowed." We, who know the circumstances of her premature embarkation on life, can understand how her education, in the ordinary sense, must have been neglected, and this disadvantage must have weighted her heavily ever after; but she was educated "in the school of events," and that she profited by such schooling is evident by her rising in spite of the terrible drawbacks connected with her early years. If not learned herself, she at least affected the society of the learned, even long after living apart from Talleyrand, as may be gathered from many sources. Readers of Moore's Diary will remember his recording that he went in Paris (in 1822) to the Princesse Talleyrand's to hear Viennet, a distinguished author, read his tragedy of "Achille," and may recall the amusing incident, "heard two acts declaimed by him with true French gesticulation; the ludicrous effect of his missing one of the *feuillet*s in the middle of a fine speech, and exclaiming in the same tragic tone, 'Grand Dieu! qu'est ce que c'est que ça'!!"

Moore also tells how, in the previous year, he had sat next her at a dinner party, and that "she talked much of 'Lalla Rookh' which she had read in French prose," and "praised Bessy's beauty to me." Surely even Madame de Rémusat would acknowledge, that, under the circumstances, these were "the right things" to say?

There are probably very few who have not heard or read the funny mistake about Robinson Crusoe attributed to Madame Talleyrand; the anecdote has been the round of every newspaper in Europe and America, and will perhaps ever be quoted when her name is mentioned. It is more than likely that this anecdote is mainly responsible for the popular impression about her want of sense. If this piece of 'evidence' be broken down, there is really little else to support the allegation of stupidity. Though the story has been worn threadbare, we must give it here again, to show one of the high authorities who have vouched for its truth, and to let the reader see how the narration is tinged with a spite which weakens it as evidence. Napoleon thus told it to O'Meara at St. Helena in 1817:

"I sometimes asked Denon (whose work I suppose you have read) to breakfast with me, as I took a pleasure in his conversation, and spoke very freely with him. Now all the intriguers and speculators paid their court to Denon with a view of inducing him to mention their projects or themselves in the course of his conversation with me, thinking that being mentioned by such a man as Denon, for whom I had a great esteem, might materially serve them. Talleyrand, who was a great speculator, invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said—My dear, I have invited Denon to dine; he is a great traveller, and you must say something

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handsome to him about his travels as he may be useful to us with the Emperor.

"His wife, being extremely ignorant and probably never having read any other book of travels than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else. Wishing to be very civil to him, she, before a large company, asked him divers questions about his man Friday. Denon, astonished, did not know what to think at first, but at length discovered by her questions that she really imagined him to be Robinson Crusoe. His astonishment and that of the company cannot be described, nor the peals of laughter which it excited in Paris, as the story flew like wild-fire through the City, and *even* Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it."*

* The Emperor was evidently but an indifferent '*raconteur*,' or his story loses by translation from the Italian in which he conversed with O'Meara. We owe an apology to the reader for reproducing so poor a version of this well-known anecdote; as an *amende* we give here the original and best one for the benefit of those who may not have seen it. It appeared in "L'Album Perdu," and is attributed to M. Henri Delatouche :

Peu de temps après le retour de l'armée d'Egyte et des savants qui avaient été témoins de cette glorieuse expédition, M. de Talleyrand invita à dîner M. Denon. "C'est, dit M. de Talleyrand à sa femme un homme très-aimable, un auteur, et les auteurs aiment beaucoup qu'on leur parle de leurs ouvrages; je vous enverrai la relation de son voyage, et vous la lirez afin de pouvoir lui en parler." En effet M. de Talleyrand fit porter dans la chambre de M^{me} de Talleyrand le volume promis, et celle-ci l'ayant lu se trouva en mesure de féliciter l'auteur placé à table à côté d'elle. "Ah ! monsieur, lui dit-elle, je ne saurais vous exprimer tout le plaisir que j'ai éprouvé à la lecture de vos aventures.—Madame, vous êtes beaucoup trop indulgente.—Non, je vous assure; mon Dieu, que vous avez dû vous ennuyer, tout seul, dans une île déserte ! Cela m'a bien intéressée.—Mais il me semble, madame, que...—Vous deviez avoir une drôle de figure avec votre grand bonnet pointu ?—En vérité, madame, je ne comprends pas...—Ah ! moi je comprends bien toutes vos tribulations. Avez-vous assez

The tenacity with which the public cling to a time-honored story, and the reluctance with which they see any attempt at the deposition of an old favorite, was curiously illustrated about fourteen years ago, when the *Times* opened its columns to a spirited correspondence as to the authenticity of this anecdote. The occasion was a Review in the *Times* of Sir H. Bulwer's "Historical Characters," where the author introduces this anecdote, naming not Denon, but a Sir George Robinson, as the hero of it (others assign this position to Humboldt). M. Pichot, a staunch sceptic as to the conclusiveness of the evidence which attributes stupidity to Madame de Talleyrand, led the way in an admirable letter, humorous and logical, showing that the old story has not even the merit of originality. He was immediately attacked by one who challenged his dates and authority and threw out doubts as to the year when a translation of Robinson Crusoe appeared in France: and who also quoted Moore's version as he had given it in his Paris diary of 1821, as though he seemed to imply that this should be regarded as evidence. Mr. Dominic Colnaghi (the eminent engraver, &c., &c., of Pall Mall, who died in 1879) also took part in the correspondence, his argument as to the anecdote's being authentic amounted to this, that his father had heard it in Paris in 1806 from a Miss Dickinson, then said to be the *demoiselle de compagnie* of Madame de Talleyrand. A story, too good to be doubted, is often repeated at the time and place

souffert après votre naufrage! —Mais, madame, je ne sais...—Vous avez dû être bien content le jour où vous avez trouvé Vendredi!" M de Talleyrand avait donné à lire à sa femme, peu *liseuse* comme disait la maréchale Lefèvre, les *Aventures de Robinson Crusôé*."

of its origin, till it comes to be believed in, even by contemporaries, but this does not prove that it may not be *ben trovato* nevertheless. The source which M. Pichot suggests for the anecdote in the following passage in his letter leaves little doubt in our mind that he was right in suspecting that Madame de Talleyrand's mistake was the "invention of some English wit, or a French *bel-esprit*."

"Extraordinary again is it not that hitherto English readers have overlooked this passage of a letter of Horace Walpole to Sir H. Mann, dated October 22, 1741.—'The whole town is to be to-morrow night at Sir Thos. Robinson's ball, which he gives to a little girl of the Duke of Richmond, &c.'

"In a note (Pichot refers to the American Edition of 1812, Lord Dover being the Commentator) to this letter we are told that Sir Thos. Robinson of Rokeby Park, commonly called long Sir Thomas, is elsewhere styled the new Robinson Crusoe by Walpole, who says, when speaking of him, 'He was a tall uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable by his hunting-dress, a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buck-skin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims, and once set off in his hunting suit to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris. He arrived while there was a large company at dinner, the servant announced Mr. Robinson, and he came in to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French Abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth and thrice laid it down with an eager stare of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with, 'Excuse me, Sir, are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history'?"

At all events a mistake made by a French Abbé may fairly be excused in a lady. M. Colmache says that many of the blunders laid to the charge of Talleyrand's

wife bear the unmistakable stamp of the firm of Mont-rond & Co., and as we have referred to this gentleman as an authority on the subject, we may mention that his questioning Talleyrand as to the truth of the popular anecdote led to his being told one much more likely and nearly as amusing. The Robinson Crusoe incident did not actually happen, said Talleyrand, "but it was guessed at and that was enough; the blunder was ascribed to her without compunction;" and then he added:

"I certainly remember a *naïveté* which she once uttered in the midst of a circle of savans and literati at Neuilly, which would be considered quite as good and become just as popular were it as generally known. Lemer cier had volunteered after dinner to read us one of his unplayed and unplayable pieces. The company had gathered round him in a circle; his *cahier* lay already unfolded on his knees, and, clearing his voice, he began in a high, shrill tone, which made us all start from our incipient slumber, '*La Scène est à Lyon.*' 'There now, M. de Talleyrand,' exclaimed the princess, jumping from her chair, and advancing towards me with a gesture of triumph, 'Now I knew that you were wrong; you would have it that it was the *Saône*!' To describe the embarrassment and consternation of the company would be impossible. I myself was perplexed for an instant, but soon remembered the difference of opinion to which she had alluded. As our carriage was crossing the bridge at Lyons, a little time before, she had asked me the name of the river which flowed beneath. I had told her it was '*Saône*;' to which she had replied, with a truly philosophical reflection—'Ah, how strange this difference of pronunciation; we call it the *Seine* in Paris!' I had been much amused at the time, but had not thought it worth while to correct the self-confident error, and thus had arisen this extraordinary confusion in the troubled brain of

the poor princess. Of course we all laughed heartily at her unexpected sally ; but we were grateful nevertheless, for it saved us the reading of the dreaded drama, as no one that evening could be expected to *retrouver son sérieux* sufficiently to listen with becoming attention to all the terrible events which Lemer cier had to unfold."

"The keenest shafts of ridicule," continues M. Colmache, "must have fallen pointless against one who joined with such hearty good-will in the mirth which was thus raised without at all agreeing with those who deemed that it was excited at his own expense." Silence respecting his private troubles, an appearance of complete indifference,—politeness, patience, and dexterity in taking his revenge were the weapons, according to Madame de Rémusat, with which Talleyrand met the general condemnation of his marriage.

Madame de Talleyrand lived to 1835, dying on the 10th December in that year. Curious to relate even the very close of her extraordinary career was marked by a dramatic incident which is thus noted by the English papers, though the Paris papers, the "Constitutionnel" and the "Journal des Debats," merely notice her death, the latter paper adding, "La Princesse était d'origine Danoise." The "Morning Herald" of 17th December 1835 says:

"A very curious scene is said to have taken place in the Chamber of the Princesse de Talleyrand after she had expired. She had given in her dying moments a casket containing papers to the Archbishop of Paris who attended her, with the injunction to hand them to the Comtesse d'Estignac: that lady having come, the Archbishop proceeded to fulfil the directions of the defunct, when a personage representing the

interests of the prince, interfered, and said the papers should not be given up. Madame D'Estignac had also a friend who interfered on her behalf of her right to the casket, and violence threatened to terminate the dispute, when a *juge de paix* hastily summoned came in and declared that he would keep the object of dispute in his possession until the right to it was legally decided."

The *Times*, referring to the same occurrence, adds :

"Report says that the casket contained the Princess' jewels and diamonds, value about £40,000. The Comtesse D'Estignac is the daughter of Prince de Talleyrand's second brother, but rumour says that the Duchess de Dino wishes to have them for herself by having them awarded to the Prince de Talleyrand."

Thos. Raikes, who was in Paris at the time, gives in his *Journal* a somewhat fuller account of this strange incident, and says that it made a great noise, as the dying woman had, when the last religious ceremonies were over, asked faintly for the casket and delivered it with much earnestness to the Bishop as her valid gift and last testimonial of her affection for Madame D'Estignac. Raikes tells that the affair was finally compromised for the sum of 200,000 francs on Talleyrand proving to a mutual friend, by the deeds of his marriage-settlement, that legal right was on his side. The contents were said not to have been divulged. Whether Raikes is an authority to be much depended on is somewhat doubtful. He describes the deceased as having been a Creole, born at Martinique. From his *Journal* we learn that the declaration of her death was thus inscribed in the Register of the Church of St. Thomas D'Aquin: "On the twelfth of December 1835 there

The writer of the foregoing pages having read some few years ago the above quoted passages from Raikes's Journal and Michaud's biographical article on Talleyrand, felt curious as to the tombstone inscription which the great diplomatist had finally devised or permitted in memory of his wife. To settle the point in the only way likely to be conclusive, he proposed to see the grave for himself—a visit to which he hoped to make an opportunity for, while passing through Paris on his return to India.

At the last moment, however, another route had to be taken; in these circumstances it occurred to him to trespass on the good nature of a friend, an English lady then resident in Paris, and to beg her, if convenient, to go to the grave and to copy for him the epitaph. And as the lady had visited India, and was therefore in a position to recognize East Indian types of beauty, he asked her also to take the trouble of going to Versailles to see Madame de Talleyrand's portrait with the object chiefly of ascertaining whether she could trace in it anything in the least suggestive of Eastern blood.

His correspondent, with a kindness for which the writer cannot sufficiently thank her, most readily acceded to his requests, and paid a visit to the Musée, and (though it was in winter) made a pilgrimage to the tomb at Mont Parnasse; as her interesting letter supplies the information which it was thought desirable to have, the liberty of quoting an extract from it is taken:

“I had an opportunity of visiting Versailles and inspecting the picture of Mme. de Talleyrand, and with some difficulty succeeded in finding the poor forgotten Beauty, for, whatever her mental and moral endowments may have been, that she

was a woman singularly attractive in outward form, Gerard's 'counterfeit presentment' of her leaves no room to doubt. The portrait is that of a lovely highbred-looking young woman; tall and graceful, with exquisitely fair complexion, delicate coloring, wavy hair of the rare shade called *blonde cendrée*, dressed rather high on the head and curling over the temples; large blue eyes, small Greek nose, and little mouth with full red lips. She is attired in a low-necked and short-waisted dress, which appears to be of some soft filmy white material, probably Indian muslin, displaying a finely-moulded bust and arms, and tiny feet in white satin slippers.

"On neck, arms, and in her ears are pearl ornaments, and one hand, the right, holds an open letter, while the other hangs by her side. She is leaning against an open projecting French stove, on which are two brown Etruscan vases. Behind her are a drapery of green silk and a large cushioned sofa covered with the same material.

No indication whatever of Eurasian origin is visible in the portrait. The picture is to be found in the small ante-room of the second etage, the walls of which are covered with paintings of a similar size. It is numbered 4867, and hangs between the portraits of Mme. Récamier and Prince Talleyrand."

. "Regarding the last resting-place of Mme. de Talleyrand, I went over to Mont Parnasse, and with the aid of an official succeeded in finding the tomb. As you will see by the inclosed extract from the Register kept at the Cemetery,* no mistake was possible in identifying the grave, but it corresponds with the description

* The inclosure was a printed tabular form filled in at the time of the visit; it indicated the grave sought for by a division, line, and number; the corresponding entry in the Register described the grave as that of "Talleyrand (Princesse de) née Worlée (Cathérine Noël)."

in one particular only,—*i.e.*, it is inclosed by a simple iron railing, but as to the ‘modest inscription,’ if it ever existed, of which there is not the faintest trace, its extreme modesty caused it long since to retire from the public gaze. The tomb was in as miserable a state of neglect as could possibly be imagined, thickly overgrown with rank grass, weeds, and nettles; in keeping with the utterly desolate forsaken look of those few feet of earth (all the more remarkable among so many carefully tended resting-places), the mouldy skeleton of a wreath of *immortelles* hung over a corner of the railing, put there, I suppose, by some good Catholic’s hand in pity for that melancholy nameless grave. One of the gardeners, a civil young Frenchman, at my request, brought a spade and thoroughly cleared away the accumulated earth and rubbish, with which the stone slab, which is quite level with the ground, was covered to the depth of some five or six inches. Among the *debris* we found, very opportunely, an old scrubbing brush (whatever brought it there), which served to clean the stone, and effectually convince us that any inscription it may originally have borne must have been a readily effaceable one; certainly not deeply graven, as not the slightest indication of previous word or letter now remains.”

Now we are able to see how thoroughly Talleyrand gave effect, so far as his poor wife’s grave is concerned, to what Raikes describes as his disinclination “to perpetuate the recollection of his marriage,” and it must be allowed that the Municipal authorities of Paris (if it be they who had charge of the cemeteries) very gallantly, in a passive way, favoured this generous object.

Will the looked-for publication of Talleyrand’s *Memoirs* (still we believe advisedly deferred) throw any additional light, indirectly or otherwise, on Madame Grand’s career, or at least on that portion of it inti-

mately connected with his own domestic life? It is not unlikely that the subject will be avoided if possible. But as speculation on this point would be profitless, we must here conclude this attempt at collecting and winnowing the scattered records of one whose captivations were celebrated from the Ganges to the Seine; whose beauty—not when at its zenith, but when approaching its decline—was pre-eminent in a brilliant society remarkable for attractive women; and whose name was closely connected with those of actors conspicuous on the world's stage, and was familiar to some of the great historic personages of a memorable epoch.

As such, Calcutta may fairly claim her as not the least prominent of its passed-away notorieties.



Appendix.



IN Grand's Narrative he thus writes of the Permanent Settlement. We do not profess to know whether his remarks on this subject have any value or originality; but we extract them as the opinions of one who was a contemporary, and himself an experienced Revenue officer:—

Lord Cornwallis resigned the Government in September 1793, and the pliant Sir John Shore, who, when in Council as Mr. Shore, had opposed the inversion of property proposed by his Lordship,—who had revolted at the new doctrine introduced of the zemindar being the proprietor of his land, but under certain rights and titles described in the tenure, which, if not observed by the occupant, rendered him amenable to a forfeiture of his occupancy,—now unblushingly stood forth, when succeeding to the Government, to put into execution these new-fangled maxims, and, on a sudden completely changing his principles, conferring on these zemindars the right of hereditary property subject alone to an annual fixed rent as unchangeable as inalienable. Here was a prostitution of character, which not one of his brother servants ever thought would have been displayed by the man who at the head of the Board of Revenue firmly contended against this innovation as not only having an impolitic tendency, but in its principle actually having no ground to justify the hasty conclusion adopted; and who besides, when he found the arbitrary *je le veux* deter-

mined upon, endeavoured at least to mitigate the evil consequences by representing that a settlement in perpetuity could not well be effected but under the complete knowledge of a regular assessment having previously been formed and obtained, which process would necessarily involve a few years' consideration and attention, and wisely, therefore, suggested a decennial settlement being enacted, liable to a confirmation *for ever* where the assessment was fully ascertained to have been judicious and proportionate, which proof could easily be derived during that given period from the payment of the rents being easily made and without any deduction being required.

Thus were new rights established for a description of persons who never dreamt they should enjoy such, much less would ever have thought to have claimed them. It suited the author of this nefarious system to persuade his Lordship that its adoption would render his name immortal; it enabled him to serve those *tried friends* in his district who had so eminently contributed to the raising of the immense fortune which he carried out of the country with him. No matter what ensued: the personal ends were answered; the public ones were sacrificed; the sovereign lost for ever that right which had been vested in him from time immemorial, *viz.*, being Lord of the soil, and allowing to the occupant the right of possession from generation to generation on occasional renewals of tenure, where no cause of forfeiture existed.

The reader will here clearly discern that this created a separation from that dependency to the State so essential to be preserved in Eastern States. It effectually deprived the sovereign of the pleasing power of remitting to his tenant oppressed in his stipulated payments by the unexpected misfortune arisen to him from the rigor of the elements. It debarred him equally from a prospect of increase to the State by stimulating honest industry in a distribution of suitable

pecuniary advances tending to promote cultivation. These were ties of long standing, and which had uniformly obtained. They were every year scrupulously adhered to in that ceremony of the *Pooneah*, where the subject met the representative of his Lord with due obedience, and in the constant hope of a remission of his fixed rent in alleviation of real known loss incurred, or receiving from Government a certain advance "tuccavey" reimbursable in fixed proportions and stated periods, where the intention was manifested of bringing lands with product which had either long lain fallow or such arable ones as were deemed fit for tillage. Further, to exemplify how averse they were to such a change in no instance did they consider a greater grievance having befallen them. They contemplated with a melancholy reflection their consequence as zemindars entirely done away by rendering their occupancies, which for generations had regularly descended to them from their ancestors, liable to be transferred to others by a sale of a part of the whole, for arrears of a rent, hardly, incorrectly, and ignorantly imposed, with the exception of those who received their new possessions on favored reduced assessments. Distraint by confinement, even stripes, where arrears existed, were deemed preferable by them. It had obtained for ages, and custom, in endeavouring to impose on the landlord by making the best terms for the farm, or procuring from his indulgence unseasonable remissions, had sanctioned such endeavour with no disgrace, whereas the lopping off a branch of their zemindary was cruelly felt by them and engendered an inherent discontent which no future compensation could remove: and to cause it to operate with greater disgust, this clause was newly introduced and inserted in their cabooleats (agreements) which they were compelled to sign, with every hazard of distress, or to see themselves ejected from these lands, the superintendence and management of which had for ages devolved to their trust.

In my work written at the desire of a friend, not published for sale, but distributed to friends, and subsequently to every gentleman in the Direction, entitled "Answer to Mr. Law's Rising Resources," will be seen my decided opinion of its fallacy and impolicy. The former could not be doubted by those versed in the nature of Indian customs, laws, and revenue; the latter has been evinced by the evil consequences which have followed.

I will make allowance for the man who, having the first station within his reach offered him, can sacrifice, to obtain that end, any doubtful or erroneous opinions which he might till then have entertained: but for one bred up in the service, and to whom every one looked up for information, not only in the revenue line, where he had long conspicuously shone as the oracle, but likewise in every point which comprized the laws and ancient usages of India, to at once sacrifice at the shrine of office every idea and knowledge which had rendered his communication an object essential for reference, is such a dereliction of all manly steadiness as cannot too sufficiently be exposed.







